# LITERATURE
## IN THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

## BOOK ONE

BOLENIUS

Erwin Schatt
grade 7.4
H. R. 61

my uncle reading this in 2020

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1926 500 9ft-V

# LITERATURE
## IN
## THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
## BOOK ONE

BY
EMMA MILLER BOLENIUS

WITH DRAWINGS BY
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## Bolenius Course in Reading

FOR PUPILS

Primer
First Reader
Second Reader
Third Reader
Fourth Reader
Fifth Reader
Sixth Reader
Seventh Reader
Eighth Reader

LITERATURE IN THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Book One — Grade VII
Book Two — Grade VIII
Book Three — Grade IX *In press*

FOR TEACHERS

Primary Equipment
First Grade Manual
Second and Third Grade Manual
Condensed Primary Manual
Manual for Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Grades
Manual for the Seventh Year
Manual for the Eighth Year
Manual for the Ninth Year (*in preparation*)

DK7

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# TO THE TEACHER

THE chief aim of this series of readers is to develop to a greater degree than has usually been done, the pupils' reading abilities, appreciation of literature, self-reliance, and good judgment in reading. This book is a unit in itself. In its careful selection of content, its schedule of readings, and its varied suggestions for individual differences and further reading the book furnishes guidance for a year's course.

Attention is directed to the following features:

**I. A careful selection of content to meet the interests, aptitudes, and capacities of Junior High School pupils.**

The range of interest is shown in the section headings of the Contents, covering historical reading, biography, travel, vocational reading, humor, dramatic reading, and nature or science. There are informational and character-building selections as well as selections to be read for appreciation.

A distinction is made between recreational reading (called Pleasure Reading) and the work-type of reading (called Study Reading), as recommended in the *Twenty-Fourth Yearbook* of the National Society for the Study of Education, thus making it easier to get not only the appreciative delight in reading certain selections but also the concentrated effort necessary to master the more difficult type of reading without having the one encroach upon the other. (See the Contents.)

Textbook reading has been given special attention, with the purpose of helping pupils to develop right habits of study. (See pages 46 and 252 for arithmetic; pages 147 and 246 for science; page 302 for history; page 164 for map study and statistics; page 48 for the dictionary; page 50 for the use of a library.)

Ten declamations are furnished.

The Contents has *variety and range* of interest; *balance* — poetry and prose, recreational and work-type of reading, modern and classical; *suitability*, for training reading skills as well as for developing appreciation; *literary quality* of authorship; and much *fresh material.*

**II. Material and method planned to lay the foundation for successful high school reading,** and to satisfy the exploratory longing of seventh-grade pupils.

Most of the reading is silent. Audience reading, however, is emphasized in the reading of poetry, a play, and in well-selected portions of prose. The declamations furnish training in delivering an oration, or brief speech.

**III. Flexibility for a variety of classroom uses.** The selections can be used basally in a school where literature is emphasized each day or in one where it is confined to two or three periods a week.

**Procedure 1.** Five literature periods a week. Take the reading units for each Group as given in the Schedule of Readings on pages xvi–xix with all the extensive reading.

**Procedure 2.** Two or three periods a week for literature, or reading. Omit one reading unit for each Group, or month. The omitted reading unit may be used by a superior group.

**Procedure 3.** The whole class take one reading unit of a month. The other units are divided among groups according to individual needs. These groups report to each other on their readings.

**Procedure 4.** A reading unit may be assigned as a reading contract by teachers using the Dalton Plan or Winnetka Plan. Readings should then be done at the seats or at home, and the suggestions before and after selections carefully followed. In conference periods teacher and class get together to discuss selections, read poetry aloud for enjoyment, and talk over difficulties. The guiding questions given on pages xvi–xix should be used.

**Procedure 5.** If teachers desire intensive reading on one of the big themes given as a section in the Contents, the teacher may follow the Contents by sections instead of the Schedule of Readings, in such case blending the Pleasure and Study Reading appropriately.

**Procedure 6.** If teachers desire to plan their reading on a seasonal basis, there is abundant material for that arrangement as well as for application to community events and special interests.

**IV. Provision for individual differences.**

(1) The material is made flexible so that it can be used basally in a class where literature is emphasized each day or in one where it is confined to two periods. The former will find time for all the reading units of a month; the latter should omit one unit from each month for basal use and assign the omitted unit to the super-group

of pupils, who can report on the readings. There are numerous opportunities for selection.

(2) The study guides furnish suggestions for varying capacities of pupils. After each selection you will find a variety of suggestions from which to choose those most needed for your particular group. The material as arranged in the Schedule of Readings affords work for three groups — the normal, the sub-normal or under-privileged, and the superior or gifted group. (See page xvi.)

(3) A Manual with suggestive lesson plans is also furnished for teachers who desire further guidance in methods or whose time is so crowded that a "key" to the possibilities of the selections will be welcome; or for supervisors who wish in compact form a bird's-eye view of the year's work in reading and of the various "check-ups."

**V. Well-chosen objectives.** These objectives are intensively applied and given repeated application.

### General Objectives

(*Applied throughout the entire Seventh year*)

To develop a desire to read the best books and periodicals.
To develop character.
To develop power of concentration.
To develop appropriate speed and comprehension.
To develop proper reading skills, attitudes, and habits as follows:

### Specific Reading Skills

To visualize or see what is read. (1st month.)
To get the central idea and main points. (2d month.)
To read for essential details. (3d and 4th months.)
To get a personal reaction in reading. (5th and 10th months.)
To see the author's purpose. (6th and 9th months.)
To draw conclusions from reading. (7th and 8th months.)

(*Besides this intensive training in skills in specific months, training in these skills is continued throughout the year. The degree to which these skills are emphasized from month to month will naturally depend upon the varying needs and capacities of the pupils in any class.*)

**VI. Study guides** given in the Reader for appreciation of the purely literary selection and for study of the more difficult informational type of reading.

(1) The *introduction to each selection* motivates the reading by means of a suggestion. Note page 1, where the purpose is to see the people of the story. See pages 8, 25, 79, 108, 120; in fact, any introduction.

(2) *Numerous questions and suggestions at the end* of a selection force the pupil to read in the proper way, never killing a selection by over-study, but enlivening it by adroit questioning. Note page 7. Here the suggestion in the introduction is checked up, a second check-up being given in "First Reading." Succession of events is brought out in "Second Reading," thus furnishing an additional assignment for the superior group. Discussion is enlivened in "Something to Report," and further reading is guided. See also pages 9, 19, 34, 127, 251, 275.

(3) *Italicized suggestions for self-directed study* are inserted in the body of the text to check up on the pupil's actual reading, thus forcing the reader to do what the suggestion says, or to test his grasp of a paragraph when he first reads it. This self-directed study serves not only as an effective check-up for the pupil himself, but also frequently forces him to anticipate what is to come and thus trains for active-mindedness and personal reaction. Note pages 46, 116, 137, 139, 142, 253, 254, 320, 323, 326, 330.

(4) *The word Remember* in the introduction *as a "check-up"* frequently emphasizes various matters pertaining to good reading, thus making pupils conscious of their responsibility for improvement. This stress on conscious learning is in line with recent thought. (See pages 44, 108, 147, 252, 254, 264.)

(5) The *grouping together of selections for comparison* forces pupils to draw conclusions and react positively to selections. (See pages 21, 58, 87, 88, 100, 101, 102 and 103, 120, 349–351.)

(6) *Three kinds of tests* are given for each group: (*a*) tests of speed and comprehension of silent reading, given in the Reader; (*b*) check-ups on power to read aloud, to memorize, to declaim, to take part in dramatics — given in program periods; (*c*) check-ups of ability to think, appreciate, compare, and draw conclusions — given for each unit in a written report, one of which is required for the month.

Supervisors will find the programs and written reports given in detail in the Teacher's Manual; the speed and comprehension tests are given both in the Reader and in the Manual. Rapidity of reading is stressed in the second reading of prose. See pages 41, 47, 49, 112, 134, 166, 196, 362, 390 for these tests.

**VII. A teachable plan for maturing and refining reading skills** by means of these definite objectives applied in a Schedule of Readings, in which the selections are rearranged in ten groups, each group approximating a school month. A glance at Group I on page xvi will show how each group has its own objective, reading units, test, and library readings.

(1) The selections for each month, or group, are divided into *reading units*, each unit with a dominating theme. In the first half

year there are three reading units a month (fifteen for the half year), in the second half year, nineteen reading units. This division of the selections of a group, or month, into reading units is made to meet the fact that time is limited and it is necessary to get as much as possible from the time at the disposal of the class. Self-budgeting of time by the pupil is a valuable acquirement.

These reading units are not offered in an arbitrary way. Certain selections in certain groups may be used even though the unit is not taken basally. Teachers must use their judgment. The omitted unit may be assigned for exploratory work by the class at large, letting pupils suggest which to take. In some classes, perhaps, the superior group will be reading all of the units; the normal, the basal readings plus a part of another unit; and the under-privileged group, the basal requirement.

**BASAL WORK**

**First half year**

10 out of 15 reading units
Omission of 1 unit a month

5 tests of speed and comprehension
5 written reports on reading units

**Second half year**

14 out of 19 reading units
Omission of 1 unit a month

5 tests of speed and comprehension
5 written reports on reading units

The reading of a number of selections as one assignment develops self-reliance, sense of responsibility, and good judgment in reading; also power to retain; for, to discuss the several selections, pupils must be able to retain something from the reading. This assembling of selections in a reading unit makes it possible for a teacher using the Dalton or Winnetka plans to assign all the selections of a unit as a reading contract for the pupils to handle independently.

(2) Each group has a dominating *objective*, which is applied in all the selections of the several units of the month. There are six definite objectives thus applied throughout the year as special skills to be trained through repeated practice. These are applied constantly, and to all types of material. Work in note-taking, outlining, and organization is included.

(3) Each group, or month, has a *test* of speed and comprehension.

(4) Each group also has listed the pages for *library readings*.

(5) Each reading unit has a guiding question which motivates the reading of the unit and trains pupils to become self-reliant in holding themselves responsible for the reading and assimilation of a number of selections related to a dominating theme.

**VIII. Library lessons.** The most suitable books, based on the latest investigations with interesting comments as lures to invite reading, are listed with the different selections in order to stimulate further reading. At the end of each section library readings are given with suggestions for using them in a socialized recitation. (See pages 55–56, 167–168, 262, 348, 391, 420, and 432. For examples of books with interesting quotations from the American Library Association, see pages 7, 275, 286, 339, 383.)

**IX. Illustrations and diagrams** with a distinct teaching value. (See pages 14, 46–47, 108, 112, 149–152, 249, 253, 318, 376 for diagrams. For the quality of the illustrations and their power to stimulate thinking, note those on pages 37, 57, 107, 169, 211, 263, 302, 349, 371, 392, and 421.)

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# CONTENTS

## PART ONE

### Home and Community

PLEASURE READING (STORIES AND POEMS)


The First Club Meeting . . . . . *Abbie Farwell Brown* 1
The Traveling Bear . . . . . *Amy Lowell* 8
What the Chimney Sang . . . . . *Bret Harte* 9
Windows . . . . . *Jessie B. Rittenhouse* 10
The Snow Fort on Slatter's Hill . . . *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 11
Better than Gold . . . . . *Abram J. Ryan* 19
Two poems of service
Santa Filomena . . . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 21
The Red Cross Spirit Speaks. . . . . *John H. Finley* 23
The Dreamers . . . . . *Theodosia Garrison* 24
How They Got the Library . . . . *Helen Dawes Brown* 25
Songs for My Mother . . . . . *Anna Hempstead Branch* 34
My Mother . . . . . *Frederic Hentz Adams* 36


STUDY READING (ESSAY, TEST, DECLAMATION, TEXTBOOK ARTICLES)


About Poetry . . . . . *John Drinkwater* 37
Mary's Mystery Room. . . . . *Abbie Farwell Brown* 41
A Declamation
Town Planning . . . . . *The Independent* 44
Helps in Studying
How to Read a Graph . *Franklin S. Hoyt and Harriet E. Peet* 46
How to Get the Most from the Dictionary . . *E. M. Bolenius* 48
How to Use the Library . . . . . *E. M. Bolenius* 50
Things to do at the Library . . . . . 55


### Outdoor Life

PLEASURE READING


A Sunset Moment . . . . . *Grace Hazard Conkling* 57
The End of Summer . . . . . *Edna St. Vincent Millay* 58
Silver . . . . . *Walter de la Mare* 58
The Legend of the Sagebrush . . . . . *Arthur Chapman* 59
The Climbing Road . . . . . *Clinton Scollard* 60

Lone Bull's Mistake . . . . . *James Willard Schultz* 61
Jack Frost . . . . . *Celia Thaxter* 74
Birches . . . . . *Robert Frost* 76
Trees . . . . . *Joyce Kilmer* 78
Besieged by Bears . . . . . *Enos A. Mills* 79
The Trailing Arbutus . . . . . *John Greenleaf Whittier* 87
The Birth of the Flowers . . . . . *Mary McNeil Fenollosa* 87
A group of poems
Like Crusoe Walking . . . . . *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 88
After the Rain . . . . . *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 89
Memory . . . . . *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 89
March . . . . . *Lucy Larcom* 90
Little Prisoners in the Tower . . . *Florence A. Merriam Bailey* 91
The Cat-Bird . . . . . *Edith M. Thomas* 100
The Mocking-Bird . . . . *Ednah Procter Clarke Hayes* 100
Rain Song . . . . . *Robert Loveman* 101
November Night . . . . . *Adelaide Crapsey* 101
April Weather . . . . . *Lizette Woodworth Reese* 102
An April Morning . . . . . *Bliss Carman* 103
May is building her house . . . . . *Richard Le Gallienne* 104
Afternoon on a Hill . . . . . *Edna St. Vincent Millay* 105
June . . . . . *Douglas Malloch* 106

STUDY READING

The Busy Blue Jay . . . . . *Olive Thorne Miller* 107
Luther Burbank — Plant Breeder . . . . *Eva March Tappan* 113
The Marsh Hawk . . . . . *John Burroughs* 120
Why Oaks Follow Pines . . . . . *Henry David Thoreau* 128
The Keen Sight of the Indian . . . . . 134
Stickeen . . . . . *John Muir* 136
A Declamation
A Tribute to the Dog . . . . . *George Graham Vest* 145
Foreign Plants in the United States
*Bertha M. Parker and Henry C. Cowles* 147
The Red Ants . . . . . *J. Henri Fabre* 156
Map Study and Statistics . . . . . *Caroline W. Hotchkiss* 164
Things to do at the Library . . . . . 167

## The World of Work

PLEASURE READING

Mr. Aladdin . . . . . *Kate Douglas Wiggin* 169
Man-Making . . . . . *Edwin Markham* 181

Barter . . . . . *Sara Teasdale* 182
Old Jim . . . . . *Henry Herbert Knibbs* 183
Duty . . . . . *Ralph Waldo Emerson* 185
A Song of the Wire Fence . . . . . *Elliott C. Lincoln* 186
The Ranchman's Ride . . . . *William Lawrence Chittenden* 187
A Stampede . . . . . *Elinore P. Stewart* 188
Trades . . . . . *Amy Lowell* 192
Sea Fever . . . . . *John Masefield* 193
Harro . . . . . *Frank Dempster Sherman* 194
The Turkey Drive . . . . . *Dallas Lore Sharp* 196
The Two Church-Builders . . . . . *John G. Saxe* 208
Work . . . . . *Henry van Dyke* 210

STUDY READING

Log of a Cowboy . . . . . *Andy Adams* 211
Anecdote of a Cowboy . . . . . *Theodore Roosevelt* 215
Our Imports in Everyday Life (Commerce)
*National Foreign Trade Council* 217
Compressed Air (Manufacturing) . . . . *Eva March Tappan* 221
A Declamation
The Lesson of Success . . . . . *George W. Childs* 230
On an Elk-Hunt (Game warden) . . . . *Elinore P. Stewart* 232
Transportation . . . . . *Eva March Tappan* 234
Experiments with Magnets . . . . . *Edith Lillian Smith* 246
Thrift Problems . . . *Franklin S. Hoyt and Harriet E. Peet* 252
How to Save . . . . . 253
Thrift Problems . . . . . 254
The Accident that Gave us Wood-Pulp Paper . *Parke F. Hanley* 257
Best Ways to Pull . . . . . 261
Things to do at the Library . . . . . 262

## Our History in Literature

PLEASURE READING

Columbus (1492) . . . . . *William Peterfield Trent* 263
Samoset (1620) . . . . . *Jane G. Austin* 264
A Combat on the Sands . . . . . *Mary Johnston* 276
At a Colonial Party (1775) . . . . . *Nora Perry* 287
Rodney's Ride (1776) . . . . . *Elbridge Streeter Brooks* 296
Aftermath (1918) . . . . . *Elliott C. Lincoln* 298
Memorial Day . . . . . *Abbie Farwell Brown* 301

STUDY READING

Colonial Life and Conditions in 1750 *Reuben G. Thwaites and C. N. Kendall* 302
The Travels of the Declaration of Independence *John C. Fitzpatrick* 319
A Brotherhood of Long Ago (Lafayette) . . . *Fanny E. Coe* 332
On Guard (Civil War) . . . . . *Harry M. Kieffer* 334
Declamations
The North American Indian . . . . *Charles Sprague* 337
The Declaration of Independence . . . *John Witherspoon* 340
On the Father of Our Country . . . . *Abraham Lincoln* 340
Abraham Lincoln . . . . . *Theodore Roosevelt* 341
To the Army (The Great War) . . . *King Albert of Belgium* 342
Fairhaven (International relations) . . . *Calvin Coolidge* 344
An Address on the Flag . . . . . *Charles E. Hughes* 346
Things to do at the Library . . . . . 348

## Travel in Other Lands

PLEASURE READING

Japanese Poetry . . . . . *Curtis Hidden Page* 349
Late Snow-Flakes . . . . . 349
Illusion . . . . . 350
Hoar Frost . . . . . 350
Wave Crests. . . . . 350
Noon-tide . . . . . 350
Waiting . . . . . 350
Shadows . . . . . 350
Fragments . . . . . 351
Hafed Ben Hafed (Persia) . . . . . *Waitman Barbe* 352
Alexander Taming Bucephalus (Greece) . . . *Park Benjamin* 355
The Elephants that Struck (Ceylon) . . *Samuel White Baker* 358
The Lion Path . . . . . *Charlotte Perkins Gilman* 363
Capturing an Alligator (Brazil) . . . . . *Oswald Kendall* 364

STUDY READING

The Feast of Dolls (Japan) . . . . . *Alice M. Bacon* 371
Murillo's Boys — Spain . . . . . *Estelle M. Hurll* 376
The River of Doubt (South America) . . *William Roscoe Thayer* 380
Finding One's Way in the Arctic . . . *Vilhjalmur Stefansson* 384
Ants (Japan) . . . . . *Lafcadio Hearn* 386

The Wonders of the World . . . . . *The Scrap Book* 388
Things to do at the Library . . . . . 391

## Humor

A Farm Boy in New England . . . . *Charles Dudley Warner* 392
Song of the Turtle and the Flamingo . . . *James T. Fields* 398
Corporal of the Guard . . . . . *Harry M. Kieffer* 400
The New Duckling . . . . . *Alfred Noyes* 404
Giving the Mind Its Three Square Meals . . . *Lewis Carroll* 405
The Peterkins and the Carnival of Authors . *Lucretia P. Hale* 407
Things to do at the Library . . . . . 420

## A Play

Jean Valjean (From the French of Victor Hugo) *Augusta Stevenson* 421
Dramatic Projects . . . . . 432

# PART TWO

## Our Literary Heritage

Breathes there the man . . . . . *Sir Walter Scott* 433
The Courtship of Miles Standish . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 434
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow . . . . . *Washington Irving* 470
A group of poems
Lochinvar . . . . . *Sir Walter Scott* 508
Lady Clare . . . . . *Alfred Tennyson* 510
The Snow-Storm . . . . . *Ralph Waldo Emerson* 514
The Great Stone Face . . . . . *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 515
The Man without a Country . . . . *Edward Everett Hale* 542
Rip Van Winkle . . . . . *Washington Irving* 575
The Tempest. (From Tales from Shakespeare)
*Charles and Mary Lamb* 595
A group of poems
The Daffodils . . . . . *William Wordsworth* 609
The Waterfowl . . . . . *William Cullen Bryant* 610
Flower in the crannied wall . . . . . *Alfred Tennyson* 611
Yussouf . . . . . *James Russell Lowell* 612

Index of Selections . . . . . 613
Index of First Lines of Poems . . . . . 617
Index of Authors . . . . . 619

# SCHEDULE OF READINGS

**To the Pupil.** This Schedule of Readings presents ten groups, or months, each month divided into interesting reading units, — fifteen for the first half year and nineteen for the second half. One of the many good things in this plan is that you will learn to think about selections not only individually but in the large and in groups. To get the most out of these reading units you should keep clearly before you the reading goal that you are trying to reach (*the objectives*); the various helps that will aid you to reach that goal (*the study guides*); and the classroom uses of the material (*the procedures*).

For **Objectives**, see page vi.
For **Study Guides**, see pages vii–viii.
For **Procedures**, see pages ix–x.

## FIRST HALF YEAR

### GROUP I

**Objective. To visualize or see what is read.**

#### Unit 1. Having a Plan

*Guiding question.* Show how "Having a Plan" is illustrated in each selection.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Story | The First Club Meeting | 1 |
| Poem | The Traveling Bear | 8 |
| Essay | About Poetry | 37 |
| Poem | A Sunset Moment | 57 |
| Poem | The End of Summer | 58 |
| Poem | Silver | 58 |
| Declamation | Town Planning | 44 |

#### Unit 2. Study Habits

*Guiding question.* What two principles of good study are emphasized in both selections?

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Textbook | How to Use a Dictionary | 48 |
| Textbook | How to Use a Library | 50 |

#### Unit 3. Ranch Life

*Guiding question.* What is the most vivid picture in each selection?

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Story | A Stampede | 188 |
| Poem | Song of Wire Fence | 186 |
| Article | Log of a Cowboy | 211 |
| Poem | The Ranchman's Ride | 187 |

Test...Anecdote of a Cowboy..... 215
Library Readings...7, 45, 49, 53, 55 (1), 186, 191, 215, 216.

### GROUP II

**Objective. To get the central idea and main points.**

#### Unit 4. Community Welfare

*Guiding question.* What important phase of community welfare does each selection stress?

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Story | How They Got Library | 25 |
| Poem | Santa Filomena | 21 |
| Poem | Red Cross Spirit Speaks | 23 |
| Textbook | Thrift Problems. Pt. I. | 252 |
| Poem | Jack Frost | 74 |
| Poem | Trees | 78 |

#### Unit 5. The Pioneering Spirit

*Guiding questions.* What is the central thought of each selection? Give the main points for each.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Poem | Columbus | 263 |
| Declamation | North American Indian | 337 |
| Story | Samoset | 264 |
| Textbook | Colonial Life | 302 |

#### Unit 6. Our Literary Heritage

*Guiding question.* In dramatizing this story what scenes must you give in order to make the story complete?

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Classic | The Courtship of Miles Standish | 434 |

Test...Mary's Mystery Room..... 41
Library Readings...34, 275, 318, 339, 348 (I, 1), 432 (II, 4).

## GROUP III

**Objective. To read for essential details.**

### Unit 7. Knowing How

*Guiding question.* In each selection find the essential details that answer one question or solve one problem.

Story....Mr. Aladdin..... 169
Textbook.Thrift Problems Pt. II.. 254
Poem....Sea Fever..... 193
Poem....Harro..... 194
Textbook.Map Study and Statistics 164

### Unit 8. Winning the Best Things in Life

*Guiding questions.* With which of the best things in life is each selection concerned? Which do you like best?

Story.....The Turkey Drive. 196
Poem.....Barter..... 182
{ Declamation.Lesson of Success.. 230
{ Poem.....The Climbing Road 60

### Unit 9. Our Literary Heritage

*Guiding questions.* What is the Legend of Sleepy Hollow? Who believed in it — Brom Bones or Ichabod Crane? How do you know?

Classic..Legend of Sleepy Hollow.. 470

---

Test...On an Elk Hunt..... 232
Library Readings.....56 (III), 181, 193, 196, 207, 231, 233, 262 (I, II), 348 (I, 2), 432 (II, 2).

## GROUP IV

**Objective. To read for essential details.**

### Unit 10. Animals: Qualities That Win

*Guiding question.* What is the most vivid picture in each selection? Write the main details for each.

Story.....Stickeen..... 136
Declamation.Tribute to a Dog.... 145
Poem.....Old Jim..... 183

### Unit 11. Observation

*Guiding question.* Consider that there are three kinds of observation — the scientist's, the poet's, and the ordinary person's. Tell which kind of observation is stressed in each selection. Tell how you know.

Article....Luther Burbank..... 113
Textbook.Foreign Plants..... 147
Poem....Birches..... 76
Story.....The Snow Fort..... 11
Poem....Trades..... 192
Poem....Work..... 210

### Unit 12. Our Literary Heritage

*Guiding question.* Which picture interested you most in each poem? Tell the essential details for each.

Poem.....Lochinvar..... 508
Poem.....Lady Clare..... 510
Poem.....The Snow-Storm..... 514

---

Test...Best Ways to Pull..... 261
Library Readings....19, 119, 145, 146, 167 (I), 168 (IV, A), 210, 432 (IV).

## GROUP V

**Objective. To react personally to what you read.**

### Unit 13. Belief in One's Self

*Guiding question.* Tell how Belief in Self is illustrated in each selection.

Story.....A Combat on the Sands. 276
Poem....The Lion Path..... 363
Poem....Better than Gold..... 19

### Unit 14. The Courage of Conviction

*Guiding question.* How is personal attitude illustrated in each selection?

Story.....At a Colonial Party.. 287
Poem.....Rodney's Ride..... 296
Declamation.The Declaration of Independence..... 340

### Unit 15. Checking up on How

*Guiding question.* Show how each selection answers the question, How.

Article....The Accident that gave us Wood-pulp paper.. 257
Poem....What the Chimney Sang 9
Article....Murillo's Boys — Spain 376
Textbook.Reading a Graph..... 46

---

Test...Giving the Mind Its Three Square Meals..... 405
Library Readings.....56 (IV), 261, 286, 295, 348 (I, 3), 380.

# SECOND HALF YEAR

## GROUP VI

**Objective. To see the author's purpose.**

### Unit 16. Birds

*Guiding question.* What was the author's purpose in each selection?

Story.....Prisoners in the Tower.. 91
Article....The Busy Blue-jay..... 107
{ Poem..March..... 90
{ Poem..The New Duckling..... 404

### Unit 17. Foreign Lands

*Guiding question.* Why was each of the selections written?

Story.....Elephants that Struck... 358
Article....Wonders of the World... 388
Poems....Japanese Poetry..... 349

### Unit 18. National Heroes

*Guiding question.* In each selection what was the dominating idea about National Heroes?

{ Declamation.Abraham Lincoln.. 341
{ Poem.....Man-Making..... 181
Declamation...Father of Country. 340

### Unit 19. Our Literary Heritage

*Guiding question.* What did each of the five leading characters in this story represent or symbolize?

Classic...The Great Stone Face... 515

---

Test...A Brotherhood of Long Ago..... 332
Library Readings...56 (v), 112, 262 (iii), 334, 341, 342, 348 (i, 4), 362, 390, 391 (i).

## GROUP VII

**Objective. To draw conclusions.**

### Unit 20. Drawing Everyday Conclusions

*Guiding question.* State one conclusion that you drew for each selection.

{ Poem..Like Crusoe..... 88
{ Poem..After the Rain..... 89
{ Poem..Memory..... 89
Story.....Besieged by Bears..... 79
Poem....Two Church Builders... 208
Essay....Farm Boy in New England..... 392
{ Poem..The Dreamers..... 24
{ Poem..Windows..... 10

### Unit 21. Making Scientific Deductions

*Guiding question.* How is the scientific method of drawing conclusions illustrated in these selections?

Essay....The Marsh Hawk..... 120
Textbook.Magnets..... 246
Essay....Why Oaks follow Pines.. 128

### Unit 22. Our Literary Heritage

*Guiding question.* Was Nolan's punishment worse than imprisonment?

{ Classic.Man Without a Country 542
{ Poem..Breathes there the man.. 433

---

Test...Keen Sight of an Indian.... 134
Library Readings...56 (ii), 86, 127, 134, 251, 397, 432 (ii, 1).

## GROUP VIII

**Objective. To draw conclusions.**

### Unit 23. War from Different Angles

*Guiding question.* From what different angles is war treated in these selections?

Story.....Lone Bull's Mistake.. 61
{ Article....On Guard..... 334
{ Story.....Corporal of Guard... 400
Declamation.To the Army..... 342
Poem.....Aftermath..... 298

### Unit 24. Spring — Different Viewpoints

*Guiding questions.* In doing the different things suggested for these six poems, how were you forced to draw conclusions? Which was hardest?

{ Poem..The Trailing Arbutus... 87
{ Poem..Birth of the Flowers.... 87
{ Poem..Rain Song..... 101
{ Poem..November Night..... 101
{ Poem..April Weather..... 102
{ Poem..An April Morning..... 103

UNIT 25. TRANSPORTATION

*Guiding question.* What phases of transportation are described?

Article.....Our Imports..... 217
Article.....Transportation..... 234

UNIT 26. OUR LITERARY HERITAGE

*Guiding questions.* Who deserves the more sympathy — Rip van Winkle or Dame van Winkle? Why?

Classic.....Rip Van Winkle..... 575

---

TEST...Finding One's Way in the Arctic..... 384
LIBRARY READINGS...73, 167 (II), 168 (IV, B), 221, 245, 300, 337, 343, 391 (II), 403, 432 (II, 3).

## GROUP IX

**Objective. To see the author's purpose.**

UNIT 27. FAMILY LIFE

*Guiding question.* What was the author's purpose in each selection?

Story.....The Peterkins..... 407
Article....The Feast of the Dolls.. 371
Poem..Songs for My Mother... 34
Poem..My Mother..... 36

UNIT 28. OBSERVATION

*Guiding questions.* In what way is observation illustrated in each selection? What was the author's purpose?

Poem..May is Building..... 104
Poem..Afternoon on a Hill..... 105
Article....The Red Ants..... 156
Poem.....Turtle and Flamingo.... 398

UNIT 29. INTERNATIONAL IDEALS

*Guiding question.* What ideal is presented in each selection?

Story.....Hafed Ben Hafed.... 352
Declamation.Fairhaven..... 344
Poem.....Memorial Day..... 301

UNIT 30. OUR LITERARY HERITAGE

*Guiding question.* Sum up in a sentence the chief theme of each poem.

Poem..The Daffodils..... 609
Poem..The Waterfowl..... 610
Poem..Flower in the crannied wall 611
Poem..Yussouf..... 612

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TEST...Ants..... 386
LIBRARY READINGS.....163, 346, 355, 376, 387, 391 (III, *a*, *b*, *c*), 391 (IV), 400, 419, 420 (II).

## GROUP X

**Objective. To get a personal reaction in reading.**

UNIT 31. NATIONAL IDEALS

*Guiding question.* What national ideal is stressed in each selection?

Article.....Travels of the Declaration of Independence..... 319
Declamation.Address on the Flag.. 346
Play.....Jean Valjean..... 421

UNIT 32. PREFERENCES

*Guiding questions.* What is the theme, or central thought, of each poem? Which do you like best?

Poem....June..... 106
Poem..The Cat-bird..... 100
Poem..The Mocking-bird..... 100
Poem....Legend of the Sagebrush 59

UNIT 33. STORIES OF SUCCESS

*Guiding question.* What field of achievement or mastery is represented in each selection?

Story.....Capturing an Alligator.. 364
Poem....Alexander Taming Bucephalus..... 355
Article....Compressed Air..... 221

UNIT 34. OUR LITERARY HERITAGE

*Guiding questions.* Which is the most interesting scene? The most interesting character?

Classic....The Tempest..... 595

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TEST...The River of Doubt..... 380
LIBRARY READINGS...168 (V), 230, 332, 347, 358, 370, 383, 608.

"Promptly throwing off his shoes, he upset himself and proceeded to walk on his hands around the room."

THE FIRST CLUB MEETING (*page* 4)

## PLEASURE READING

### Stories and Poems


| | Page |
|---|---|
| The First Club Meeting.....*Abbie Farwell Brown* | 1 |
| The Traveling Bear.....*Amy Lowell* | 8 |
| What the Chimney Sang..*Bret Harte* | 9 |
| Windows.....*Jessie B. Rittenhouse* | 10 |
| The Snow Fort on Slatter's Hill.....*Thomas Bailey Aldrich* | 11 |
| Better than Gold....*Abram J. Ryan* | 19 |
| Santa Filomena....*H. W. Longfellow* | 21 |
| The Red Cross Spirit Speaks.....*John H. Finley* | 23 |
| The Dreamers....*Theodosia Garrison* | 24 |
| How They Got the Library.....*Helen Dawes Brown* | 25 |
| Songs for My Mother...*A. H. Branch* | 34 |
| My Mother....*Frederic Hentz Adams* | 36 |


## THE FIRST CLUB MEETING

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

No community is complete without its clubs.

This is the story of John Hodges, a boy from the country, on his first visit to town. He was not the son of a farmer, however, for John Hodges's father was a fisherman, and John's home was a desolate island off the coast of New England.

To enjoy a story fully, we should make pictures in our minds of the people in the story — what they looked like and how they acted.

Read this story, now, with that object:

[1]TOM RUSSELL had a "den" of his own at the top of the house, where he could make all the racket he

chose, morning, noon, or night, without disturbing any one; a blessed privilege for a boy of fourteen. On the Friday night when the new Club was to be inaugurated, eight boys of assorted sizes, but of about the same age, clumped like young colts over the three flights of stairs and exchanged the secret "grip" with their host. John found that he knew most of the boys already.

[2] Tom had a huge wood-fire roaring on the hearth. There were no chairs, but plenty of fur rugs around the fire, on which the boys were invited tb squat. In a corner a table, set out with a camp kit and various dishes holding mysterious ingredients, looked like a magician's stand. It was the "rabbit" of the future. The walls were covered with pennants, baseball masks and gloves, snowshoes, theater-posters, trophies of all sorts. John thought he had never seen so jolly a room.

[3] After the club was formally organized, with Tom elected president, Frank Brewer, vice-president, and Phil Windsor, secretary and treasurer, the members voted to leave business for another occasion and to proceed at once to the fun of the evening.

[4] The president preluded the evening's program with a deafening salute on his watchman's rattle. "I'll call on the members by turn," he announced. "The rest of you fellows keep the fire going, and don't mob the performer, however rank he may be. Now, then, Mr. Vice-President."

[5] Frank Brewer was a short, fat boy with red hair. Taking his banjo from the floor beside him, he played a jolly march, to which eight pairs of feet kept time. Boisterous applause followed the last ringing chord, and John clapped louder than any one. He had never heard a banjo before.

[6] The President called next on Will Barton. Will was a tall fellow with a solemn, long face and merry eyes.

He gave a droll recitation in dialect, which set them all howling with laughter. Long after the others were done laughing, John kept smiling in his corner. Never before had Barton made such a hit. It was some moments before the President, wiping his eyes, and gasping for breath, found strength to wind the rattle and call on the next member.

[7] "Raoul Leroy." A handsome, dark lad, straight and supple, sprang up. "Claude and I must do our turn together," he said. "We'll show you a fencing-trick or two." The other brother, so like Raoul that you could hardly tell them apart, scrambled to his feet, stripping off his jacket as Raoul had done. The pair donned masks and fencing-pads, and took foils from the corner. The other boys drew closer against the walls, to give them room, and watched fascinated while the pair fenced like the heroes of French romance, closely matched. Suddenly Raoul gave a spring, a bend, a turn of the wrist, and Claude's foil went spinning across the floor.

"Bully!" cheered the boys. Claude rescued his weapon good-naturedly, and both saluted the circle. It was a graceful exhibit of breeding and skill. John wondered if he could ever learn to do things like that.

[8] Next, Charlie Young gave imitations of famous actors, which pleased the other boys hugely. But as John had never seen any actor or any theater, he missed part of the fun.

[9] When Phil Windsor's name was called, he offered to do his famous double-shuffle. "Shake away," said Frank Brewer, "and I'll tickle the tune on my banjo." So the floor was cleared, and the guttural instrument began to chuckle merrily. Phil, with elastic joints, set the walls to trembling from his strenuous gyrations, aided by clappings and stamps from all the other hands

and feet in the room. Even without make-up and costume Phil was a howling success. And again John was envious.

[10] When Tom called next the name of Grover Hollis, a roly-poly boy, with apple cheeks and pale hair, hopped up, and demanded a piano.

"Ah, go on!" chorused the others. "There's no piano here. Do something else."

"I can play the fiddle, but there isn't any fiddle here; or a hand-organ!" retorted Hollis.

"No stunt, no supper," warned the President.

Hollis looked pained. "I am so hungry!" he protested. "What to do? Ha! I know!" And promptly throwing off his shoes he upset himself and proceeded to walk on his hands around the room. He ran, he hopped, he danced, always with feet waving in the air. Then he began to turn somersaults, rolling himself up like a ball, until, out of breath, he lay quite still on the bearskin rug. John was amazed. He had not guessed that city boys could do this sort of thing, and play the piano and fiddle, too!

"I vote Hollis has earned his supper!" shouted Phil, giving the round body a poke in the ribs.

[11] Carter Smith followed this "turn" with a funny story of something that had happened to him once in France; and then the President himself favored them with a song. John listened with such delight, and was enjoying himself so undisturbed in his dark corner, that he quite forgot every one had performed except himself, and that it was his turn.

[12] "It's up to you, Hodges," suggested the President colloquially. "Phil says you've got a stunt up your sleeve. Let's have it."

John started, and shrank back into the corner. The eyes of the whole circle were on him.

Phil gave him a poke with a billet of wood. "Go on!" he whispered. "Throw out the life-line!"

John rose awkwardly, pulling the length of rope out of his pocket. "Phil thought you might like to see some of the knots that sailors use," he said timidly. "I can show you how they tie and splice, if you like."

"Good stunt!" approved the President. "Get out into the middle of the room, so we can all see you, Hodges."

John obediently sat himself in the center, and the others drew up closely about him. He began with a simple hitch. At first his fingers were all thumbs, and he found it hard to do anything with the rope; but as he saw that all the boys were interested, he gained courage and made the rope slide through his fingers with a skill that seemed like legerdemain to the watchers. He explained "bights," "hitches," knots of every kind and description. He showed them how to splice a rope in half a dozen different ways. He played sailors' tricks on them with ends of twine that mysteriously joined themselves, and knots that came untied without fingers. He evolved a wonderful Turk's-head of intricate braiding, and showed them how to make enviable watch-fobs from mere hemp. He explained the practical difference between a hard knot and an unlucky "granny." Presently eight boys had pieces of string, and were busily experimenting on their own account.

"By Jove! How did you learn it all?" cried Grover Hollis admiringly.

"Why, my father is a fisherman," said John. "I have to know all about boats, and ropes, and lines."

"Can you sail a boat?" asked Tom Russell. Tom's mother had put her foot down on the wrong side of the question for him.

John looked at Phil, and they both laughed.

"Well, I should say!" remarked Phil. "His father is the best sailor on the Island, and John is pretty nearly the next best."

"Say," said Tom Russell, handling the rope, which with John's help he had tied into a clever slip-noose, "with a knot like this you might save a fellow's life."

"You might," said John quietly.

14 "I'll bet he's done it," whispered Carter Smith to Phil. "Hasn't he?"

Phil looked sidewise at John. "He wouldn't want me to tell," said he, "but he saved my life once."

"Oh, what was it? Tell about it!" begged the boys who were nearest Phil.

"You shut up, Phil!" cried John, turning very red. "It wasn't anything."

"Tell how it happened, Phil," commanded the President.

"Why, it was three years ago, when we were little kids," began Phil. "We couldn't either of us swim then. I was out alone, contrary to orders, paddling around in an old leaky dory, and somehow or other it upset, and I found myself floundering in the water. I yelled for help, and John came running down the beach. He had a piece of rope in his hands. He called out to me to hang on to the boat, but the dory was upside down, and I couldn't catch hold. Then John waded out up to his shoulders and flung the rope at me, with a slip-knot in the end. I managed somehow to get it round my body, and John held on, yelling until his father came to help. By that time the waves were knocking him about and kept going over his head. They hauled me out; then they dragged up John, and carried us both ashore. It took them longer to pull John through, though, for he was about all in. Good old John!"

"Bully for John!" cried the President; but John said sheepishly, "Pshaw! It wasn't anything."

[15] They were all so interested in John's knots and Phil's story that they had actually forgotten about supper. Suddenly the President glanced at the clock. "Gee!" he exclaimed. "What about the 'eats'? Now, then, fellows, before we end the exercises of the evening let's all sing, 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!'" He clapped John's shoulder heartily, and the chorus was sung with a will.

After that Tom proceeded to light the camp kit.

**Introduction.** Always check up, first, on the problem set in the Introduction to the selection. Do you *see* these boys? Give descriptive words by which the author pictures them. Tell how they acted.

**First reading.** Without looking back, write in outline form: (1) the scene of the story, (2) the time of day, and (3) a list of the names of the ten boys. Next, after each boy's name write the stunt he did.

This exercise will test whether you have learned to make real pictures of the people you meet in stories, and thus get most pleasure from reading by creating living characters for yourself.

**Second rapid reading.** How quickly can you sum up each numbered section? In every well-constructed story the succession of events stands out clearly. Does it in this one?

**Something to report to the class.**

1. If you were invited to such a club meeting, what contribution could you give to make the evening interesting?
2. Which "stunt" in the story would you have enjoyed most?
3. Why would these boys be good chums?

**Further reading.** For "stunts" to report or rousing good tales:
*Official Handbook for Boys*, Boy Scouts of America.
*Scouting for Girls*. Official handbook, Girl Scouts.

**Kipling, Rudyard.** *Captains Courageous.*
"How Harvey Cheyne, the spoiled son of a millionaire, sailed unwillingly with Disko Troop and his crew on a fishing voyage to the Newfoundland Banks; and was thereby made a man."

**Masefield, John.** *Jim Davis.*
"A story of the Devonshire coast and smugglers a hundred years ago."

**Morgan, A. P.** *Boys' Home Book of Science and Construction.*
"Adventures in the realm of science. Plans for experiments in chemistry, mechanics, and physics clearly worked out."

## THE TRAVELING BEAR

AMY LOWELL

We have learned that much of the pleasure in reading comes from seeing the places and the people described in books, as if they were real.

The poet puts these *real* pictures in poems, and also uses language beautifully in doing it, choosing words that we might never think of using.

What pictures do you see in this poem? Where do you like the wording?

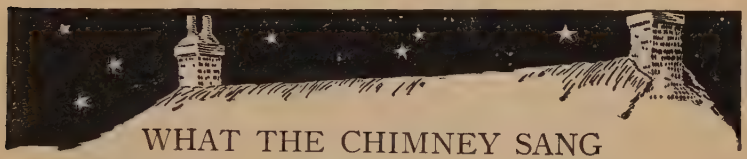
1 GRASS-BLADES push up between the cobble-stones
And catch the sun on their flat sides
Shooting it back,
Gold and emerald,
Into the eyes of passers-by.

2 And over the cobblestones,
Square-footed and heavy,
Dances the trained bear.
The cobbles cut his feet,
And he has a ring in his nose
Which hurts him;
But still he dances,
For the keeper pricks him with a sharp stick,
Under his fur.

3 Now the crowd gapes and chuckles,
And boys and young women shuffle their feet in time to the dancing bear.
They see him wobbling
Against a dust of emerald and gold,
And they are greatly delighted.

4 The legs of the bear shake with fatigue,
And his back aches,
And the shining grass-blades dazzle and confuse him.
But still he dances,
Because of the little, pointed stick.

**Discussion.** 1. Are these people cruel? Find words that prove your point.
2. Are there any cruel things being done in your community?
3. What could you do to correct them?



## WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG

BRET HARTE

This poem tells how the poet differs from the ordinary person. It gives one of the reasons why many people find poetry both interesting and inspirational.

Can you explain it?

1 OVER the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her teardrops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

2 Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Children said, as they closer drew,
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through,
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

3 Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

4 Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man and Woman and Child, all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."

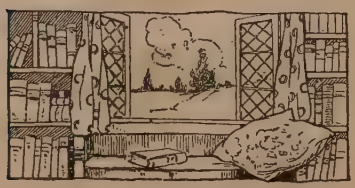
Try to make a poem of your own about the wind.

## WINDOWS

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

1 I LOOKED through others' windows
On an enchanted earth,
But out of my own window —
Solitude and dearth.

2 And yet there is a mystery
I cannot understand —
That others through my window
See an enchanted land.



# THE SNOW FORT ON SLATTER'S HILL

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Thomas Bailey Aldrich's experiences as a boy at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, are told in his book, "The Story of a Bad Boy." Those New England boys of fifty years ago had many fine times, some of which the boys of to-day would be glad to imitate. For instance, how should you like to have been a North-Ender or a South-Ender in this story? On which side would you have fought?

The story is broken into three parts. At the end of the first silent reading, see whether you can give the big topic for each part. Then, choose one of the parts and write on a piece of paper all the things you remember.

## I

[1] THE memory of man, even that of the Oldest Inhabitant, runneth not back to the time when there did not exist a feud between the North End and the South End boys of Rivermouth. This winter both parties were unusually lively and antagonistic. Great was the wrath of the South-Enders, when they discovered that the North-Enders had thrown up a fort on the crown of Slatter's Hill.

[2] Slatter's Hill, or No Man's Land, as it was generally called, was a rise of ground covering, perhaps, an acre and a quarter, situated on an imaginary line, marking the boundary between the two districts. An immense mass of granite, which here and there thrust out a wrinkled boulder, prevented the site from being used for building purposes. The street ran on either

side of the hill, from one part of which a quantity of rock had been removed to form the foundations of the new jail. This excavation made the approach from that point all but impossible, especially when the ragged ledges were a-glitter with ice. You see what a spot it was for a snow fort.

[3] One evening twenty or thirty of the North-Enders quietly took possession of Slatter's Hill, and threw up a line of breastworks, something after this shape:

[4] The rear of the intrenchment, being protected by the quarry, was left open. The walls were four feet high, and twenty-two inches thick, strengthened at the angles by stakes driven firmly into the ground.

[5] Imagine the rage of the South-Enders on the next day, when they spied our snowy citadel, with Jack Harris's red silk pocket-handerchief floating defiantly from the flagstaff.

[6] In less than an hour it was known all over town, that the "Puddle-Dockers" and the "River-Rats" (these were the derisive sub-titles bestowed on our South-End foes) intended to attack the fort that Saturday afternoon.

[7] At two o'clock all the fighting boys of the Temple Grammar School, and as many recruits as we could muster, lay behind the walls of Fort Slatter, with three hundred compact snow-balls piled up in pyramids, awaiting the approach of the enemy. The enemy was not slow in making his approach — fifty strong, headed by one Mat Ames. Our forces were under the command of General J. Harris.

[8] Before the action commenced, a meeting was arranged between the rival commanders, who drew up and signed certain rules and regulations respecting the conduct of the battle. As it was impossible for the North-Enders to occupy the fort permanently, it was agreed that the South-Enders should assault it only on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons between the hours of two and six. For them to take possession of the place at any other time was not to constitute a capture, but on the contrary was to be considered a dishonorable and cowardly act.

[9] The North-Enders, on the other hand, agreed to give up the fort whenever ten of the storming party succeeded in obtaining at one time a footing on the parapet, and were able to hold the same for the space of two minutes.

[10] Both sides were to abstain from putting pebbles into their snow-balls, nor was it permissible to use frozen ammunition. A snow-ball soaked in water was a projectile which in previous years had been resorted to with disastrous results.

[11] These preliminaries settled, the commanders retired to their respective corps. The interview had taken place on the hillside between the opposing lines.

## II

[12] General Harris divided his men into two bodies. The first comprised the most skillful marksmen, or gunners; the second, the reserve force, was composed of the strongest boys, whose duty it was to repel the scaling parties, and to make occasional sallies for the purpose of capturing prisoners, who were bound by the articles of treaty to serve faithfully under our flag until they were exchanged at the close of the day.

[13] The repellers were called light infantry; but when they carried on operations beyond the fort they became

cavalry. It was also their duty, when not otherwise engaged, to manufacture snow-balls. The General's staff consisted of five Templars (I among the number, with the rank of Major), who carried the General's orders and looked after the wounded.

[14] General Mat Ames, a veteran commander, was no less wide-awake in the disposition of his army. Five companies, each numbering but six men, in order not to present too big a target to our sharpshooters, were to charge the fort from different points, their advance being covered by a heavy fire from the gunners posted in the rear. Each scaler was provided with only two rounds of ammunition, which were not to be used until he had mounted the breastwork and could deliver his shots on our heads.

[15] The following cut represents the interior of the fort just previous to the assault. Nothing on earth could represent the state of things after the first volley.

*a*. Flagstaff.
*b*. General Harris and his Staff.
*c*. Ammunition.
*d*. Hospital.
*ee*. Reserve Corps.
*ff*. Gunners in position.
*gg*. The Quarry.

[16] The enemy was posted thus:

*aa*. Five attacking columns.
*bb*. Artillery.
*c*. General Ames's headquarters.

[17] The thrilling moment had now arrived. The fort opened fire first — a single ball from the dexterous hand of General Harris taking General Ames in the very pit of his stomach. A cheer went up from Fort Slatter. In an instant the air was thick with flying missiles, in the midst of which we dimly saw the storming parties sweeping up the hill, shoulder to shoulder. The shouts of the leaders, and the snow-balls bursting like shells about our ears, made it very lively.

[18] Not more than a dozen of the enemy succeeded in reaching the crest of the hill; five of these climbed upon the icy walls, where they were instantly grabbed by the legs and jerked into the fort. The rest retired confused and blinded by our well-directed fire.

[19] When General Harris (with his right eye bunged up) said, "Soldiers, I am proud of you!" my heart swelled in my bosom.

[20] The victory, however, had not been without its price. Six North-Enders, having rushed out to harass the discomfited enemy, were gallantly cut off by General Ames and captured. Among these were Lieutenant P. Whitcomb (who had no business to join in the charge, being weak in the knees), and Captain Fred Langdon, of General Harris's staff. Pepper Whitcomb was one of the best shots on our side, though he was not much to boast of in a rough-and-tumble fight, owing to the weakness before mentioned. General Ames put him among the gunners, and we were quickly made aware of the loss we had sustained, by receiving a frequent artful ball which seemed to light with unerring instinct on any nose that was the least bit exposed. I have known one of Pepper's snow-balls, fired point-blank, to turn a corner and hit a boy who considered himself absolutely safe.

[21] But we had no time for vain regrets. The battle

raged. Already there were two bad cases of black eye, and one of nose-bleed, in the hospital.

[22] It was glorious excitement, those pell-mell onslaughts and hand-to-hand struggles. Twice we were within an ace of being driven from our stronghold, when General Harris and his staff leaped recklessly upon the ramparts and hurled the besiegers heels over head down the hill.

[23] At sunset, the garrison of Fort Slatter was still unconquered, and the South-Enders, in a solid phalanx, marched off whistling "Yankee Doodle," while we cheered and jeered them until they were out of hearing.

[24] General Ames remained behind to effect an exchange of prisoners. We held thirteen of his men, and he eleven of ours. General Ames proposed to call it an even thing, since many of his eleven prisoners were officers, while nearly all our thirteen captives were privates. A dispute arising on this point, the two noble generals came to fisticuffs, and in the fracas our brave commander got his remaining well eye badly damaged. This didn't prevent him from writing a general order the next day, on a slate, in which he complimented the troops on their heroic behavior.

[25] On the following Wednesday the siege was renewed. I forget whether it was on that afternoon or the next that we lost Fort Slatter; but lose it we did, with much valuable ammunition and several men. After a series of desperate assaults, we forced General Ames to surrender; and he, in turn, made the place too hot to hold us. So from day to day the tide of battle surged to and fro, sometimes favoring our arms, and sometimes those of the enemy.

[26] General Ames handled his men with great skill; his deadliest foe could not deny that. Once he outgeneraled our commander in the following manner:

He massed his gunners on our left and opened a brisk fire, under cover of which a single company (six men) advanced on that angle of the fort. Our reserves on the right hand rushed over to defend the threatened point. Meanwhile, four companies of the enemy's scalers made a detour round the foot of the hill, and dashed into Fort Slatter without opposition. At the same moment General Ames's gunners closed in on our left, and there we were between two fires. Of course we had to vacate the fort. A cloud rested on General Harris's military reputation until his superior tactics enabled him to dispossess the enemy.

III

[27] As the winter wore on, the war spirit waxed fiercer and fiercer. At length the provision against using heavy substances in the snow-balls was disregarded. A ball stuck full of sand bird-shot came tearing into Fort Slatter. In retaliation, General Harris ordered a broadside of shells; i.e., snow-balls containing marbles. After this, both sides never failed to freeze their ammunition.

[28] It was no longer child's play to march up to the walls of Fort Slatter, nor was the position of the besieged less perilous. At every assault three or four boys on each side were disabled. It was not an infrequent occurrence for the combatants to hold up a flag of truce while they removed some insensible comrade.

[29] Matters grew worse and worse. Seven North-Enders had been seriously wounded, and a dozen South-Enders were reported on the sick list. The selectmen of the town awoke to the fact of what was going on, and detailed a *posse* of police to prevent further disturbance. The boys at the foot of the hill,

South-Enders as it happened, finding themselves assailed in the rear and on the flank, turned round and attempted to beat off the watchmen. In this they were sustained by numerous volunteers from the fort, who looked upon the interference as tyrannical.

[30] The watchmen were determined fellows, and charged the boys valiantly, driving them all into the fort, where we made common cause, fighting side by side like the best of friends. In vain the four guardians of the peace rushed up the hill, flourishing their clubs and calling upon us to surrender. They could not get within ten yards of the fort, our fire was so destructive. In one of the onsets a man named Mugridge, more valorous than his peers, threw himself upon the parapet, when he was seized by twenty pairs of hands, and dragged inside the breastwork, where fifteen boys sat down on him to keep him quiet.

[31] Perceiving that it was impossible with their small number to dislodge us, the men sent for reinforcements. Their call was responded to, not only by the whole constabulary force (eight men), but by a numerous body of citizens, who had become alarmed at the prospect of a riot.

[32] This formidable array brought us to our senses. We began to think that maybe discretion was the better part of valor. General Harris and General Ames, with their respective staffs, held a council of war in the hospital, and a backward movement was decided on. So, after one grand farewell volley, we fled, sliding, jumping, rolling, tumbling down the quarry at the rear of the fort, and escaped without losing a man.

[33] But we lost Fort Slatter forever. Those battle-scarred ramparts were razed to the ground, and humiliating ashes sprinkled over the historic spot, near which a solitary lynx-eyed policeman was often seen.

[34] The event passed into a legend, and afterwards, when later instances of pluck and endurance were spoken of, the boys would say,

"By golly! you ought to have been at the fights on Slatter's Hill!"

**Organization.** Sum up each of the three parts in a topic. Decide in class which is the best and write it on the board. Check up on the details for each part, each pupil contributing.

**Discussion.** 1. What military terms are used?

2. Find the parts illustrated in the pictures on page 11.

3. Make a list of the boys mentioned for both sides and give their positions.

4. What were the agreements entered into before the fight? Why was each made?

5. If you were storming this fort or holding it, how would you do it? What rules would you make?

6. Why did this snow fight fail?

**Further reading.** Finish Aldrich's *The Story of a Bad Boy.* Select the chapter that you enjoyed most. Be ready to tell the class why you selected that chapter.

## BETTER THAN GOLD

ABRAM J. RYAN

What is the most precious thing in the world?

Years ago, when this poem was written, GOLD was considered the most precious thing.

Before reading this, think out an answer to these two questions.

1. What is considered the most precious thing in the world to-day? (Consult your science teacher or a book of reference.)

2. What do you personally think is better or "more precious" than the thing the WORLD to-day considers most valuable?

Play fair! Don't read the poem until you think these out for yourself.

1 BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please,
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

2 Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

3 Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep
Brings sleeping draughts on the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
The toiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

4 Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

## TWO POEMS OF SERVICE

Florence Nightingale, who organized the nurses to help the English wounded during the Crimean War in 1854–56, was as far removed from the Red Cross Nurse of 1918 as the oil lamp of early days is from the electric light of to-day.

What different pictures do the two poems — this of Longfellow and the poem on page 23 — make you see? In what respects were the nurses of these two poems alike? How were they different?

## SANTA FILOMENA [1]

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

[1] "At Pisa, the Church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated to Santa Filomena (San'ta Fi'lo-me'na). Over the altar is a picture representing the Saint as a beautiful, nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin (symbols of peace, victory, and war), and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession."
— Mrs. Jameson: *Sacred and Legendary Art.*

2 The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

3 Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

4 Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp, —

5 The wounded from the battle-plain,
In the dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

6 Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

7 And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

8 As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

9 On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

10 A lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

11 Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore,
Saint Filomena bore.

## THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS

JOHN H. FINLEY

What is the Red Cross nurse of to-day saying in this poem? She might be Clara Barton herself, speaking.

1 WHEREVER war, with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
Thither I fly.

2 I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
And love can live,
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering,
Or solace give.

3 The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
Is but the sign
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
Of war's red line.

What do you see in this poem, when you "read between the lines"? (*Manual.*)

## THE DREAMERS

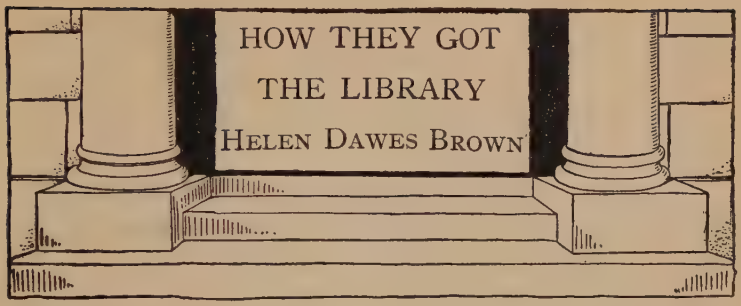
THEODOSIA GARRISON

1 THE gypsies passed her little gate —
She stopped her wheel to see, —
A brown-faced pair who walked the road,
Free as the wind is free;
And suddenly her tidy room
A prison seemed to be.

2 Her shining plates against the walls,
Her sunlit sanded floor,
The brass-bound wedding chest that held
Her linen's snowy store,
The very wheel whose humming died, —
Seemed only chains she bore.

3 She watched the foot-free gypsies pass,
She never knew or guessed
The wistful dream that drew them close —
The longing in each breast
Some day to know a home like hers,
Wherein their hearts might rest.

Find another poem in this section (Home and Community) that expresses the same idea.




It is hard to imagine what a community would be without books; for nowadays nearly every town of any size has its well-managed library.

How did these towns get libraries in the first place? Do you have a public library in your community? How did you get it? (Find out.)

Here is the story of how the town of Still Waters got a library of its own. As you read it, gather your facts so that you can play a game like the following, which tests the main facts of a story:

*Tell /*
*Who, When, Where, Did What, How*

[1] IT began with the conversation at our supper-table on the evening when our family had returned from the dedication of the library in Concord. On the drive home we had discussed the new building, the speeches, and Mr. Emerson's address on *Books and Reading.*

"And now what we want," my father concluded, stirring his tea, "is a public library in Still Waters."

[2] "We are far behind Concord in public spirit," my mother replied.

"It appears to me I have heard that said too often since I came to live in Still Waters," said

my grandmother. "The town likes to talk about its own lack of public spirit."

"I tell you what, grandma," cried Tom, "they knew what they were about when they named this old town Still Waters."

"Yet what a quiet, tranquil place to live one's days!" my mother said, for she was by nature a peace-maker on every possible subject. "We have but few rich people," she continued. "Who is there but the Fays?"

"And Miss Horatia Budd," added Tom.

"Mr. Fay is very generous, but we can't expect him to do everything. Miss Budd, though!"

"Every town has a curmudgeon," I remarked with my wisest air. "She's ours."

[3] "She's the one to give us a library." My father was not often so jocose. "You'd better ask her, Phœbe."

"I bet you don't dare ring her doorbell, Phœbe Gay," said Master Tom.

"I have rung it once, myself," my mother laughed. "I went to ask her, since none of the other ladies would, if she were willing to give something to the fire sufferers. She complained it was always sufferers; if it wasn't one kind, then 'twas another. If you gave to one, you must give to the other, and if you gave to the other you must give to the next. There was no end *to* it. 'Twas give, give, give! No, she didn't feel called upon. Folks must learn to be more careful of their *karrersene* lamps."

"Now I succeeded better," said my grandmother. "I saw her in her garden in her old sunbonnet, and I stepped up and asked her over the fence for a contribution to the Famine Fund. She gave me twenty-five cents."

"But, what is to become of her money? She has only distant cousins, who have been given to understand that their attentions are not wanted."

"She ought to give Still Waters a library and a park and a band-stand and statues and fountains — go for her, Phœbe!"

[4] The next day, as usual, Florence Fay and I talked matters over. She had listened rapt to Mr. Emerson's discourse upon books, and had come home ardently desiring to found a library out of her own pocket money.

I mentioned Miss Budd. Even Florence Fay made a comical face.

"Wouldn't it be *fun* just to ask her?" I said.

Florence was timid, but she had a dash of knight-errantry about her; she burned to do deeds. It was clear that to win over Miss Horatia Budd to the giving of a library would be a deed of no mean magnitude. The size of this undertaking was all that we could have asked for.

"Of course they never supposed I would," I continued; "not even Tom. Wouldn't they be surprised?" Already I saw the walls of the new library rising before the astonished eyes of the community.

"But I never could go alone," said I. "Oh, let's go soon, before we get frightened. Let's go Tuesday afternoon, and let's wear our prettiest clothes. Which shall speak to her first?"

"I believe in alphabetical order," Florence answered. "Then it comes out fair for everybody."

"Ha! I shall say, 'Good afternoon, Miss Budd,' and the real speech will come second. You will get that, Miss F."

[5] "Phœbe Callender," said Florence, when Tuesday afternoon had arrived, and we were already

half-way up Miss Budd's hill, — "Phœbe Callender, this is perfectly crazy. This is the first time I ever knew you to do a perfectly wild thing. I am the one usually. Let us go home."

"Faint heart ne'er won —"

"Oh, but a fair lady would be nothing to this old woman."

"Florence Fay, do you want this town of Still Waters to have a library, or don't you?"

"Very well." Florence walked faster.

Miss Budd lived in a fine old house, but she chose to inhabit only the back part of it, with her maid, Nancy, who was a match for Miss Budd in queerness. Old Nancy stopped pumping, and stood and watched us as we approached the house.

"Good afternoon," said I from a safe distance.

"There ain't nobody 't home; there ain't nobody 't home," and she shook her head hard at us.

[6] That was half true, but I saw Miss Budd's sunbonnet down in the hollow.

My grandmother, in trying to give every fellow creature his due, had pointed out that Miss Budd seemed to be fond of outdoor things. "I've heard, besides, she couldn't do enough for her old father."

I thought it fortunate to approach Miss Budd among her apple-trees rather than among her parlor chairs and tables. Plainly, her first feeling towards a visitor was one of offense; she threw back her head and looked at us. Florence had a scarlet jacket, and it arrested Miss Budd's attention.

I stood still, too, and looked at her, with as uncomfortable a feeling as I can remember in the course of my youth. I suddenly had a sinking sensation, the feeling that I was doing an impertinent thing, if only because I was young and Miss Budd was old.

But here we were, and Florence was waiting for me to do something. Quaking (and it served me right), I advanced upon Miss Budd.

"Stand still just where you are, both of ye."

This greeting threw me quite out of my calculations.

"Keep right under that apple-tree bough till I take a picture of ye in my mind."

This was dreadfully disconcerting. It made us feel like children, rather than like public-spirited citizens of Still Waters, about to propose a public benefaction.

"Those are Harrington sweets," said Miss Budd; "good for baking. Boys and girls like them raw. They're *apt* to come wandering in here, — boys especially; but help yourselves."

Florence Fay and I looked at each other in horror.

"Thank you very much," we answered, without regard to alphabetical order.

"I don't know as I know what your names are," said Miss Horatia Budd.

We introduced ourselves.

"*Phœbe*, now, sounds like old times. Phœbe was my grandmother's name."

My library speech was working farther away. Florence was lost in imagination of a grandmother of Miss Horatia Budd, as she told me afterwards, and said not a word to help.

"I know your folks, both of you. I know all about them," and Miss Budd closed her lips firmly on the remark, as if it were little good she knew of Fays or Callenders.

"Well, it is a pleasant afternoon," she said at last, with the effect of rising from one of her own parlor chairs, in order to dismiss us. I had seen my mother help awkward boys out of the room in the same way, when they did not know how to finish a call.

It was a terrible moment for me. Should I, with Florence Fay there to see, turn miserably around and run home?

"Miss Budd," I faltered, — "Miss B — Budd, we hope there is going to be a public library in Still Waters, and we wondered if you would —"

"Who sent ye to me?"

"We came ourselves," I answered, in my firmest voice. "We knew you had always lived in Still Waters, and your father and your grandfather, and we thought you would like to have it a memorial to your family here forever and forever, after everybody's dead."

This cheerful suggestion seemed to have an effect. "It ought to be built of good stone and mortar, then," offered Miss Budd.

I was delighted. "You would have a tablet."

"A kind of a tombstone up over the door," she assented, to my joy.

"And you would hang your father's portrait in the library."

"And like as not my own."

"Oh, yes," a little less joyfully.

"It's a fine idea," said Miss Horatia Budd, with sarcasm now apparent; "but you can go home and tell your father I shan't do anything of the kind."

[8] I looked at Florence for help. "Miss Budd," she said warmly, "our fathers don't know we came. They wouldn't have let us, probably. It was Phœbe's own idea. Because you know, Miss Budd, a town that hasn't a public library isn't a town that people want to come to live in. They would rather go and live in Concord."

"Concord! Ugh!"

I gave Florence a quick look, and she described the beauties of the new Concord library.

"So they tell me!" said Miss Budd sharply.

"Are you a reader?" She turned to me. I tried to convey that I thought well of books, but that I was no such reader as Florence Fay.

"Well, I'm one myself, though I don't see many books. They're expensive to buy. I suppose, if I were to build a library, you'd let me take out books myself."

"Oh, yes," we cried, "as many as you wanted."

"Huh!" replied Miss Budd. "Well, I shan't do anything of the kind. Think of the money."

"It's the best way anybody could spend money.'

Miss Budd looked at me as if platitudes from young people were more than she could stand. It was Florence she turned to.

"Give me a book, and the longest winter evenings, I've always got company. Folks think I'm lonely. I'm not a bit."

"That's the very reason you would *enjoy* giving a library, Miss Budd," said Florence ardently. "You'd think of all the loneliness it was preventing."

"I'm not ready for any such outlay. How much did your father calculate?"

I had heard twenty thousand dollars mentioned.

Miss Budd held up her hands. "There may be folks that have got such sums to give. If they choose to do it, I don't criticize. Before you go, just stand together under that tree."

Miss Budd held her head to one side, as if she had been a photographer. We certainly "looked pleasant," and so did Miss Horatia Budd, as we bade her good-by.

[9] We were at the foot of the hill before we discussed our visit.

"Did you ever?" I gasped.

"Never in all my life!" said Florence. "But I like her. She is a character, and most people aren't."

"I am glad they aren't," was my opinion.

"She hasn't so very much to think about, and I believe she will think a great deal about our visit. I like to think of her thinking of us."

"That is because you have read George Eliot so much," said I respectfully. "Miss Budd is like a character of Dickens, though. He would make her give that library. That is why I like Dickens."

[10] Florence and I differed as to the success of our undertaking. I predicted that we should never hear one word from Miss Horatia Budd. Weeks and months passed by, and Florence, too, lost hope. March came, and March tenth, the date of the Town meeting. My father came home from business at noon, made a careful toilet, and was at the Town Hall by two o'clock. Stores were closed. Farmers' horses from the "districts" and "quarters" and "corners" of Still Waters occupied every hitching-post on Main Street. Their owners represented the landed interest, and were the conservatives in town politics. "The town" was the progressive faction. Long were the contests of the two parties, lasting far into the dusk. Meanwhile, the feminine part of Still Waters waited supper.

[11] At last my father came, and by the way he looked at us, we could see he had news to tell.

"Don't let us delay supper any longer," said Mother. "All of you come to the table, and then —"

"I am afraid it's gas going to be introduced," said my grandmother, who belonged to the conservatives.

"Well," said my father slowly, "we've got our own town library at last!"

And I, helping the family to apple sauce, must sit quiet and listen — not jump, or dance, or shout!

"Who do you suppose has given it?"

"Oh, who?" I gasped.

"What did I tell you months ago? Miss Horatia Budd was the woman that had the money; and, by George, she's done it!"

[12] We were all too astonished to speak, and my father was able to continue. "It seems the old lady has some family sentiment, wants to have the library a memorial to her father, and to have his portrait hung where you will see it as you go in."

I gasped another "Oh!"

"She said she had been thinking of it a long while. She wrote a very good letter — said she was fond of books, poor soul! This will make folks think better of her right off."

"I always told you she had her good qualities," nodded my grandmother.

My brother Tom was looking hard at me. "I tell you what — don't you remember last fall — I bet 'twas Phœbe!"

I looked at my mother and then at my father, and then — how absurd! my eyes filled with tears, and I could not speak a word.

"Phœbe, you're a great girl," said Tom admiringly.

[13] "Tell us the story, my dear child."

"Upon my word," my father said, when I had ended, "youthful audacity has its uses. It would never have occurred to me to tackle Miss Horatia Budd."

"'Twas you, Father, your very self, that first suggested it," I said.

"My poor joke has turned out a very good one."

Then Father advised us to keep this little matter to ourselves; for it was hardly a subject to be gossiped about. We all agreed, and to this day, only the Fays and the Callenders know how Still Waters came to have a library.

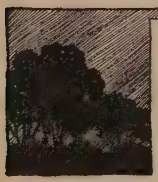
**First reading.** Without looking back write a brief outline to answer the game suggested in the introduction.

**Second reading.** Read rapidly to plan a play of three acts, with two scenes for Act 1, and one for each of the other acts.

**Class activity.** Divide the class into four committees to present the play, impromptu.

**Problems to discuss:** 1. Who made the better arguments to Miss Budd — Phœbe or Florence? 2. How can people raise funds for a community project? 3. What duties devolve on a community when it is given a library or something similar? 4. What public things are necessary to make a community the best place to live? 5. What do you have in your community to serve all the people?

**Book reports.** Divide the class into two groups, one to read Dickens's *Cricket on the Hearth*, and the other, an *Arabian Nights* story. Each group, under a captain, should prepare a list of good reasons why the story has interested people. Have reports given in a joint meeting.



## SONGS FOR MY MOTHER

### Her Words

### Anna Hempstead Branch

Have you ever thought how big a part WORDS play in our daily lives? An engineer can run a train without the use of language, but can the ticket-agent sell the tickets without words? When we really think about it, we should have a hard time getting along to-day without speech.

To see for yourself just how hard it would be, make a list of occupations, professions, or simple everyday doings that depend on some use of words for successful operation.

Then, what magic words can perform! They can carry you through the adventures of a story as if you were present in person — until at the end you lay the book down with a sigh and rub your eyes to be sure you are in your own room at home and not miles off at the scene of your story.

Do you know any one whom you like to hear talk? How would you tell your reason for liking what you heard?

How did *this* poet learn that words are beautiful? How does she tell her reasons? Find where she uses words beautifully herself.

1 My mother has the prettiest tricks
Of words and words and words.
Her talk comes out as smooth and sleek
As breasts of singing birds.

2 She shapes her speech all silver fine
Because she loves it so.
And her own eyes begin to shine
To hear her stories grow.

3 And if she goes to make a call
Or out to take a walk,
We leave our work when she returns
And run to hear her talk.

4 We had not dreamed these things were so
Of sorrow and of mirth.
Her speech is as a thousand eyes
Through which we see the earth.

5 God wove a web of loveliness,
Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
So beautiful as words.

6 They shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings.

7 There's nothing poor and nothing small
But is made fair with them.
They are the hands of living faith
That touch the garment's hem.

They are as fair as bloom or air,
They shine like any star,
And I am rich who learned from her
How beautiful they are.

**Problems for class discussion.** 1. This mother had the art of using words beautifully. From the poem tell *why* and *how*.

2. Think out ways in which a school boy and school girl can begin to acquire the magic of using words well. Why does good use of words act as *magic?* Illustrate in business and social life.

3. For what traits are mothers most loved and remembered?

4. How can we personally and as a community show appreciation of what our mothers have done for us?

**A Poster Contest.** (1) Talk about the following tributes to Mother; (2) vote for your preference as a class; (3) individually print the preferred selection (or another you may find elsewhere) as the motto on a poster; (4) decorate the poster in the most effective way you can devise.

Exhibit the posters. Have the class vote for one for Mother's Day to be put up in a place of honor.

## MY MOTHER

FREDERIC HENTZ ADAMS

She was as good as goodness is,
Her acts and all her words were kind,
And high above all memories
I hold the beauty of her mind.

## MOTHER

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world.

ENJOYMENT IN STUDY

**Essay, Test, Declamation, and Textbook Articles**


| | Page |
|---|---|
| About Poetry ..... *John Drinkwater* | 37 |
| Mary's Mystery Room ..... *Abbie Farwell Brown* | 41 |
| Town Planning..... *The Independent* | 44 |
| How to Read a Graph.. *F. S. Hoyt and H. E. Peet* | 46 |

| Study Helps | Page |
|---|---|
| How to Get the Most from the Dictionary..... *E. M. Bolenius* | 48 |
| How to Use the Library..... *E. M. Bolenius* | 50 |
| Things to do at the Library ..... | 55 |


## ABOUT POETRY

### John Drinkwater

An *essay* is a person's expression of opinion in printed form. Here is a poet's explanation of what poetry really is, and why thinking people find pleasure in it.

Read this essay carefully. How does John Drinkwater try to make you see what poetry is?

[1] Nothing in the world gives people so much real pleasure as making things. And have you ever tried to think exactly what making a thing means? It doesn't mean making something out of nothing in a

magical way, but it means taking a thing, or a number of things that are already in existence, and so arranging them, that in addition to the things that have been used, an entirely new thing comes into being.

[2] For instance, a man may take thousands of bricks, each of which is a separate thing that has already been made, and out of them make an entirely new thing, a house. And in building a house the man is happy for two reasons — because he is making a useful thing, a place where he or some one else can live, and also because he is able to take a lot of bricks that have been lying in heaps, that do not seem to mean anything, and arrange them so that they become a house, which means a great deal.

[3] Now it is a curious thing that by using our minds we are able to get just this same kind of pleasure, without having any real things to arrange. If you shut your eyes and then think of a horse, for example, it is certain that there is no real horse that you are looking at, and yet in some wonderful way you have been able to make a horse in your mind out of nothing. And the truth is that the idea of a horse which you have been able to call up in your mind, is just as real a thing, and just as important to you, as the horse that you may see in the street.

[4] Nothing will help you more in your life than the habit of seeing things in your mind very clearly; the habit of not only making things with your hands, but of making them in your mind as well. And just as, if you were building a house of bricks, you would not get the greatest possible pleasure unless you built a good, well-shaped, and complete house, so you will not get the greatest possible pleasure from the things that you make in your mind, unless they too are

well-shaped and complete. You will find, for instance, that if you think about a horse with your eyes shut, that is to say, if you make a horse in your mind, you will get far more pleasure if you have learned how to make it very exactly and clearly, than if you are only able to make it uncertainly, so that the horse in your mind is a confused kind of thing.

[5] I have said that the pleasure that we get from making things, whether with our hands or in our minds, is good for us. This is so because, ever since the earth began, the greatest purpose of the life on it has been to grow from a confusion that cannot be understood into clear shapes that can be well understood. When we make anything clearly and exactly, we are helping this purpose. So that if the thing that we make is not clear, but only, so to speak, half made or a quarter made, we are failing to help the life of which we are a part as fully as we might, and our pleasure is less in consequence. That is why, when you make a horse (or any other thing) in your mind, you will get far less satisfaction if it is only a vague horse, a little like a horse perhaps and a little like a donkey, shall we say, and a little like a bush or a wheelbarrow, than you will if it is a horse clearly and completely made.

[6] If we think about this a minute or two longer, we shall see that very often the things that we make in our minds are suggested to us by some one else. If I tell you that I saw the moon last night, you will at once make the moon in your mind. And if some one has himself seen a thing very clearly indeed, he will be able to tell us about it so well that we in our turn can make it very clearly in our own minds, and so get an especially large amount of that pleasure of which I have spoken. It is just this that the poets can do for us, and that is why their poems can give us so much delight.

[7] The poet sees or understands something very clearly indeed, so clearly that he is able to put it quite clearly into his poem, and then in a wonderful way we make it all over again for ourselves in our minds. For instance, William Morris saw the river Thames flowing on a cold winter night underneath the hills by his country home. And he saw it so clearly that he was able to tell us about it in words so well chosen, and arranged so beautifully for us to hear, that we cannot read them without finding all our best ability helping us in the delightful experience of seeing it all as clearly as Morris himself saw it:

"The wind's on the wold
And the night is a-cold
And Thames runs chill
'Twixt mead and hill."

[8] Now forget about all this, and read the poems in this book. After a time, when you have got used to them and know which ones you like best, read again what I have been saying, and I hope it will help you to understand something about what poetry may be to you now and through all your lives. For, while the first and by far the most important matter is to like a good thing, it is helpful, and, indeed, increases our liking, if we can find out why we like it.

**First reading.** In reading a story, the events or occurrences stand out like guide posts. When you read an essay or article you can also find "guide posts" to help you remember the thought. Complete the "guide post" for each paragraph in the following:

¶ 1. Nothing gives so much pleasure as.....
¶ 2. This is illustrated in building .....
¶ 3. We can get the same pleasure by.....
¶ 4. Seeing things in your mind clearly helps.....
¶ 5. Making things is good for us because the greatest purpose of life.....
¶ 6. Things that we make in our minds may be suggested.....
¶ 7. The poet sees.....so that we.....
¶ 8. Now apply what was said to.....

**Second reading.** The wide-awake reader is constantly applying what he reads to his own life:

¶ 2. Give another illustration from your work in domestic arts or manual training.

¶ 3. What professions depend upon this power?

¶ 4. Apply to spelling and preaching.

¶ 6. Apply to your work in Oral English.

¶ 7. Illustrate from a poem you know.

¶ 8. Apply to "Traveling Bear" (p. 8) and "Sunset Moment" (p. 57).

**Memory Contest.** Which of last year's poems can you recite?

## MARY'S MYSTERY ROOM

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Read the following account as rapidly as you can, but try to see exactly what happens: —

[1] ACCORDING to the will left by Miss Nan Corliss, that eccentric old lady, her nephew, Dr. Corliss, — whom she had not seen for thirty years, — was to receive her old house. The only grandnephew, John Corliss, was to have two thousand dollars to send him to college when he should be old enough to go. And to Mary, Dr. Corliss' little daughter, her unknown grandniece whom she had never seen, Aunt Nan had willed her library with everything therein.

[2] Mary was now going to see what her library was like, and what therein remained. She drew a long breath, turned the key, pushed open the door, and peered cautiously into the room, half expecting something to jump out at her. But nothing of the sort happened.

[3] What they saw was a plain, square room, with shelves from floor to ceiling packed tightly with rows of solemn-looking books. In one corner stood a tall clock, over which perched a stuffed crow, black and

stern. In the center of the room was a table-desk, with papers scattered about, just as Aunt Nan had left it weeks before. On the mantel above the fireplace was a bust of Shakespeare and some smaller ornaments, with an old tin lantern. Above the Shakespeare hung a portrait of a lady with gray curls, in an old-fashioned dress, holding a book in her hand. The other hand was laid upon her breast with the forefinger extended.

[4] "Hello!" said Dr. Corliss when he spied the portrait, "this is Aunt Nan herself as she looked when I last saw her; and a very good likeness it is. She loved her books more than anything in the world. It meant a great deal that she wanted you to have them, Mary."

"I wish she had left me two thousand dollars!" said Mary, pouting. "These old books don't look very interesting. I want to go to college more than John does. But I don't suppose I ever can, now."

"Books are rather useful, whether one goes to college or not," her father reminded her. "She needn't have left you anything, Mary. She never even saw you — or John either, for that matter."

[5] Mary and John had been poking about the library to see if they could find anything "queer." They stopped in front of the tall clock which had not been wound up for weeks.

"We'll have to start the clock, Father," said Mary. "The old crow looks as if he expected us to."

"The key is probably inside the clock case," said Dr. Corliss, opening the door.

[6] Sure enough, there was the key hanging on a peg. And tied to it was the usual tag. But instead of saying "Clock Key," as one would have expected, this tag bore these mysterious words in the handwriting which Mary knew was Aunt Nan's: "Look under the raven's wing."

"Now, what in the world does that mean?" asked Mary, staring about the room. "What did she mean by 'the raven,' do you suppose?"

"I guess she means the old crow up there," cried John.

"Maybe she meant that," said her father.

"It's just an old April Fool, I bet!" jeered John.

[7] "Under which wing am I to look?" said Mary. Finally she gathered courage to reach up her hand toward the right wing, very cautiously. She half expected that the creature might come alive and nip her. But nothing happened. There was nothing under the right wing but moth-eaten feathers.

"I'll try the other wing," said Mary to herself. She poked her fingers under the old bird's left wing. Yes! There was something there. Something dangled by a hidden string from the wing-bone of Aunt Nan's raven. Mary pulled, and presently something came away. In her hand she held a little gold watch and chain. On the case was engraved the letter *C*, which was of course as truly Mary's initial as it had been Aunt Nan Corliss's.

"Why, it is Aunt Nan's watch," said Dr. Corliss, beaming. "Well, Mary! I declare, that is something worth while. You needed a watch, my dear. But I don't know when I could ever have bought a gold one for you. This is a beauty."

"It's a bird of a watch!" piped John, wagging his head at the crow.

**Discussion.** 1. Where is the description so clear that you could draw a floor plan and sketches of the walls? Read it aloud. Where is there a chance for deviation of opinion? Why?

2. Give three instances to prove that the father was right when he spoke about books in section 4.

**Something to do.** 1. Draw plans of Aunt Nan's library. 2. Make a sketch of the wall with Aunt Nan's portrait on it.

## TOWN PLANNING

*The Independent*

In the following selection an expert gives his opinion on how a town should be planned to bring most comfort, happiness, and beauty to the community. Because it is such an expression of opinion it will make a good declamation to memorize and deliver, as if you were the expert speaking.

**Remember:**

*The first step in learning a declamation is to understand it. The second step is to find key-words that help you to recall the thought.*

In this selection observe how these five sentence-thoughts are suggested by the following italicized key-words:

1st sentence — *grow* (How?)
2d sentence — *laid out* (How?)
3d sentence — *regulated* (How?)
4th sentence — *planned* (How? Where?)
5th sentence — *improve* (What? How?)

[1] A TOWN should be planned so that it will grow in an orderly and beautiful way. [2] The suburbs should be laid out with broad streets, and with playgrounds, parks, and much open space. [3] The height of the buildings should be regulated; business should be excluded from the residence districts; the streets should be lined with trees; and provision should be made for the growth of the town for a generation in advance of its present size. [4] That is the way many of the German, the French, and the English cities have been planned. [5] They all improve the health, the comfort, and the happiness of the people by building their towns like a private estate, or as an individual plans his home.

Memorize the declamation for a Program Period (Manual.)

**Civic problems to investigate.** Select from the following:

I. *What your community is doing to improve:* (*a*) parks and playgrounds; (*b*) schools; (*c*) churches; (*d*) streets; (*e*) monuments; (*f*) suburbs; (*g*) transportation; (*h*) zoning; (*i*) fire protection; (*j*) health protection; (*k*) civic center.

How will you get your information? Have you a Chamber of Commerce? Appoint committees to find out.

II. *What others are doing or recommending to improve cities.*

Where will you get this information? Appoint a committee to find out which of these books and magazines are in the public library or school library. Read one of the chapters or articles and prepare a brief report on it.

*American City*, May, 1921.
"Bridgeport's Experiment in Housing."

*American Review of Reviews*, March, 1918.
(a) Sikes: Chicago, North America's Transportation Center.
(b) Moulton: Chicago's Improvement Plans.

**Beard:** *American City Government.*
Chap. XIV. City Planning.

**Evans:** *Town Improvement.*
Chap. I. Forces Creating the Town.
Chap. II. The Town Plan in General.
Chap. III. The Street System.

**Hepner and Hepner:** *The Good Citizen.*
Chap. XIII. City Plans and Civic Beauty.

**Hotchkiss:** *Representative Cities of the United States.*
(Boston, Chicago, Denver, Duluth, Gary, Minneapolis and St. Paul, New Orleans, New York, Pittsburgh, Portland, San Francisco, Savannah, Seattle.)

**Lapp:** *Our America.*
Chap. IX. Some City Problems.

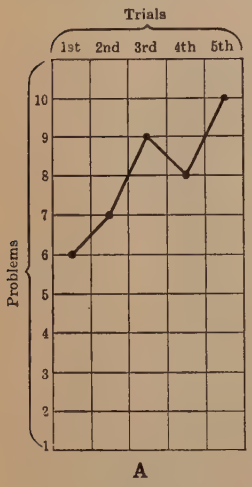
**Marshall & Judd:** *Lessons in Community and National Life.*
Lesson A — 24. Concentration of Population in Great Cities.
Lesson B — 24. Building the Industrial City of Gary.
Lesson C — 25. A Seaport as a Center of Concentration (New York).

# HOW TO READ A GRAPH

FRANKLIN S. HOYT AND HARRIET E. PEET

This is an age in which people like to see results tabulated. To see something pictured before one's eyes makes it more significant. In school you should learn not only to interpret such diagrams, or *graphs*, but to make them for yourself.

The following exercises in graph-making are taken from a well-known arithmetic.




A

## KEEPING A RECORD IN A GRAPH

[1] READ the following explanation and try to explain the drawing (*A*).

A boy's record on sets of 10 problems in addition was: First trial, 6 out of 10 problems correctly solved within a given time; second trial, 7 out of 10; third trial, 9; fourth trial, 8; fifth trial, 10. This record is pictured in this diagram.

(*Observe in diagram A how the scores are inserted as dots, and the dots joined to show the line of progress.*)

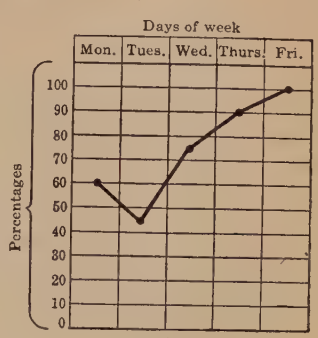
[2] Such a diagram is called a *graph*. This graph (*A*) shows at a glance the progress that the boy made on the sets of problems.

[3] The second graph shows how a week's problems can be recorded in per cents.

(*Observe in graph B how the five days of the week are put across the top, and the per cents up and down on the left side with the lowest per cent at the bottom so that the line of progress would rise and move to the right.*)

For Monday the record was 60% (*locate on the graph*); for Tuesday, 45%; for Wednesday, 75%; for Thursday, 90%; for Friday, 100%.

(*Observe how the low record on Tuesday is shown by the drop in the line.*)



**B**

### To make a Graph

1. Rule paper with a pencil, or use squared paper.
2. Place the dots in the proper places.
3. Connect the dots with straight lines.

### Assignments

1. From the following record make a graph similar to graph **A**: First trial on a set of problems in division, 4 problems correctly solved out of the 8 required within the time limit; second trial, 6 out of 8; third trial, 5; fourth trial, 7; fifth trial, 8.

2. Make a graph like the second one (**B**). Use this attendance record of a seventh-grade class: Monday, 88%; Tuesday, 90%; Wednesday, 80%; Thursday, 92%; Friday, 96%.

**Progress graphs in reading.** 1. Make graphs to show (*a*) your speed per minute in silent reading in the tests for this month and (*b*) your comprehension of the selections. (Manual.)

2. Appoint two committees: one, to average the speed scores for the class and to draw a graph to show the Class Score for Speed; the other, to average the comprehension scores and prepare a graph to show the Class Score for Comprehension. (Manual.)

**Discussion.** 1. Find three graphs in different textbooks, and tell what elements are presented in the vertical lines and in the horizontal lines. 2. Are there any new features? 3. What is the purpose of each graph?

# HOW TO GET THE MOST FROM THE DICTIONARY

E. M. Bolenius

**The Dictionary as a reference book.** The dictionary is the most useful reference book in the world, for there you will find how the 400,000 and more words of our language are used. To use a word correctly you must know four things: (*1*) how it is spelled; (*2*) how it is pronounced; (*3*) what it means; and (*4*) what part it plays in a sentence. Besides these, it is interesting to know from what language the word originally came (the *derivation*) and other words that mean the same or nearly the same (*synonyms*).

Observe how these things are given in Webster's *New International Dictionary* for the word *speech:*

**speech** (spēch), *n.* [ME. *speche*, AS. *spǣc* (cf. also *sprǣc*, D. *spraak*, G. *sprache*, Sw. *språk*, Dan. *sprog*), fr. *specan* to speak. See SPEAK.] **1.** The faculty of uttering articulate sounds or words; the faculty of expressing thoughts by words or articulate sounds; the power of speaking. **2.** Act or manner of speaking or expressing thoughts in words; oral utterance. Speech is voice articulated by definite configurations of the vocal organs. Speech and song are distinguished chiefly by the wider variations of pitch in singing, in which latter the voice usually dwells on each note without change of pitch, and then leaps up or down to the next as smoothly and quickly as possible, whereas in speech the voice constantly moves upward and downward, sometimes by leaps, but more often by glides. **3.** That which is spoken; a spoken sentence, phrase, remark, etc.; uttered words expressive of thought; also, an interchange of spoken words; talk; conversation. **4.** Specif., a formal public discourse; an oration; harangue. **5.** A particular language; a tongue; a dialect.

People of a strange *speech.* *Ezek.* iii. 6.

**6.** Talk; mention; common saying; report. *Archaic.*

What was the *speech* among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey. *Shak.*

**7.** The speaking of a musical instrument. See SPEAK, *v. i.*, 6. **8.** The part of a wheel consisting of the hub and spokes before the fellies and rim are put on.

Syn. — SPEECH, ADDRESS, ORATION, HARANGUE. Speech is the general term; an ADDRESS is a formal speech; an ORATION is an elaborate or rhetorical address, esp. one delivered on a notable occasion; a HARANGUE is a vehement or noisy speech.

Spelling. Pronunciation. Part of Speech. Derivation.

Eight different meanings.

Synonyms.

An unabridged dictionary is a reference book for more than spelling, pronunciation, definition, and derivation. It tells what part of speech a word is, whether noun, pronoun, verb, adverb, adjective, preposition, or conjunction, but indicates these by abbreviations.

It also designates words of different kinds; as, *homonyms*, *antonyms*, *contractions*, *abbreviations*, *slang*, and *vulgarisms*, as well as *synonyms*.

**Problem 1.** If you do not know what these words mean, look them up in the dictionary and be ready to give the class an example of each.

**Problem 2.** By glancing through the dictionary, find the abbreviations for the parts of speech which show the uses of words.

The Biographical Dictionary at the end of an unabridged dictionary gives an alphabetical list of persons prominent in the world's history; with pronunciation, nationality, dates of birth and death, and a distinctive feature of the career. The Gazeteer gives an alphabetical list of places with brief information, and is valuable reference in geography.

**How to get the most use out of a dictionary.**

1. *Know the order of the alphabet so that you can locate a word quickly and accurately.* You should know the order of letters from *A* to *Z* and from *Z* to *A*, so that you know at once that *p* comes before *r* and *j* after *g*. This ability is absolutely necessary to make you quick in consulting indexes, card catalogues, encyclopedias, letter files, and directories, as well as the dictionary.

**Problem 3.** Say the letters of the alphabet forwards and backwards.

2. *Learn to arrange words in alphabetical order quickly and correctly.*

**Problem 4.** Make lists of four words each, to show the increase in difficulty in arranging, — different initials, first letter alike, two first letters alike, etc. See who can make the most complete chart of groups of four words for each.

3. *Learn to waste no time in locating a word in the dictionary.*

**Problem 5.** Look at the top of a page and find for yourself how the key words help to locate a word.

4. *Learn to interpret the correct pronunciation from reference to the diacritical marks at the bottom of the page.*

**Problem 6.** Make a chart of diacritical marks to explain to a foreign boy or girl. Look up the words *syllabication* and *accent*, and observe how they are indicated in the dictionary.

5. *Learn to select the right meaning to suit the sentence.*

6. *Know how many different things can be found in an unabridged dictionary and where to find each of them.*

**Problem 7.** Appoint a committee of five to find the following in Webster's *New International Dictionary*, or a similar dictionary.

The table of contents.
The dictionary proper.
Rules for spelling and pronunciation.
History of the English language.
Pronunciation and explanation of biographical and geographical names.
Pictorial illustrations.
Colored plates.

**Dictionary speed drills.** The teacher announces a word; and as soon as a pupil finds it in his own dictionary, he puts his finger on the definition and stands up. After ten have arisen, the definition should be read aloud.

## HOW TO USE THE LIBRARY

E. M. Bolenius

**Things we must know about the library.** There are three important things that every one who wishes to get most out of a library must know about it. These are:

1. How to get library privileges.
2. How to find a book in the library.
3. How to get the most out of the book.

**The Library card.** In order to have the privilege of taking a book out, one usually must present references to show that one is reliable and thoughtful of obligations. The obligations in taking books from the library are three-fold: (*1*) books must be handled with care; (*2*) they must not be kept out beyond the one- or two-week limit without renewal; and (*3*) fines must be paid, when a book is kept out too long.

Every boy or girl should have a card for the public library.

**How to find a book in the library.** The books in a public library are usually placed in two sections, or rooms; one, called the *circulation department*, containing all the books that persons may take out on a library card; the other, called the *reference department*, containing all the books that are not allowed to be taken out as a rule, but are used for reference by persons who come to the library to consult them.

In both departments the books are catalogued. This catalogue consists of the authors' names and titles, etc., recorded on cards $3'' \times 5''$ in size, which are filed alphabetically in drawers to which the reading public have access.

In the circulation department the books are usually right there on the shelves where the prospective reader can glance at them and choose the one he wants to take home. Having chosen his book he then presents himself at the librarian's desk and has it charged against him on his library card.

In the reference room there are usually tables where people can work, and quiet is maintained so that the readers are not disturbed. In the larger libraries the books for reference are not exposed on the shelves, but the prospective

reader must look the book up in the card catalogue under the author's name, record the author, title, and number of the book on a slip of paper, and hand this to the reference librarian, who then has the book delivered to him for reading in the reference room.

**How books in a library are classified.** The Dewey Decimal System of Classification is used in public libraries. In this system the books are arranged on the shelves in numerical order. All the books are divided and grouped in ten classes with general class numbers as follows:

**000-009.** GENERAL WORKS. Books that deal with no particular subject, such as encyclopedias, periodicals, newspapers.
*Example*, Encyclopædia Brittanica.

**100-199.** PHILOSOPHY. Psychology, ethics, etc.
*Example*, No. 150 is psychology.

**200-299.** RELIGION. Christian and non-Christian beliefs.
*Example*, No. 220 is the Bible.

**300-399.** SOCIOLOGY. Government, economics, law, education, civics, etc.
*Example*, No. 331 is labor and capital.

**400-499.** LANGUAGE. Readers, grammars, dictionaries, etc., in all languages.
*Example*, 423 is the number for dictionaries of the English language.

**500-599.** SCIENCE. Mathematics, astronomy, geology, botany, zoölogy, etc.
*Example*, No. 511 is arithmetic.

**600-699.** USEFUL ARTS. Medicine, engineering, home economics, etc.
*Example*, No. 641 is cook books.

**700-799.** FINE ARTS. Architecture, needlework, painting, music, amusements, etc.
*Example*, No. 770 is photography.

**800-899.** LITERATURE. Poems, dramas, and essays in all languages.

*Example*, 822.33 is the number for books by and about Shakespeare. (See the Note below.)

NOVELS. These are arranged on the shelves separately from the other literature and are arranged alphabetically by the authors' surnames.

*Example*, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray.

**900-999.** HISTORY, TRAVEL, BIOGRAPHY.

HISTORY. Histories of all countries and ages.

*Example*, 973 is the number for a history of the United States.

TRAVEL. In all countries, has the number 910–919.

*Example*, a book describing life in the United States is numbered 917.3.

BIOGRAPHY. Lives of individuals are arranged alphabetically by the name of the person written about.

*Example*, biographies of Lincoln are arranged on the shelves after Grant's and before Washington's.

*Note.* Each of these general classes is again divided into related subjects. For instance, Science (500) is divided into the various sciences:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 510–19 Mathematics | 540–49 Chemistry | 560–79 Biology |
| 520–29 Astronomy | 550–59 Geology | 580–89 Botany |
| 530–39 Physics | 560–69 Paleontology | 590–99 Zoölogy |

Each of these sub-groups is further subdivided into various branches of the subject; as, 510–19, mathematics, into —

| | |
|---|---|
| 511 arithmetic | 514 trigonometry |
| 512 algebra | 515 descriptive geometry |
| 513 geometry | etc. |

The numbers to the right of the decimal point identify the book further, as,

| | |
|---|---|
| 973 U.S. History | 973.2 U.S. History — colonial |
| 973.1 U.S. History — discovery | 973.3 U.S. History — Revolution |

**Problem 1.** Locate the following books, giving the general class number of the Dewey Classification System in which each book will be found:

1. A French Dictionary.
2. A book of hymns.
3. A volume of poems.
4. A life of Lincoln.
5. A book on plants.
6. A book on how the mind works.
7. A community civics book.
8. A history of the Greeks.
9. A book on building bridges.
10. A book on famous cathedrals.
11. Kipling's Jungle Tales.
12. A book on travel in Australia.

**Reference helps.** The following books are either storehouses of facts or else guides to finding material:

*Encyclopædias.* Compton's, Book of Knowledge, The World Book. Articles are arranged alphabetically. Learn to find information quickly: (1) by locating the article quickly; and (2) by reading it quickly to locate the information you want.

*Dictionaries.* Webster's, Winston's, etc. Learn to locate a word quickly and to select accurately the definition that applies.

*Atlases.* Learn to locate maps by using the contents or index instead of leafing through in a blind search. Learn to find things on the map quickly.

*Poole's Index.* Poole's Index gives a list of magazine articles arranged under topics from 1802–1910. Such material is located by finding the topic first, where the articles dealing with the subject are listed by month and year of a magazine.

*The Readers' Guide.* This is an index of articles appearing in the magazines from 1900 to date.

*Who's Who.* This is a compendium with brief accounts of living persons in this country.

*The World Almanac.* This book gives the latest statistics. It is issued every year and is a valuable fund of information.

**Problem 2.** Where would you look for the following information?

1. The chief work of a living author.
2. Magazine article on Roosevelt.
3. Magazine articles on radio.
4. The boundaries of Czecho-Slovakia.
5. Latest statistics on population.
6. Pronunciation of a hard word.
7. A detailed account of Lincoln's life.
8. Various opinions on Lincoln.
9. Latest rulers of various countries.

**Getting the most from a book.** The first thing to know about any book is what it contains and how to find things in it. For that reason the table of contents and the index of a book are extremely important. When you are looking up references to solve a problem or answer a question, do not leaf blindly through your book, but turn to either the table of contents or the index, or indeed to both; when you have found your topic read it through to get the information you want.

In gathering such information it is often helpful to keep a record of the sources of your material. Such a record of readings or books is called a *bibliography*. A bibliography gives the authors' names and titles (sometimes with pages read), arranged alphabetically.

You may frequently want to keep a record of the chief ideas you got in your reference reading. That means that you take notes. These may be of three kinds: (1) outline form of topic and sub points or details; (2) running notes, with the different ideas separated by dashes; (3) summarizing of the central thought, or "boiling down."

**Problem 3.** Make a bibliography of dog stories from material found in this reader on pages 145, 146, and 167.

**Problem 4.** From an article that you have already read, select a paragraph and report it in the three ways given: (*1*) topical outline; (*2*) running notes; (*3*) summary of central thought.

**Different ways to read.** You have already learned that it pays to become a fast reader. Particularly is this true of all reference reading. There is an art in learning to scan a page quickly to find something important. You skim through it

until you come to the information; then you change your mode of reading to the careful type in order to get the information accurately.

To get most pleasure from a story you should read to see the people and the places as if they were real, to see the action take place, to feel the emotions felt by the actors in the stories. To enjoy reading poems you will read for the poet's pictures and striking thoughts, and for the beautiful swing, rhythm, or music of the stanzas. In your study reading you will read for the succession of main ideas and the details developing them. Throughout this year's reading in this book, these skills and appreciations are trained.

**Personal, class, school, home, and public library.** Those five words present five different kinds of library, some of which are at your disposal. Every seventh grade boy or girl owes it to himself or herself to collect books and to learn to use those books right.

**Problem 5.** Find what library facilities are at your disposal. Devise ways of getting more books for reading.

### Things to do at the Library

**I. Boys and Girls you will like to meet.** Appoint a committee, divide the fifteen books among them, to find out at the library whether the following are in the catalogue.

Each pupil who reads a book should recommend it to another.

Alcott, Louisa May: *Little Women. Little Men. Jo's Boys.*
————: *Eight Cousins. Rose in Bloom. Old-Fashioned Girl.*
Barrie, James: *Peter and Wendy.*
Brown, Abbie Farwell: *Surprise House. Their City Christmas.*
Burnett, Frances Hodgson: *The Secret Garden.*
Dowd, Emma C.: *Polly of the Hospital Staff.*
Eggleston, Edward: *A Hoosier School Boy.*
Field, Eugene: *Christmas Tales and Verses.*
Finnemore, John: *The Wolf Patrol.*
Garland, Hamlin: *Boy Life on the Prairie.*
Hough, Emerson: *Young Alaskans.*
Lucas, E. V.: *The Slow Coach.*
Tarkington, Booth: *Penrod and Sam.*
Twain, Mark: *Tom Sawyer.*
Webster, Jean: *Daddy Long Legs.*

WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS: *Polly Oliver's Problem.*
————————: *Birds' Christmas Carol.*

**II. Stories of Knights.**

BALDWIN, JAMES: *Story of Roland.* (France)
CARTWRIGHT, THOMAS: *Seven Champions of Christendom.*
DARTON, F. J. H.: *Story of the Canterbury Pilgrims.*
————————: *Wonder Book of Old Romance.*
FRENCH, ALLEN: *Sir Marrok.* (Days of King Arthur)
GREENE, F. N. and KIRK, D. W.: *With Spurs of Gold.*
KNAPP, ADELINE: *The Boy and the Baron.* (Germany)
MACLEOD, MARY: *Book of King Arthur.*
MABIE, H. W.: *Legends that Every Child Should Know.*
PYLE, HOWARD: *Otto of the Silver Hand.*
STEIN, EVALEEN: *Troubadour Tales.*
STEVENS and ALLEN: *Stories of King Arthur.*
TAPPAN, EVA MARCH: *When Knights were Bold.*
————————: *In the Days of William the Conqueror.*

**III. Boys and Girls who became famous:** reference reading. Look up in an encyclopædia or the six books listed below the following names of boys and girls who became famous and be ready to tell the class the most important work. Divide the list among fifteen pupils.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mary Antin | Alice Freeman Palmer | Wilfred T. Grenfell |
| Julia Ward Howe | Frances Willard | John Muir |
| Mary Lyon | Louis Agassiz | Jacob A. Riis |
| Maria Mitchell | Luther Burbank | Robert F. Scott |
| Florence Nightingale | John Burroughs | Edward L. Trudeau |

BOLTON, SARAH K.: *Girls Who Became Famous.*
PARKMAN, M. R.: *Heroes of To-day.*
PARKMAN, M. R.: *Heroines of Service.*
RICHARDS, LAURA E.: *Florence Nightingale.*
SLUSSER, E. Y.: *Stories of Burbank.*
TAPPAN, EVA MARCH: *Heroes of Progress.*

**IV. One-minute talks:** *How to behave.*

WILSON, LUCY L. W.: *Everyday Manners for American Boys and Girls.*

**V. Program Periods.** Celebrate Thanksgiving, Christmas, Valentine, Easter, and Mother's Day with programs. See the Manual.

OLCOTT, F. J.: *Good Stories for Great Holidays.*

## PLEASURE READING

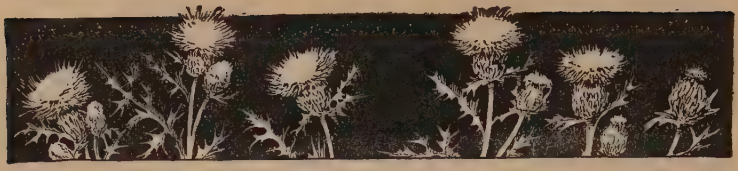
### Stories and Poems


| | Page |
|---|---|
| A Sunset Moment. *Grace H. Conkling* | 57 |
| The End of Summer. *Edna St. Vincent Millay* | 58 |
| Silver. *Walter de la Mare* | 58 |
| Legend of the Sagebrush. *A. Chapman* | 59 |
| The Climbing Road. *Clinton Scollard* | 60 |
| Lone Bull's Mistake. *J. W. Schultz* | 61 |
| Jack Frost. *Celia Thaxter* | 74 |
| Birches. *Robert Frost* | 76 |
| Trees. *Joyce Kilmer* | 78 |
| Besieged by Bears. *Enos A. Mills* | 79 |
| Trailing Arbutus. *John G. Whittier* | 87 |
| Birth of the Flowers. *M. M. Fenollosa* | 87 |
| Like Crusoe walking by the lonely strand. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* | 88 |
| After the Rain. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* | 89 |
| Memory. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* | 89 |
| March. *Lucy Larcom* | 90 |
| Little Prisoners in the Tower. *Florence A. Merriam Bailey* | 91 |
| The Cat-Bird. *Edith M. Thomas* | 100 |
| The Mocking-Bird. *Ednah P. C. Hayes* | 100 |
| Rain Song. *Robert Loveman* | 101 |
| November Night. *Adelaide Crapsey* | 101 |
| April Weather. *Lizette W. Reese* | 102 |
| An April Morning. *Bliss Carman* | 103 |
| May is building her house. *Richard Le Gallienne* | 104 |
| Afternoon on a Hill. *E. St. V. Millay* | 105 |
| June. *Douglas Malloch* | 106 |


## A SUNSET MOMENT

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

I saw a cloud bloom in the west,
The color of a robin's breast,
And poppies in a cheerful crowd,
That caught the color of the cloud;
The garden wall so white before
Flushed to the red the poppies wore;
And when a wine-winged butterfly —
Flake of the sunset — floated by,
Quite suddenly on every hand
There lay before me Fairyland.



Here are two poems in which the poet makes you see something very clearly. How does each poet do it?

## THE END OF SUMMER

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

1 WHEN poppies in the garden bleed,
And coreopsis goes to seed,
And pansies, blossoming past their prime,
Grow small and smaller all the time,
When on the mown field, shrunk and dry,
Brown dock and purple thistle lie,
And smoke from forest fires at noon
Can make the sun appear the moon,
When apple seeds, all white before,
Begin to darken in the core,
I know that summer, scarcely here,
Is gone until another year.

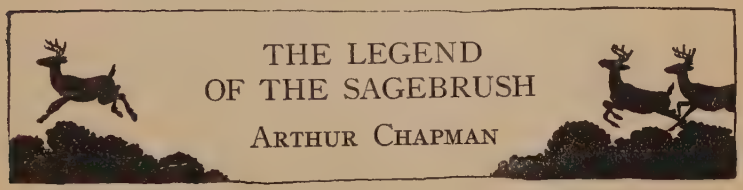
## SILVER

WALTER DE LA MARE

2 SLOWLY, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;

Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver, sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

Memorize the poem you like the better.



## THE LEGEND OF THE SAGEBRUSH

ARTHUR CHAPMAN

Each part of our country has something in flower or tree, beast or bird, that comes to mind when we are far from home. The nightingale's song, the odor of the jasmine flower, the gray moss hanging from the grand old trees all mean something very precious to the South.

What do you love best in your part of the country? Could you make up a story about it, in verse?

Read, now, how a Western poet praises the humble sagebrush of the prairie lands.

1 WHEN the Master Workman had done his task,
And smooth was the prairie floor,
He summoned a manling and thundered: "Ask,
If you wish to have one thing more."

2 And the manling answered: "Broad plains I see,
With a carpet of wondrous hue,
But naught to appeal to my memory
When I wander the wide world through."

3 So the Master Workman planted a brush
That gleamed like silver bright;
And he planted it where mad waters rush
And where the deer takes flight.

4 He scattered it far, and from it rose
A strange scent, all its own;
In summer-time, or in the snows,
Its deathless spell was thrown.

5 And those who have breathed this magic scent,
On the breast of a Western breeze,
Must turn, as an Arab to his tent,
Back home to the sagebrush seas.

## THE CLIMBING ROAD

CLINTON SCOLLARD

1 WHERE do you go, oh, climbing road,
Mounting, mounting ever:
"I go," it seems to answer back,
"To seek the great endeavor!"

2 Be mine your way, oh, climbing road,
Mounting, mounting ever
For still my heart within me cries
To seek the great endeavor.

Read Longfellow's *Excelsior* and tell how it is like this poem.

# LONE BULL'S MISTAKE

JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

This story is a chapter from a novel called "Lone Bull's Mistake." It is such a thrilling story of the meeting between two great bodies of Indians that many of you will want to read the book for yourselves to find out more about the mistake Lone Bull made.

Make a list of three questions that you would like to have answered in that book.

In this part of the story what might be called a mistake?

[1] "HA! Eighty lodges!" said my father. "That must be the Small Robes Band."

"The Small Robes!" we all whispered.

That was our own band. All our relatives on my father's side were members of it.

"Yes, the Small Robes, of course," my father went on. "No other band of the Pikuni ever camps off by itself. And how crazy they are to do so away down here so close to the Crow country. Well, my women, well, my children, our place is with them. We must go to them this night, warn them of the coming of the Crows, and help them in the fight. Eighty lodges against the whole Crow tribe! It looks hopeless, but something may happen; maybe the gods are with our people."

[2] "How shall we go to them?" my mother asked.

"Why, as soon as the camp quiets down, as soon as every one is asleep, we shall sneak out and take the first four horses we can find, and go —"

"And leave everything here, our all! This time we shall be afoot," my mother put in. "Well, before we start I shall give everything to Crow Woman."

"No, you mustn't do that," said my father. "Don't you see that that would get her into trouble — that she would be accused of warning us to go?"

"True, I did not think of that," my mother agreed. "She has been our true friend, yes, and her man, too."

Just then Crow Woman looked in again. "I dare not be seen here," she signed. "Be quiet, do not fear. To-morrow I shall help you."

And with that she was gone. It was the last we saw of her for many a winter.

[3] My mother and sister opened the parfleches [1] and looked over their useful and pretty things. Their best dresses they were bound to have — to die in if die they must. Also they took their awls and needles and sinew thread, and other things, and made of them each a little bundle. The rest they put back into the parfleches with many a sigh, and laced the fastenings. I wondered why, as they were never to see them again, they did that.

"Cover the fire," my father told them when they had finished; and after that we sat in darkness, waiting and waiting for the camp to become quiet, and wondering what the night had in store for us. What would be the result of the next day's battle? Where should we be the following night? In the Sand Hills — perhaps!

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[1] *Parfleche* (pär-flĕsh'), a kind of raw hide, especially of buffalo, soaked in crude wood-ash lye to remove the hairs and dried. — *Webster.*

"Oh, you four ancient ones, help us all! Take us safely through the dangers that surround us!" I kept silently praying my medicines.

[4] It seemed as though the camp would never become quiet. It was a long time before the last song ended and the last lodge fire died out. At last my father and I took our guns, our ammunition, and four ropes, and crept outside and lay on the ground, listening for any suspicious sound, and staring hard into the night. There was no moon, but the stars were very near and bright, enabling us to see, if dimly, for some little distance around. Nothing stirred. We got up and walked quietly about, to learn if any one was watching our lodge. No one was there. In the next lodge we could hear Spotted Antelope talking in his sleep.

My father scratched the skin of our lodge, my mother and sister came out, and we stole away from it into the near-by timber, and through it to the open bottom where we knew horses were grazing. We soon found a band of them, and caught from it one animal. From another we got two head, and from another a fourth. They were all slow, lazy old pack-horses, of course. The good, fast, free animals would not allow us to get near them.

[5] Without saddle or saddle blankets, we mounted them, using the ropes for bridles, and started for the mouth of Willows Around Creek, heading straight out across the plains in order to cut the bow of the Musselshell. On and on we went, with rope-end and gun-stock and heel lashing and thumping the horses along at the best speed in them. It was hard on my mother, harder still for my sister, that bareback riding of rough loping, lazy horses, but they made no complaint.

Daylight came while we were still out on the plain from the junction of the river and the creek.

"Faster! Faster! The Crows are now catching their war horses. Hit hard! Ride faster!" my father cried at us.

My mother and sister could no longer thump their lazy mounts, so we got behind them and did double whipping and lashing and thumping. In the distance we sighted the smoke of lodge fires.

The sun was well up when we sighted the lodges, in an open bottom just above the mouth of the creek. There were eighty of them. We rode nearer and knew the medicine paintings on some of them: they were the lodges of the Small Robes Band. Only about a hundred and fifty men against the whole Crow tribe, I thought. We could not hope to win the fight.

[6] Some one had seen us coming and given the alarm, and the whole camp was gathered to learn who we were — why our haste.

We dashed in among them, my father shouting: "Get your weapons! Run in your horses! The Crows are coming."

He was excited. His eyes were like fire. Forgotten was his anger at our people. And they, they greeted him as though he had never left them.

As he jumped from his horse, White Wolf embraced him, and smiled at us, as he asked: "The Crows! Where are they? How many of them?"

"The whole tribe is coming!" my father answered. "There is nothing for us but to run. We are too few to fight them. Hurry! Get in your horses!"

[7] "Brother! have you gone crazy?" White Wolf asked. "Since when did the Pikuni run from the Crows? We have always outfought them, and we can do it again."

"Yes. But just the Small Robes — we can do nothing —"

"Why, we are all here," White Wolf told him; "the other bands are camped just around that bend. We came up here because of better grazing for our horses."

[8] Oh, how glad I was to hear that!

And my father, he waved his gun and shouted: "Then call them! Hurry, some one, and tell them to gather here! Oh, what a happy time we shall have this day!"

A young man who had a horse up rushed off to the main camp to give the alarm. The men surrounding us scattered to their lodges to put on their war clothes, while boys were running in the horse-herds. We all went into White Wolf's lodge, and everybody talked at once in the excitement.

My father had no war clothes. White Wolf gave him a horns and weasel-skins head-dress, which was something, and he borrowed paints and carefully put them on his face and hands.

[9] I also painted up with the red-brown, sacred color, and my mother, taking notice, cried out: "Why are you painting? You are not going out with the men!"

"Why not? Haven't I got my medicine?" I asked her.

"He goes with us. Woman, take courage; be glad that you have a son who wants to fight for you," my father told her; and she made no more talk against my going.

[10] By this time the horses had all been run in. My father and I each got a fine animal from White Wolf, and we had no more than roped them when the warriors began coming from the main camp. A few at first, then more and more until the pounding of their horses' feet was like thunder.

One by one, and many at a time, they greeted my father; on all sides were cries of "Ok-yi Ni-tai Stum-ik!" All were smiling. All were glad to see him there. He saw that it was so, and his heart was glad, and I was glad with him. It was good to see his face so happy-looking as he kept turning this way and that way, and answering: "Ok-yi, my brothers!"

[11] With the band chiefs came Lone Walker. He sprang from his horse and embraced my father, and said: "I am glad to see you with us this day! Now, then, the Crows. Where are they? How many? When will they be here?"

"We were camped with them at the head of the big bend of the Musselshell," my father answered. "Yesterday their scouts discovered this camp of the Small Robes, but know nothing of your camp down the river. They come to-day to wipe out these lodges here. They will soon be coming in sight, the whole tribe of them."

[12] "Good news! Good news, my children!" Lone Walker cried. "Now then, let us plan quickly just what we shall do when they come. Lone Bull, what say you?"

Oh, how proud I was when he called upon my father first! It was like old times. He was again the head warrior of our tribe. Every one waited silently, anxiously, for his words.

He looked out upon the bottom, just one, sees-everything glance, and said: "We must not let them know that we are many, that we are expecting them. Out here in front of the lodges some old men will be playing the wheel game. Among the lodges women will be tanning robes, and children will be running around. Boys will be keeping the horses in the edge of camp. One half of us, with our horse, will be

cached [1] in the timber up there along the Musselshell, and the other half in the brush up the creek. The enemy, I am sure, will come down the open bottom, to approach the camp. They will come with a rush, feeling certain that they can wipe us out. And we, as soon as they are well below us toward the camp, we will rush out and fall upon them. There! I have spoken."

"But they may not come down the bottom to approach the camp," said Lone Walker.

"Watchers are out. They will let us know which way they are coming," White Wolf told him.

And at that all the chiefs agreed that my father's plan was good. Should the enemy come from another direction, a different plan would be quickly made.

[13] The old men were then shown where to lay out the endlogs for their game, and the women were told what to do. As all the women and children had come up with the men from the main camp, the most of them were told to hide in the lodges, so that no more would be seen than belonged to eighty lodges. The old men from there took the place of the warriors of our band. They sat in groups here and there among the lodges, appearing to be smoking and telling stories, but beside them lay their weapons, and most of them still had strength to bend a bow.

[14] Now that we were all ready for them, we were impatient for the Crows to come. But we waited long for them; the sun was high when a watcher hurried in from the hills to tell us that they were in sight. They were coming straight toward the bottom between the river and the creek, he said, and away back behind

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[1] *cached* (kăsh'd), to put, hide, or store, in a *cache* (kăsh), which is a hole in the ground, or a hiding place, especially for concealing and preserving provisions or implements, as of explorers, which it is inconvenient to carry. — *Webster.*

them were women on horses drawing travoys,[1] on which they were going to pack home the plunder from our camp. That last news made us laugh. What a surprise was coming to the Crows! We could hardly wait to give it to them.

"Come, let us hurry to our places," some one cried.

"No, wait. We must first be sure that they are coming into the upper end of the bottom," said my father.

So we waited, very uneasy, very anxious for that to happen which was to happen, and soon another watcher came in and told that the enemy was now far out on the plain, riding at a trot and heading straight for the bottom.

[15] Lone Walker turned to my father: "Let us go hide," he said.

"Yes, let us go," my father answered, and took the lead of half the warriors, bound up the creek.

Lone Walker led the other half to their hiding-place, and we were all soon hidden in the brush and timber, to charge out upon the enemy. Not a man was to move until my father should give the war cry and lead his party out.

[16] My son, never saw I a finer sight than were those Crows as they came charging down into the bottom from the plain. Their beautiful war clothes made them a living rainbow of color. Their long-tailed headdresses of eagle feathers streamed in the wind. Each man of them carried a fine, plume-encircled shield on his left arm. Even their horses were painted, and decked out with red and blue and yellow and green-dyed eagle plumes. Yes, and they were many; more

[1] *travoys*, a primitive vehicle common among the North American Indians, usually two trailing poles serving as shafts and bearing a platform or net for a load. — *Webster.*

than ten hundred men, each one with ready bow or gun. Oh, I was afraid of them! They appeared so powerful; so sure of themselves; it did not seem possible that we could stop them.

They rode silently down into the bottom, but when the old men players dropped wheel and shafts and ran for the lodges, and women and children there ran screaming in all directions, they raised their war song; and the sound of it was as loud as thunder in our ears.

I sat on my horse at my father's side. He was leaning forward over his horse's neck, watching the enemy, watching his men, with one hand continually signing: "Not yet! Not yet!" It was plainly understood that we were not to charge until the enemy was far below us toward the camp.

[17] We waited, watching him, watching the enemy charging down the flat between the river and the creek. They were still some distance above us when something happened that spoiled my father's well-made plan.

Right at my left side was Red Plume, on a big black stallion of fiery heart. He had been trained to race, and had won many races because he was so quick to start. Hearing now the thunder of hoofs, the shouts of the Crows, he thought that there was a race. He danced and sidled and arched his neck and jerked his head, Red Plume holding him in with all his strength. But horse was stronger than rider: he suddenly reared up on his hind legs, and with a long, high leap went crashing through the brush straight toward the open ground and the enemy, his rider powerless to stop him. That meant death to Red Plume if he kept on alone.

"Help him! Ride out!" My father shouted, and raised the war cry, and out we went at the Crows, still more than the distance of two bow-shots above us.

[18] They yelled louder than ever when they saw us come out from the brush, and whipped their horses to greater speed. And then out from the timber by the river came Lone Walker and his men. That was too much for the Crows. They saw that their scouts had been mistaken; that they had the whole tribe of the Pikuni to fight; that but for the runaway horse, they would have been completely trapped. Chiefs and warriors and youths, they wheeled their horses and fled on their back trail, we all after them.

Must I say it? Yes, I have to. My son, it shames me to tell you that in those days the Crows had better horses than we. By raid after raid down into the always-summer land, they had taken from the tribes of that far country herd after herd of fine big swift animals, while we had only begun to make raids there. Most of our horses, a smaller breed, we had taken from the other-side-of-the-mountains tribes.

So it was that, from the very start, it was plain that we could not overtake the main body of fleeing Crows. We kept on, however, urging our horses to their utmost speed, and one by one the slower riders of the enemy were overtaken, and with arrow or bullet started on their journey to Crow shadow land. Of all the Pikuni four rode some distance in the lead: my father, on White Wolf's best horse; Lone Walker, on his blue race mare; Tail-Feathers-Coming-over-the-Hill, on a big pinto[1]; and Red Plume, on his runaway stallion. They seemed to hold their own; the rest of us steadily lost distance as we went shouting up the bottom and out on the plain. From the rim I noticed, far out on it, the Crow women tearing the travoys from their horses, and remounting to flee for the Musselshell.

[1] *pinto*, a piebald (spotted) or calico horse or pony.

Some of us, seeing now the hopelessness of the chase, began to drop out of it; others kept on, thinking the Crows might, at last, from very shame, turn and fight. But no. On and on they went, and now there were no stragglers to be overtaken.

[19] We were all about to stop when we saw, just back of the enemy, a horse writhing on the ground, its rider standing near it with raised gun. And at that we hurried on. The horse, of course, had broken a leg in a badger or prairie-dog hole. The man's comrades had deserted him. We were bound to see the end of it.

My father was the lead rider of the four. I learned afterward that he said over and over to the others:

"He is my enemy! Leave him to me! Leave him to me!"

And "Yes! Yes! He is yours!" they shouted as they rode.

Think how I felt! How my heart almost stopped as I saw my father charging toward that man with raised and steady gun. "Here is the big ending of all our misfortunes, and the worst of them all," I thought, and I prayed heartily to my four ancient ones to help him.

Nearer and nearer my father came to the Crow, leaning far forward on his horse and swaying his body quickly to one side and the other, so as to make no steady mark for that ever-pointing gun. And suddenly the gun boomed, and hit, not my father, but the horse. It gave an awful shriek as it reared up and fell; but my father was off its back before it went down, and running toward his enemy; and as he ran he fired his gun, not at the man, but straight up toward the sky.

[20] The two men were then equal: both had empty guns. They held them up by the muzzle with both hands; swung them high as one does a war club. The Crow stood still, ready; my father swiftly approached him, watching steadily that raised gun. He allowed the Crow to strike first: that was the way he had planned it, and lowered his own gun, slanting crossways above his head, to meet the blow. It struck, and glanced off and did no harm. Then, before the Crow could even raise his gun to strike again, my father dropped his own weapon and seized the Crow's, and wrenched it from him, and stood over him with it upraised.

The Crow was no coward: he did not flinch; he just stood and looked my father straight in the face. I recognized him: he was a band chief, Big Elk, by name, and the one who, more than any one else, had treated us like dogs while we were in his camp. Crow Woman had warned us against him; told my father again and again to be careful and give him no chance for a quarrel.

"And now he is to get his hay for all that," I said to myself.

[21] And "Strike! Strike! Kill him!" the great crowd of the Pikuni shouted at my father.

But instead of striking he drew steadily back, and suddenly picked up his own gun, and held both weapons in the hollow of his left arm. "No, I shall not kill him," he called out to us, "nor shall you. He is mine. I wish him to live."

And then in signs he said to the Crow: "Go home. Go, and by day and by night be ashamed of yourself. You can never forget, you can never cast this away: I, whom you treated so meanly, I took from you your gun and gave you your life. Go!"

The man turned and took his back trail, and we knew that shame went with him; that from a distance his people had seen all that had happened, and that he could never again be a chief among them. That is the greatest coup,[1] my son, to take from an enemy his weapon, and him unharmed, in full possession of his strength.

The great crowd of us silently watched the Crow as he went his way with bowed head and slow steps. It is a terrible thing to see even an enemy suddenly changed from a chief to a man without power or place in his tribe.

[22] Then, as suddenly the crowd broke out in praise of my father: "Lone Bull! Great is Lone Bull! A great man is Lone Bull!" They shouted again and again; and then, as my father mounted behind me and we turned toward camp, some one started the victory song. We all joined in the singing of it, and sang it all the way home.

**First reading.** 1. Divide this story into several big scenes for a motion picture. 2. Make a list of the Indian characters and the parts they have in the story. 3. What unexpected things happened?

**Second rapid reading.** 4. What scene do you think would make the most interesting painting? Read it aloud to convince the class. 5. In what way did Lone Bull's behavior surprise you?

**Further reading.** Find an Indian story at the library.

**Schultz, J. W.** *Lone Bull's Mistake.*

**Eastman, E. C.** *Yellow Star.*

"An Indian girl's school days in a New England village, and her return to her people, the Dakotas."

**La Flesche, Francis.** *Middle Five; Indian Boys at School.*

"The author, the son of an Omaha chief, tells of his life in a mission school."

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[1] *coup* (koo), among some tribes of North American Indians, the act of striking or touching an enemy in warfare with the hand or at close quarters, as with a short stick, in such a manner as by custom counts as an act of bravery; hence, any of various other deeds recognized by custom as acts of marked bravery or honor. — *Webster.*

## JACK FROST

CELIA THAXTER

Who is Jack Frost? Why is he liked? Why is he feared? How can you see him?

1 RUSTILY creak the crickets: Jack Frost came down last night,
He slid to the earth on a starbeam, keen and sparkling and bright;
He sought in the grass for the crickets with delicate icy spear,
So sharp and fine and fatal, and he stabbed them far and near.
Only a few stout fellows, thawed by the morning sun,
Chirrup a mournful echo of by-gone frolic and fun.

2 But yesterday such a rippling chorus ran all over the land,
Over the hills and the valleys, down to the gray sea-sand,
Millions of merry harlequins, skipping and dancing in glee,
Cricket and locust and grasshopper, happy as happy could be:
Scooping rich caves in ripe apples, and feeding on honey and spice,
Drunk with the mellow sunshine, nor dreaming of spears of ice!

3 Was it not enough that the crickets your weapon of power should pierce?

Pray what have you done to the flowers? Jack Frost, you are cruel and fierce.
With never a sign or a whisper, you kissed them, and low, they exhale
Their beautiful lives; they are drooping, their sweet color ebbs, they are pale,
They fade and they die! See the pansies, yet striving so hard to unfold
Their garments of velvety splendor, all Tyrian purple and gold.

4 But how weary they look, and how withered, like handsome court dames, who all night
Have danced at the ball till the sunrise struck chill to their hearts with its light.
Where hides the wood-aster? She vanished as snow-wreaths dissolve in the sun
The moment you touched her. Look yonder, where, sober and gray as a nun,
The maple-tree stands that at sunset was blushing as red as the sky;
At its foot, glowing scarlet as fire, its robes of magnificence lie.

5 Despoiler! stripping the world as you strip the shivering tree
Of color and sound and perfume, scaring the bird and the bee,
Turning beauty to ashes, — oh, to join the swift swallows and fly
Far away out of sight of your mischief! I give you no welcome, not I!

Find lines where the poet has used words beautifully.

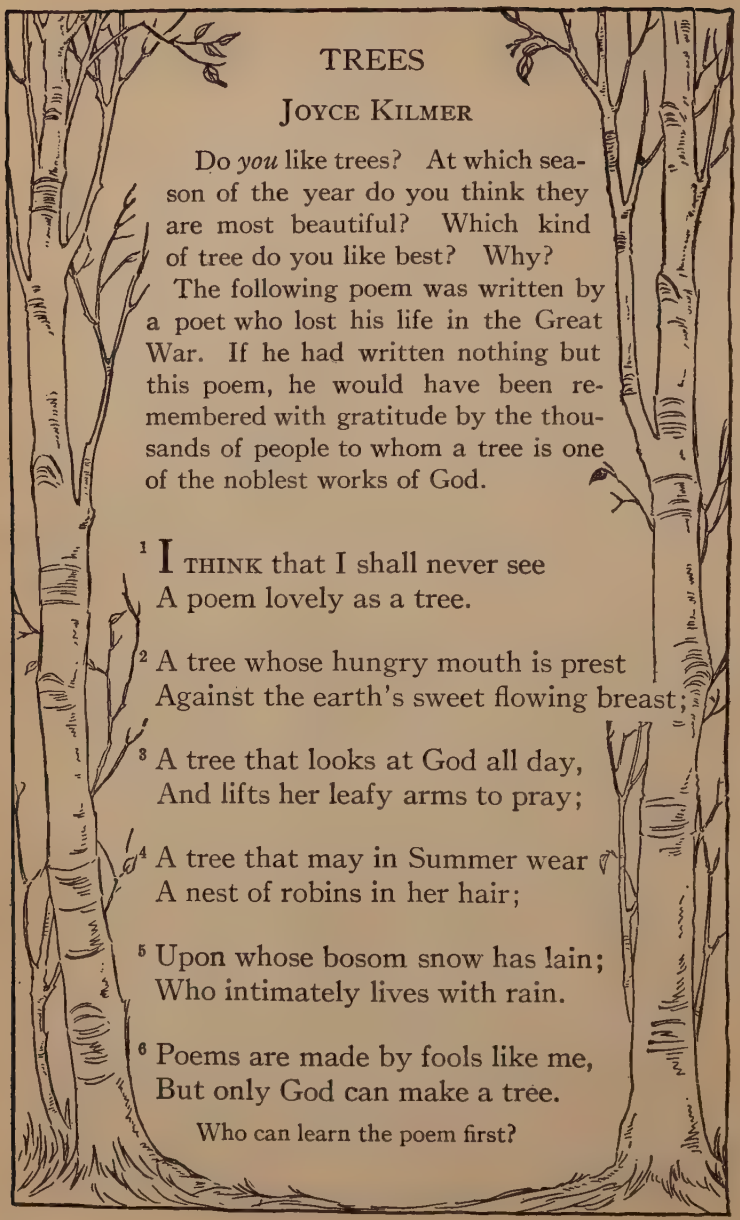
## BIRCHES

ROBERT FROST

This poem sounds just as if the poet had sat down on a chair and talked confidentially to you. It is a different kind of poetry from that which sings itself, but it is packed full of pictures. Read the poem to get these pictures.

WHEN I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust —
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed
So low for long, they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when Truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm
(Now am I free to be poetical?)
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows —

Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
*Toward* heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.



## TREES

JOYCE KILMER

Do *you* like trees? At which season of the year do you think they are most beautiful? Which kind of tree do you like best? Why?

The following poem was written by a poet who lost his life in the Great War. If he had written nothing but this poem, he would have been remembered with gratitude by the thousands of people to whom a tree is one of the noblest works of God.

1 I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

2 A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

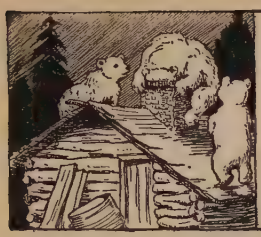
3 A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

4 A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

5 Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

6 Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Who can learn the poem first?



# BESIEGED BY BEARS

ENOS A. MILLS

One glance at the little picture on either side of the title of this story shows that something is happening in this story — and happening fast.

In everyday life obstacles may be introduced or unexpected things occur that give the events all the thrill of an exciting story.

What obstacles or unexpected things give the thrills in this story?

[1] Two old prospectors, Sullivan and Jason, once took me in for the night, and after supper they related a number of interesting experiences. Among these tales was one of the best stories I have ever heard. The story of how they were besieged by bears was told in the graphic, earnest, realistic style so often possessed by those who have lived strong, stirring lives among crags and pines.

"This happened to us," said Sullivan, "in spite of the fact that we were minding our own business and had never hunted bears."

[2] The siege occurred at their log cabin during the spring of 1884. They were prospecting in Geneva Park, where they had been all winter, driving a tunnel. They were so nearly out of supplies that they could not wait for snowdrifts to melt out of the trail. Provisions must be had, and Sullivan thought that, by allowing twice the usual time, he could make his way down through the drifts and get back to the cabin with them.

So one morning, after telling Jason that he would be back the next evening, he took their burro and set off down the mountain. On the way home next day Sullivan had much difficulty in getting the loaded burro through the snowdrifts, and when within a mile of the cabin they stuck fast. Sullivan unpacked and rolled the burro out of the snow, and was busily repacking, when the animal's uneasiness made him look round.

[3] At the edge of the woods, only a short distance away, were three bears, apparently a mother and her two well-grown children. They were sniffing the air eagerly and appeared somewhat excited. The old bear would rise on her hind-paws, sniff the air, then drop back to the ground. She kept her nose pointed toward Sullivan, but did not appear to look at him. The smaller bears moved restlessly about; they would walk a few steps in advance, stand erect, draw their fore-paws close to their breasts, and sniff, sniff, sniff the air, upward and in all directions before them. Then they would slowly back up to the old bear. They all seemed very good-natured.

[4] When Sullivan was unpacking the burro, the wrapping had come off two hams which were among the supplies, and the wind had carried the delicious aroma to the bears, who were just out of their winter dens after weeks of fasting. Of course, sugar-cured hams smelled good to them. Sullivan repacked the burro and went on. The bears quietly eyed him for some distance. At a turn in the trail he looked back and saw the bears clawing and smelling the snow on which the provisions had lain while he was getting the burro out of the snowdrift. He went on to the cabin, had supper, and forgot the bears.

[5] The log cabin in which he and Jason lived was a small one; it had a door in the side and a small window

in one end. The roof was made of a layer of poles thickly covered with earth. A large shepherd-dog often shared the cabin with the prospectors. He was a playful fellow, and Sullivan often romped with him. Near their cabin were some vacant cabins of other prospectors, who had gone away.

6 The evening was mild, and as soon as supper was over Sullivan filled his pipe, opened the door, and sat down on the edge of the bed for a smoke, while Jason washed the dishes. He had taken only a few pulls at his pipe when there was a rattling at the window. Thinking the dog was outside, Sullivan called, "Why don't you go round to the door?" This invitation was followed by a momentary silence, then smash! a piece of sash and fragments of window glass flew past Sullivan and rattled on the floor. He jumped to his feet. In the dim candle-light he saw a bear's head coming in through the window. He threw his pipe of burning tobacco into the bear's face and eyes, and then grabbed for some steel drills which lay in the corner on the floor. But the earth roof had leaked, and the drills were ice-covered and frozen fast.

7 While Sullivan was dislodging the drills, Jason began to bombard the bear vigorously with plates from the table. The bear backed out; she was looking for food, not clean plates. However, the instant she was outside, she accepted Sullivan's invitation and went round to the door! And she came for it with a rush! Both Sullivan and Jason jumped to close the door. They were not quick enough, and instead of one bear there were three! The entire family had accepted the invitation, and all were trying to come in at once!

8 When Sullivan and Jason threw their weight against the door it slammed against the big bear's nose — a very sensitive spot. She gave a savage growl.

Apparently she blamed the other two bears either for hurting her nose or for being in the way. At any rate, a row started; halfway in the door the bears began to fight; for a few seconds it seemed as if all the bears would roll inside. Sullivan and Jason pushed against the door with all their might, trying to close it. During the struggle the bears rolled outside and the door went shut with a bang. The heavy securing crossbar was quickly put into place; but not a moment too soon, for an instant later the old bear gave a furious growl and flung herself against the door, making it fairly crack; it seemed as if the door would be broken in. Sullivan and Jason hurriedly knocked their slab bed to pieces and used the slats and heavy sides to prop and strengthen the door. The bears kept surging and clawing at the door, and while the prospectors were spiking the braces against it and giving their entire attention to it, they suddenly felt the cabin shake and heard the logs strain and give. They started back, to see the big bear struggling in the window. Only the smallness of the window had prevented the bear from getting in unnoticed, and surprising them while they were bracing the door. The window was so small that the bear in trying to get in had almost wedged fast. With hind-paws on the ground, fore-paws on the window-sill, and shoulders against the log over the window, the big bear was in a position to exert all her enormous strength. Her efforts to get in sprung the logs and gave the cabin the shake which warned.

[9] Sullivan grabbed one of the steel drills and dealt the bear a terrible blow on the head. She gave a growl of mingled pain and fury as she freed herself from the window. Outside she backed off growling.

[10] For a little while things were calmer. Sullivan and Jason, drills in hand, stood guard at the window.

After some snarling in front of the window the bears went round to the door. They clawed the door a few times and then began to dig under it. "They are tunneling in for us," said Sullivan. "They want those hams; but they won't get them."

11 After a time the bears quit digging and started away, occasionally stopping to look back. It was almost eleven o'clock, and the full moon shone splendidly through the pines. The prospectors hoped that the bears were gone for good. There was an old rifle in the cabin, but there were no cartridges, for Sullivan and Jason never hunted and rarely had occasion to fire a gun. But, fearing that the animals might return, Sullivan concluded to go to one of the vacant cabins for a loaded Winchester which he knew to be there.

12 As soon as the bears disappeared, he crawled out of the window and looked cautiously around; then he made a run for the vacant cabin. The bears heard him running, and when he had nearly reached the cabin, they came around the corner of it to see what was the matter. He was up a pine tree in an instant. After a few growls the bears moved off and disappeared behind a vacant cabin. As they had gone behind the cabin which contained the loaded gun, Sullivan thought it would be dangerous to try to make the cabin, for if the door should be swelled fast, the bears would surely get him. Waiting until he thought it safe to return, he dropped to the ground and made a dash for his own cabin. The bears heard him and again gave chase, with the evident intention of getting even for all their annoyances. It was only a short distance to his cabin, but the bears were at his heels when he dived in through the broken window.

13 A bundle of old newspapers was then set on fire and thrown among the bears, to scare them away.

There was some snarling, until one of the young bears with a stroke of a fore-paw scattered the blazing papers in all directions; then the bears walked round the cabin out of sight.

[14] Just as Jason was saying, "I hope they are gone for good," there came a thump on the roof which told the prospectors that the bears were still intent on the hams. The bears began to claw the earth off the roof. If they were allowed to continue, they would soon clear off the earth and would then have a chance to tear out the poles. With a few poles torn out, the bears would tumble into the cabin, or perhaps their combined weight might cause the roof to give way and drop them into the cabin. Something had to be done to stop their clawing and if possible get them off the roof. Bundles of hay were taken out of the bed mattress. From time to time Sullivan would set fire to one of these bundles, lean far out through the window, and throw the blazing hay upon the roof among the bears. So long as he kept these fireworks going, the bears did not dig; but they stayed on the roof and became furiously angry. The supply of hay did not last long, and as soon as the annoyance from the bundles of fire ceased, the bears attacked the roof again with renewed vigor.

[15] Then it was decided to prod the bears with red-hot drills thrust up between the poles of the roof. As there was no firewood in the cabin, and as fuel was necessary in order to heat the drills, a part of the floor was torn up for that purpose.

[16] The young bears soon found hot drills too warm for them and scrambled or fell off the roof. But the old one persisted. In a little while she had clawed off a large patch of earth and was tearing the poles with her teeth.

17 The hams had been hung up on the wall in the end of the cabin; the old bear was tearing just above them. Jason threw the hams on the floor and wanted to throw them out of the window. He thought that the bears would leave contented if they had them. Sullivan thought differently; he said that it would take six hams apiece to satisfy the bears, and that two hams would be only a taste which would make the bears more reckless than ever. The hams stayed in the cabin.

18 The old bear had torn some of the poles in two and was madly tearing and biting at others. Sullivan was short and so were the drills. To get within easier reach, he placed the table almost under the gnawing bear, sprang upon it, and called to Jason for a red-hot drill. Jason was about to hand him one when he noticed a small bear climbing in at the window, and, taking the drill with him, he sprang over to beat the bear back. Sullivan jumped down to the fire for a drill, and in climbing back on the table he looked up at the gnawed hole and received a shower of dirt in his face and eyes. This made him flinch and he lost his balance and upset the table. He quickly straightened the table and sprang upon it, drill in hand. The old bear had a paw and arm thrust down through the hole between the poles. With a blind stroke she struck the drill and flung it and Sullivan from the table. He shouted to Jason for help, but Jason, with both young bears trying to get in at the window at once, was striking right and left. He had bears and troubles of his own and did not heed Sullivan's call. The old bear thrust her head down through the hole and seemed about to fall in, when Sullivan in desperation grabbed both hams and threw them out the window.

19 The young bears at once set up a row over the hams, and the old bear, hearing the fight, jumped off the roof.

[20] While the bears were fighting and eating, Sullivan and Jason tore up the remainder of the floor and barricaded the window. With both door and window closed, they could give their attention to the roof. All the drills were heated, and both stood ready to make it hot for the bears when they should again climb on the roof. But the bears did not return to the roof. After eating the last morsel of the hams they walked round to the cabin door, scratched it gently, and then became quiet. They had lain down by the door.

[21] It was two o'clock in the morning. The inside of the cabin was in utter confusion. The floor was strewn with wreckage; bedding, drills, broken boards, broken plates, and hay were scattered about. Sullivan gazed at the chaos and remarked that it looked like poor housekeeping. But he was tired, and, asking Jason to keep watch for a while, he lay down on the blankets and was soon asleep.

[22] Toward daylight the bears got up and walked a few times round the cabin. On each round they clawed at the door, as though to tell Sullivan that they were there, ready for his hospitality. They whined a little, half good-naturedly, but no one admitted them, and finally, just before sunrise, they took their departure and went leisurely smelling their way down the trail.

**First reading.** 1. What were the reasons for this siege by bears? 2. Did the prospectors take the best way to get rid of them?

**Second rapid reading.** Find the exact sentences illustrated in the story.

**Further reading.** See whether you can find other stories as good as these:

**Mills, Enos A.** *Being Good to Bears, and Other Stories.*

**Seton, Ernest Thompson.** *Lives of the Hunted*, pp. 141–191.

**Seton, Ernest Thompson.** *Biography of a Grizzly.*

**White, Stewart Edward.** *Gold.*

"Adventures of four gold-diggers in California in 1849."

## THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Tell in your own words what the poet is saying in each poem, taking it line by line.

I WANDERED lonely where the pine-trees made
Against the bitter East their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring flower tinted like a shell
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss the pines
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming vines
Lifted their glad surprise,
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless trees
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,
And snow-drifts lingered under April skies.

As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I bent,
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged and pent,
Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
And make the sad earth happier for their bloom.

## THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS

MARY MCNEIL FENOLLOSA

GOD spoke! and from the arid scene
Sprang rich and verdant bowers,
Till all the earth was soft with green, —
He smiled; and there were flowers.

Learn the poem that you prefer.

## A GROUP OF POEMS

### Thomas Bailey Aldrich

The world is more beautiful to us because the poet has pointed out things we failed to notice. His senses, — all of them, sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch — are keener than those of ordinary people. And the delightful thing for us is that by reading what the poet writes all our senses, too, can enjoy the experiences he describes.

### "LIKE CRUSOE, WALKING BY THE LONELY STRAND"

1 Like Crusoe, walking by the lonely strand
And seeing a human foot-print on the sand,
Have I this day been startled, finding here,
Set in brown mould and delicately clear,
Spring's foot-print — the first crocus of the year!

2 O sweet invasion! Farewell solitude!
Soon shall wild creatures of the field and wood
Flock from all sides with much ado and stir,
And make of me most willing prisoner!

1. Whom does the poet imagine as making this first foot-print? If you were writing a poem about spring, about what things would you talk?

2. Which wild flowers can you recognize? Describe the one you like the best.

3. Mention five "wild creatures" of whom the poet may be thinking. How can these make him a "willing prisoner"?

## AFTER THE RAIN

3 THE rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

4 From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye.

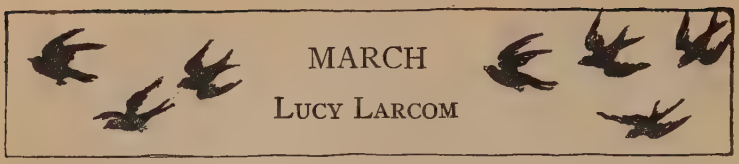
5 And how it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disk, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a Dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

1. What did Aldrich see from his window? 2. Make up a poem of your own on "Before the Rain." Then read Aldrich's poem with that title. (Riverside Sixth Reader, page 141.)

## MEMORY

6 MY mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour —
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May —
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

1. Two kinds of memory are spoken of in this poem. One seems very literal and practical; the other useless, yet beautiful. Can you show that we need both of them to make a success of life?
2. Learn the poem that you like the best.
3. Find the lines which the pictures illustrate.



## MARCH

LUCY LARCOM

What a pretty picture the poet makes in this poem! March comes in with a procession, with music and drum!

1 MARCH! March! March! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind:
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested thrushes behind;
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

2 March! March! March! They are slipping
Into their places at last;
Little white lily-buds, dripping
Under the showers that fall fast;
Buttercups, violets, roses;
Snowdrop and bluebell and pink;
Throng upon throng of sweet posies,
Bending the dewdrops to drink.

3 March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle-sound;
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
Fluttering all over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Up, blades of grass, from your pillow!
Hear who is calling you — March!

# LITTLE PRISONERS IN THE TOWER

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM BAILEY

This is a true story that deals with the outdoors. When you read nature stories like this, you will find all kinds of interesting things coming in on the side — incidentally, we say — because they just happened to happen.

The mind of the wide-awake reader gets not only the main story, but all these extra things that would be so interesting to know more about.

Now, when you read about these "little prisoners," get the facts (the story), but keep your eyes open for these interesting extra things, each like a little problem to be solved or investigated.

## I. THE RESCUE

[1] THE California woodpeckers talked and acted very much like their cousins, the red-heads of the East. When they went to the nest they called *chuck'-ah* as if to wake the young, flying away with the familiar rattling *kit-er'r'r'r'r'*. They flew nearly half a mile to their regular feeding ground, and did not come to the nest as often as the wrens when bringing up their brood. Perhaps they got more at a time, filling their crops and feeding by regurgitation,[1] as I have seen waxwings do when they have a long distance to go in search of food.

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[1] This is a good word to look up in the dictionary, if you do not know what it means.

[2] I first heard the voices of the young on June 16; nearly three weeks later, July 6, the birds were still in the nest. On that morning, when I went out to mount Billy, I was shocked to find the body of one of the old woodpeckers on the saddle. I thought it had been shot, but found it had been picked up in the prune orchard. That afternoon its mate was brought in from the same place. Probably both birds had eaten poisoned raisins left out for the gophers. The dead birds were thrown out under the orange-trees near the house, and not many hours afterward, two turkey vultures were sitting on the ground, one of them with a pathetic little black wing in his bill.

[3] Now, what would become of the small birds imprisoned in the tree trunk, with no one to bring them food, no one to show them how to get out, or, if they were out, to feed them till they had learned how to care for themselves? Sad and anxious, I rode down to the sycamore. I rapped on its trunk, calling *chuck'-ah* as much like the old birds as possible. There was an instant answer from a strong rattling voice and a weak piping one. The weak voice frightened me. If that little bird's life were to be saved, it was time to go about it. The ranchman's son was pruning the vineyard, and I rode over to get him to come and see how we could rescue the little prisoners.

[4] On our way to the tree we came on a gopher snake four feet long. It was so nearly the color of the soil that I would have passed it by, but the boy discovered it. The creature lay so still he thought it was dead; but as we stood looking, it puffed itself up with a big breath, darted out its tongue, and began to move off. I watched to see how it made the straight track we so often saw in the dust on the roads. It bent its neck into a scallop for a purchase, while its tapering tail

made an S, to furnish slack; and then it pulled the main length of its body along straight. It crawled noiselessly right to the foot of the woodpecker tree, but was only hunting for a hole to hide in. It got part way down one hole, found that it was too small, and had to come backing out again. It followed the sand bed, taking my regular beat, from tree to tree! To be sure, gopher snakes are harmless, but they are suggestive.

[5] Although the little prisoners welcomed us as rescuers should be welcomed, they did it by mistake. They thought we were their parents. At the first blow of the axe their voices hushed.

[6] It looked easy enough to get the birds out but it wasn't. The nest was about twelve feet above the ground. The sycamore was so big the boy could not reach around it, and so smooth and slippery he could not get up it, though he had always been a good climber. He clambered up a drooping branch on the back of the tree, — the nest was in front, — but could not swing himself around when he got up. Then he tried the hollow burned at the foot of the tree. The charred wood crumbled beneath his feet, but at last, by clinging to a knot-hole, he managed to reach the nest.

[7] As his fingers went down the hole, the young birds grabbed them, probably mistaking them for their parents' bills. "Their throats seem hot," the boy exclaimed; "poor hungry little things!" His fingers would go through the nest hole, but not his knuckles, and the knot-hole where he steadied himself was too slippery to stand on while he enlarged the hole. As it was getting late, I suggested that we feed the birds and leave them in the tree till morning; but the rescuer exclaimed resolutely, "We'll get them out tonight!" and hurried off to the ranch-house for a step-ladder and axe.

[8] The ladder did not reach up to the first knot-hole, four or five feet below the nest; but the boy cut a notch in the top of the knot and stood in it, practically on one foot, and held on to a small branch with his right hand — the first limb he trusted to broke off as he caught it — while with the left hand he hacked away at the nest hole. It was a ticklish position and genuine work, for the wood was hard and the hatchet dull.

[9] At last the hole was big enough, and, sticking the hatchet and knife into the bark, the lad threw one arm around the trunk to hold on while he thrust his hand down into the nest. "My, what a deep hole!" he exclaimed. "I don't know as I can reach them now. They've gone to the bottom, they're so afraid." Nearly a foot down he had to squeeze, but at last got hold of one bird and brought it out. "Drop him down," I cried, "I'll catch him," and held up my hands. The little bird came fluttering through the air. The second bird clung frightened to the boy's coat, but he loosened its claws and dropped it down to me.

[10] I hurried the little scared brothers under my jacket, my best substitute for a hollow tree, and called *chuck'-ah* to them in the most woodpecker-like tones I could muster. Then the boy shouldered the ladder, and I took the carving knife, and we trudged home triumphant. We had rescued the little prisoners from the tower!

## II. JACOB AND BAIRDI

[11] WHEN we had taken them into the house, the baby woodpeckers called out, and the cats looked up so savagely, that I asked the boy to take the birds home to his sister to keep till they were able to care for themselves. On examining them I understood what the difference in their voices had meant. One of them

poked his head out of the opening in my jacket where he was riding, while the other had kept hidden away in the dark; and when they were put into my cap for the boy to carry home, the one with the weak voice disclosed a whitish bill — a bad sign with a bird — and its feeble head bent under it so weakly that I was afraid it would die.

[12] Three days later, when I went up to the lad's house, it was to be greeted by loud cries from the little birds. Though they were in a box with a towel over it, they heard all that was going on. Their voices were as sharp as their ears, and they screamed at me so imperatively that I hurried out to the kitchen and rummaged through the cupboards till I found some food for them. They opened their bills and gulped it down as if starving, although their guardian told me afterwards that she had fed them two or three hours before.

[13] When held up where the air could blow on them, they grew excited; and one of them flew down to the floor and hid away in a dark closet, sitting there as contentedly as if it reminded him of his tree-trunk home.

[14] I took the two brothers out into the sitting-room and kept them on my lap for some time, watching their interesting ways. The weak one I dubbed Jacob, which is the name the people of the valley had given the woodpeckers from the sound of their cries; the stronger bird I called Bairdi, as "short" for *Melanerpes formicivorous bairdi* [1] — the name the ornithologists had given them.

[1] Latin name for this variety of woodpecker

[15] Jacob and Bairdi each had ways of his own. When offered a palm, Bairdi, who was quite like "folks," was content to sit in it; but Jacob hung with his claws clasping a little finger as a true woodpecker should; he took the same pose when he sat for his picture. Bairdi often perched in my hand, with his bill pointing to the ceiling, probably from his old habit of looking up at the door of his nest. Sometimes when Bairdi sat in my hand, Jacob would swing himself up from my little finger, coming bill to bill with his brother, when the small bird would open his mouth as he used to for his mother to feed him.

[16] They did other droll things just as their fathers had done before them. They used to screw their heads around owl fashion, a very convenient thing for wild birds who cling to tree trunks and yet need to know what is going on behind their backs. Once, on hearing a sudden noise, one of them ducked low and drew his head in between his shoulders in such a comical way we all laughed at him.

[17] I often went up to the ranch to visit them. We would take them out under a big spreading oak beside the house, where the little girl's mother sat with her sewing, and then watch the birds as we talked. When we put them on the tree trunk, at first they did not know what to do, but soon they scrambled up on the branches so fast their guardian had to climb up after them for fear they would get away. Poor little Jacob climbed as if afraid of falling off, taking short hops up the side of the tree, bending his stiff tail at a sharp angle under him to brace himself against the bark. Bairdi, his strong brother, was less nervous, and found courage to catch ants on the bark.

[18] Jacob did a pretty thing one day. When put on the oak, he crept into a crack of the bark and lay there

fluffed up against its sides with the sun slanting across, lighting up his pretty red cap. He looked so contented and happy it was a pleasure to watch him. Another time he started to climb up on top of my head and, I dare say, was surprised and disappointed when what he had taken for a tree trunk came to an untimely end. When we put the brothers on the grass, one of them went over the ground with long hops, while the other hid under the rocking-chair. One bird seemed possessed to sit on the white apron worn by the little girl's mother, flying over to it from my lap, again and again.

[19] The woodpeckers had brought from the nest a liking for the dark, protected places. Bairdi twice clambered up my hair and hung close under the brim of my black straw hat. Another time he climbed up my dress to my black tie, and, fastening his claws in the silk, clung with his head in the dark folds as if he liked the shade. I covered the pretty pet with my hand and he seemed to enjoy it. When I first looked down at him his eyes were open, though he kept very still; but soon his head dropped on my breast and he went fast asleep.

[20] Jacob improved so much after the first few days — and some doses of red pepper — that we had to look twice to tell him from his sturdy brother. He certainly ate enough to make him grow. The birds liked best to be fed with a spoon; probably it seemed more like a bill. After a little, they learned to peck at their food, a sign I hailed eagerly as indicative of future self-support; for with appetites of day laborers and no one to supply their wants, they would have suffered sorely, poor little orphans! Sometimes, when they had satisfied their first hunger, they would shake the bread from their bills as if they didn't like it and wanted food they were used to.

[21] When one got hungry he would call out, and then his brother would begin to shout. The little tots gave a crooning gentle note when caressed, and a soft cry when they snuggled down in our hands or cuddled up to us as they had done under their mother's wing. Their call for food was a sibilant chirr, and they gave it much oftener than any of the grown-up woodpecker notes. But they also said *chuck'-ah* and rattled like the old birds.

[22] I was glad there were two of them so they would not be so lonely. If separated they showed their interest in each other. If Bairdi called, Jacob would keep still and listen attentively, raising his topknot till every microscopic red feather stood up like a bristle, when he would answer Bairdi in a loud manly voice.

[23] It was amusing to see the small birds try to plume themselves. Sometimes they would take a sudden start to make their toilettes, and both work away vigorously upon their plumes. It was comical to see them try to find their oil glands. Had the old birds taught them how to oil their feathers while in the nest?

[24] When the little princes were about a month old, I arranged with a neighboring photographer to have them sit for their picture. He drove over to the sycamore, and the lad who had rescued the prisoners took them down to keep their appointment. One of them tried to tuck its head up the boy's sleeve, being attracted by dark holes. While we were waiting for the photographer, the boy put Jacob in a hollow of the tree, where he began pecking as if he liked it. He worked away till he squeezed himself into a small pocket, and then, with his feathers ruffled up, sat there, the picture of content. Indeed, the little fellow looked more at home than I had ever seen him anywhere. The rescuer was itching to put the little princes

back in their hole, to see what they would do, but I wouldn't listen to it.

[25] When Bairdi was on the bark and Jacob was put below him, he turned his head, raised his red cap, and looked down at his brother in a very winning way.

[26] Soon the photographer came, and asked, "Are these the little chaps that try to swallow your fingers?" We were afraid they would not sit still enough to get good likenesses, but we had taken the precaution to give them a hearty breakfast just before starting, and they were too sleepy to move much. In the picture, Jacob is clinging to the boy's hand in his favorite way, and Bairdi is on the tree trunk.

[27] Mountain Billy pricked up his ears when he discovered the woodpeckers down at the sycamore, but he often saw them up at the ranch and took me to make a farewell call on them before I left for the East. We found the birds perched on the tobacco-tree in front of the ranch-house, with a tall step-ladder beside it so the little girl could take them in at night. Their cup of bread and milk stood on the ladder, and when I called them they came over to be fed. They were both so strong and well that they would soon be able to care for themselves, as their fathers had done before them. And when they were ready to fly, they might have help; for an old woodpecker of their family — possibly an unknown uncle — had been seen watching them from the top of a neighboring oak, and may have been just waiting to adopt the little orphans.

**First reading.** Which bird did the more interesting things?

**Second rapid reading.** Find the sentences illustrated by the pictures.

**Problems for investigation:** 1. Signs of illness in a bird; 2. what to do for an ailing bird; 3. voracity of birds; 4. variety in birds' nests; 5. how genus and species are named; 6. bird notes; 7. bird friendships; 8. how birds dress up; 9. cute things birds have done.

## THE CAT-BIRD

EDITH M. THOMAS

Here are two poems about bird mimics. Which do you like the better?

What pictures do you see when you read them? What do you hear?

1 HE sits on a branch of yon blossoming bush,
This madcap cousin of robin and thrush,
And sings without ceasing the whole morning long;
Now wild, now tender, the wayward song
That flows from his soft, gray, fluttering throat;
But often he stops in his sweetest note,
And, shaking a flower from the blossoming bough,
Drawls out, "Mi-eu, mi-ow!"

2 Dear merry mocker, your mimic art
Makes drowsy Grimalkin awake with a start,
And peer all around with a puzzled air —
For who would suppose that one would dare
To mimic the voice of a mortal foe!
You're safe on the bough, as well you know;
And if ever a bird could laugh, 'tis you,
Drawling, "Mi-ow, mi-eu!"

## THE MOCKING-BIRD

EDNAH PROCTER CLARKE HAYES

3 LIST to that bird! His song — what poet pens it?
Brigand of birds, he's stolen every note!
Prince though of thieves — hark! how the rascal spends it!
Pours the whole forest from one tiny throat!

Learn the poem that you prefer.

## RAIN SONG

ROBERT LOVEMAN

What was the poet's purpose in writing each of these poems?

What pictures does each poet paint for you?

Which poem could the more easily be made into a song? Why? Learn the poem you prefer.

1 It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

2 It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets! —
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

## NOVEMBER NIGHT

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

3 Listen . . .
With faint dry sound,
Like steps of passing ghosts,
The leaves, frost-crisp'd, break from the trees
And fall.

## APRIL WEATHER

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Here are two poets who looked out one April day and saw and felt such exquisite things that they wanted to put them into beautiful words, so that others would see and feel, too.

What other things could you say about April Weather? Which lines seem to you to make the best pictures?

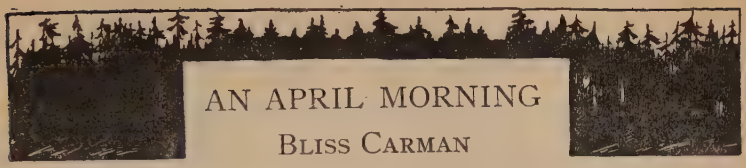
1 OH, hush my heart, and take thine ease,
For here is April weather!
The daffodils beneath the trees
Are all a-row together.

2 The thrush is back with his old note,
The scarlet tulip blowing;
And white — ay, white as my love's throat —
The dogwood boughs are glowing.

3 The lilac bush is sweet again;
Down every wind that passes,
Fly flakes from hedgerow and from lane;
The bees are in the grasses.

4 And Grief goes out, and Joy comes in,
And Care is but a feather;
And every lad his love can win,
For here is April weather.

1. Try to make up a poem of your own in which you find fault with April weather.
2. Learn the poem you like better.



## AN APRIL MORNING

BLISS CARMAN

Bliss Carman is a Canadian poet who has written some notable verse. In what ways does his poem on April suggest a country different from that in which you live?

ONCE more in misted April
The world is growing green.
Along the winding river
The plumey willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows
The looming mountains rise,
Like battlements of dreamland
Against the brooding skies.

In every wooded valley
The buds are breaking through,
As though the heart of all things
No languor ever knew.

The golden-wings [1] and blue birds
Call to their heavenly choirs,
The pines are blued and drifted
With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden
Where little breezes run,
The golden daffodillies
Are blowing in the sun.

[1] *golden-wings*, another name for the flicker.

## MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

In olden times the walls of a castle were covered with beautiful tapestries (called *arras*), in which were woven scenes of castle and meadow.

In this poem the poet may have a castle in mind. What do you think?

[1] MAY is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.

[2] May is building her house. Of petal and blade,
Of the roots of the oak, is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.
Her windows, the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

[3] May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea: out of winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,

And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

1. Find the expressions that pertain to a house and beside each put what the poet has selected from outdoors to be that thing.
2. Explain *secret looms*,[1] *wind-swayed wall*,[1] *petal and blade*,[2] *tossed and trodden gold*.[3]
3. Learn the stanza you like the best.

**Further reading.** Memorize the poem that you like the best: Browning's *Year's at the Spring*, Emerson's *Forbearance*, Keats' *Sweet Peas*, Lowell's *Dandelion*, Tennyson's *Flower in the Crannied Wall*, or Wordsworth's *Daffodils*.

## AFTERNOON ON A HILL

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

[1] I WILL be the gladdest thing
Under the sun;
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one;

[2] I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes:
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise;

[3] And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down.

## JUNE

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

Most poets love the month of June. Do you? Why do *you* love it?

Who can learn the poem first? As you read it over, you will find that it sings itself.

I KNEW that you were coming, June, I knew that you were coming!
Among the alders by the stream I heard a partridge drumming;
I heard a partridge drumming, June, a welcome with his wings,
And felt a softness in the air half Summer's and half Spring's.

I knew that you were nearing, June, I knew that you were nearing —
I saw it in the bursting buds of roses in the clearing;
The roses in the clearing, June, were blushing pink and red,
For they had heard upon the hills the echo of your tread.

I knew that you were coming, June, I knew that you were coming,
For ev'ry warbler in the wood a song of joy was humming.
I know that you are here, June, I know that you are here —
The fairy month, the merry month, the laughter of the year!

# STUDY READING

LEARNING TO ENJOY

**Essays, Declamation, Reference Reading, Textbook Articles**


| | Page |
|---|---|
| The Busy Blue Jay.....*Olive Thorne Miller* | 107 |
| Luther Burbank *Eva March Tappan* | 113 |
| The Marsh Hawk...*John Burroughs* | 120 |
| Why Oaks Follow Pines.....*Henry D. Thoreau* | 128 |
| The Keen Sight of the Indian..... | 134 |
| Stickeen.....*John Muir* | 136 |
| A Tribute to the Dog.....*George Graham Vest* | 145 |
| Foreign Plants in the United States...*H. M. Parker and H. C. Cowles* | 147 |
| The Red Ants.....*J. Henri Fabre* | 156 |
| Map Study and Statistics *Caroline W. Hotchkiss* | 164 |
| Things to do at the Library..... | 168 |


## THE BUSY BLUE JAY

### Olive Thorne Miller

Olive Thorne Miller believed in learning to know the birds by living with them. As she could not conveniently go to live with them in the trees, she invited them to live with her. She had a room in her home set aside as "The Bird Room."

In this room she kept all the birds she could get. She would sit quietly among them, reading or sewing, and thus learn their ways. That is one reason you will like this article.

Olive Thorne Miller knew how to write, too. If you are a good reader, you will be able to follow her *chain of thought;* for each paragraph has a big topic, or idea, that stands out just like a bead on a chain. The author decorates some of the beads by giving many interesting details or specific instances to emphasize the main thought.

**Remember**

*Learn to follow the chain of thought as you read.*
*Get the main idea of each paragraph.*
*Watch for details and instances that emphasize that idea.*

This drawing gives a picture of "the chain of thought" for this article. There are seventeen paragraphs, each designated by a bead. Why are certain beads alike?

A 1 One of the most interesting birds that ever lived in my Bird Room was a blue-jay named Jakie. He was full of business from morning till night, scarcely ever a moment still.

2 Poor little fellow! He had been stolen from the nest before he could fly, and reared in a house, long before he was given to me. Of course he could not be set free, for he did not know how to take care of himself.

B 3 Jays are very active birds, and being shut up in a room, my blue jay had to find things to do, to keep himself busy. If he had been allowed to grow up out of doors, he would have found plenty to do, planting acorns and nuts, nesting, and bringing up families.

4 Sometimes the things he did in the house were what we call mischief because they annoy us, such as hammering the woodwork to pieces, tearing bits out of the leaves of books, working holes in chair seats, or pounding a cardboard box to pieces. But how is a poor little bird to know what is mischief?

5 Many things which Jakie did were very funny. For instance, he made it his business to clear up the room. When he had more food than he could eat at

the moment, he did not leave it around, but put it away carefully, — not in the garbage pail, for that was not in the room, but in some safe nook where it did not offend the eye. Sometimes it was behind the tray in his cage, or among the books on the shelf. The places he liked best were about me, — in the fold of a ruffle or the loop of a bow on my dress, and sometimes in the side of my slipper. The very choicest place of all was in my loosely bound hair. That of course I could not allow, and I had to keep very close watch of him for fear I might have a bit of bread or meat thrust among my locks. In his clearing up he always went carefully over the floor, picking up pins or any little thing he could find, and I often dropped burnt matches, buttons, and other small things to give him something to do. These he would pick up and put nicely away.

C 6 Pins, Jakie took lengthwise in his beak, and at first I thought he had swallowed them, till I saw him hunt up a proper place to hide them. The place he chose was between the leaves of a book. He would push a pin far in out of sight, and then go after another. A match he always tried to put in a crack, under the base-board, between the breadths of matting, or under my rockers. He first placed it, and then tried to hammer it in out of sight. He could seldom get it in far enough to suit him, and this worried him. Then he would take it out and try another place.

7 Once the blue jay found a good match, of the parlor match variety. He put it between the breadths of matting, and then began to pound on it as usual. Pretty soon he hit the unburnt end and it went off with a loud crack, as parlor matches do. Poor Jakie jumped two feet into the air, nearly frightened out of his wits; and I was frightened, too, for I feared he might set the house on fire.

[8] Often when I got up from my chair a shower of the bird's playthings would fall from his various hiding-places about my dress, — nails, matches, shoe buttons, bread crumbs, and other things. Then he had to begin his work all over again.

[9] Jakie liked a small ball or a marble. His game was to give it a hard peck and see it roll. If it rolled away from him, he ran after it and pecked again; but sometimes it rolled toward him, and then he bounded into the air as if he thought it would bite. And what was funny, he was always offended at this conduct of the ball, and went off sulky for a while.

[D 10] He was a timid little fellow. Wind or storm outside the windows made him wild. He would fly around the room, squawking at the top of his voice; and the horrible tin horns the boys liked to blow at Thanksgiving and Christmas drove him frantic. Once I brought a Christmas tree into the room to please the birds, and all were delighted with it except my poor little blue jay, who was much afraid of it. Think of the sadness of a bird being afraid of a tree!

[11] Jakie had decided opinions about people who came into the room to see me, or to see the birds. At some persons he would squawk every moment. Others he saluted with a queer cry like "Ob-ble! ob-ble! ob-ble!" Once when a lady came in with a baby, he fixed his eyes on that infant with a savage look as if he would like to peck it, and jumped back and forth in his cage, panting, but perfectly silent.

[12] Jakie was very devoted to me. He always greeted me with a low, sweet chatter, with wings quivering, and if he were out of the cage he would come on the back of my chair and touch my cheek or lips very gently with his beak, or offer me a bit of food if he had any; and to me alone, when no one else was near, he sang a low,

exquisite song. I afterwards heard a similar song sung by a wild blue jay to his mate while she was sitting on the nest, and so I knew that my dear little captive had given me his sweetest — his love song.

[13] One of Jakie's amusements was dancing across the back of a tall chair, taking funny little steps, coming down hard, "jouncing" his body, and whistling as loud as he could. He would keep up this funny performance as long as anybody would stand before him and pretend to dance too.

[14] My jay was fond of a sensation. One of his dearest bits of fun was to drive the birds into a panic. This he did by flying furiously around the room, feathers rustling, and squawking as loud as he could. He usually managed to fly just over the head of each bird, and as he came like a catapult, every one flew before him, so that in a minute the room was full of birds flying madly about, trying to get out of his way. This gave him great pleasure.

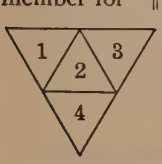
[15] Wild blue jays, too, like to stir up their neighbors. A friend told me of a small party of blue jays that she saw playing this kind of joke on a flock of birds of several kinds, — robins, catbirds, thrashers, and others. These birds were gathering the cherries on the top branches of a big cherry-tree. The jays sat quietly on another tree till the cherry-eaters were very busy eating. Then suddenly the mischievous blue rogues would all rise together and fly at them, as my pet did at the birds in the room. It had the same effect on the wild birds; they all flew into a panic. Then the joking jays would return to their tree and wait till their victims forgot their fear and came straggling back to the cherries, when they repeated the fun.

[16] Once a grasshopper got into the Bird Room, probably brought in clinging to some one's dress in the way

grasshoppers do. Jakie was in his cage, but he noticed the stranger instantly, and I opened the door for him. He went at once to look at the grasshopper, and when it hopped he was so startled that he hopped too. Then he picked the insect up, but he did not know what to do with it, so he dropped it again. Again the grasshopper jumped directly up, and again the jay did the same. This they did over and over, till every one was tired laughing at them. It looked as if they were trying to see who could jump the higher.

[17] There was another bird in the room, however, who knew what grasshoppers were good for. He was an orchard oriole, and after looking on awhile, he came and carried off the grasshopper to eat. The jay did not like to lose his plaything; he ran after the thief, and stood on the floor giving low cries and looking on while the oriole on a chair was eating the dead grasshopper. When the oriole happened to drop it, Jakie — who had got a new idea what to do with grasshoppers — snatched it up and carried it under a chair and finished it. I could tell many more stories about my bird, but I have told them before in one of my "grown-up" books, so I will not repeat them here.

**Supervised speed exercises.** *First reading.* 1. Get the main thought of each paragraph, the class beginning to read as the teacher announces the lettered section. 2. Make topics for sections *A*, *B*, *C*, and *D*. 3. See how many details or specific instances you remember for ¶¶ *4*, *5*, *6*, *8*, *9*, *10*, *11*, and *12*.




*Second rapid reading.* 4. Trace the main thought and the details for a section, as the teacher announces the letter. 5. Draw the "chain of thought"; then mark each bead in some way to show the number of important details; as, 8th bead, *nails*, *matches*, *buttons*, *crumbs*.

**Further reading.** (*a*) Olive Thorne Miller's *True Bird Stories*, *First Book of Birds*, and *Second Book of Birds;* (*b*) Aldrich's "Neighbors at Ponkapog," Riverside Reader VII, pp. 101–108.

# LUTHER BURBANK — PLANT-BREEDER

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

**Organization drill.** Have a supervised class lesson. When your teacher announces the number of the paragraph, read it rapidly to find the main thought. Experiment in summing it up until you get a sentence that suits the class. Write it on the board.

Then recall the details that were given under that main thought. Reread the paragraph to find the details that were overlooked.

Take the same procedure with the next paragraph, and so on until the 10th paragraph.

[1] LUTHER BURBANK when a young man spent some little time in his uncle's machine shop in Worcester, Massachusetts. He did not like this work so well as outdoor life, but he did his best; and his "best" was to invent a machine that enabled him, doing piece-work, to make from ten to sixteen dollars a day instead of the half-dollar that he had been receiving. Now came the struggle. He loved flowers and plants, and he felt sure that the life-work of his choice would be among them. His friends, however, were equally sure that he could become a rich inventor. Which should it be? He decided in favor of plants. He left the factory and set to work on a bit of ground belonging to his family, raising vegetables for market; but he did much more than to plant and cultivate and sell, for he studied the plants and thought about them and about what he believed they could be led to do.

[2] Among his vegetables he raised some Early Rose Potatoes. This had been an excellent potato, but it seemed to have run out. Indeed, potatoes in general were becoming so poor that some people thought there would be a potato famine before many years had passed.

The Early Rose had never been known to bear seed-balls, but one day the gardener found on a plant a single ball. Now, if the eye of a potato is planted, the same variety will be raised; but if the seed is planted, the result will be quite different. There was a chance, therefore, that he might get a much better potato than the Early Rose if he planted this seed-ball.

[3] He did; he got the famous "Burbank potato." A great deal of money was made out of it; but not by Burbank himself, for he, like Agassiz, "had not time to make money." He gave his product freely to the world. This humble potato was a princely gift; for, according to a member of the Department of Agriculture, the income of American farmers is $17,000,000 a year greater because of this plant.

[4] Luther Burbank sold his discovery to a seedsman, and with the hundred and fifty dollars that he received, he went to California. Before long his money was gone. He was sick and lonely, and the young man who, as time would prove, had given millions to the world was almost starving. A kind woman, who owned a cow, offered him a pint of milk a day, all that she could spare from her children. He refused, but she insisted, and perhaps saved his life.

[5] For a year he did any kind of work that would give him food and a place to sleep, but after a while he was able to get a bit of land to work on and carry out his idea. It was a very definite idea, namely, to make the food of the world better and more plentiful. He was not aiming at making money. "No man ever did a great work for hire," he declared in later years; but he needed money in order to carry on his work.

[6] Before long his opportunity came. A man wanted to set out a prune orchard of twenty thousand trees, and he wanted them in nine months. To grow a

prune-tree large enough to plant had always taken two or three years. Much to the surprise of the planter, the young man took the contract. He knew what he could do, and he knew what Nature would do if she were given a chance. The almond was the fastest-growing tree that would answer his purpose, so he engaged every man and boy that could be found to plant almonds. Just as soon as the young trees were large enough, he budded them with twenty thousand prune-buds. At the end of the nine months the prune-trees were ready; and the orchard is still bearing generously.

[7] At length the nursery began to pay well, and in 1893 he could count upon an income of ten thousand dollars a year. Most "level-headed" men would have advised him, as did his friends, to appreciate a good thing when he had it, and develop the business. Again he had to choose between money and work, and again he chose work, real work; for fourteen hours a day was his average working time.

[8] Just what was he doing? In the first place he was improving many of the grasses, trees, vegetables, and flowers that we already have; and in the second place, he was developing new ones. He did this by breeding; that is, by uniting plants of different species and producing new ones which were unlike them, and better. The stamens of a flower produce pollen, and the wind carries it to the pistil of some other flower, where it grows and forms seeds. Bees gathering pollen for honey get it on their wings, and when they go to the next flower, it rubs off on the pistil, and seeds are formed. Burbank got up as early as the bees and did this work before them, to combine the best qualities of various superior plants which he had selected for the purpose. The seeds were planted, and from hundreds or thousands of the plants, he selected a few, sometimes only one or two.

[9] This breeding and selecting does not sound like a particularly difficult thing to do; and — for Burbank — it was not. He seemed to have a natural understanding of plants that was lacking in other people. He could pass by five hundred with scarcely a glance, and fix upon one; and that one would be the only one for his purpose. He never worked blindly, leaving it to chance to bring forth something worth while; he always had a definite aim. He decided how a plant could be improved, and then went to work to bring the improvement to pass.

**To the student.** *Test your grasp of details at this point. Read the* 10*th paragraph and at once outline briefly on paper the* 10 *important details from memory. Then compare with the numbered sentences in* ¶ 10.

[10-1] The well-known Shasta daisy is a good illustration of his method, and of his kindly feeling for what we call "weeds." [2] "There is not a weed alive," he said, "but what will sooner or later respond to good cultivation and persistent selection." [3] The white field daisy of his Massachusetts home, hated by farmers, because it does not suit the taste of horses and cattle, seems to have been one of his favorites. [4] At any rate, he meant to see what could be done to give it a long, slender stem, much larger blossoms, and rays of the purest white. [5] The Massachusetts daisy was a vagabond; it was not easy to kill it out, as the farmers knew, and it was small. [6] In Japan there was one that also was small, but it had snow-white rays. [7] In England there was a much larger daisy with an especially strong stem. [8] These three he combined. [9] Then patiently, year after year, he watched and worked, choosing each season the flowers that came nearest to his ideal. [10] At length he was satisfied; the magnificent Shasta daisy was a success.

[11] But the work was just begun. He would not sell a new plant until he had made it as far as possible "climate-proof" and "fool-proof." It must be taught to flourish in heat and cold, and with only indifferent care. This was accomplished, and then the new Shasta daisy was ready to enter the polite world.

*Test yourself again on details*

[12-1] But many people who know about the Shasta daisy, the sweet-scented verbena, the calla lily, and the dahlia with the fragrance of the magnolia, have heard less about Burbank's more practical work. [2] He never forgot his aim to make food better and cheaper; and, as in the case of the daisy, he would send all over the world, if necessary, for plants that possessed the qualities needed. [3] The results are marvels. [4] From the hardy little beach-plum, bitter and worthless unless cooked, he produced a large, sweet, rich plum without bitterness, and as ready as the beach-plum to grow in any soil, no matter how poor. [5] He grew plums without stones; a canning cherry which thoughtfully leaves its stone on the tree; a quince with the flavor of a pineapple, and mellow enough to be eaten raw; corn which bears many ears instead of one or two. [6] He increased the size and improved the quality of several kinds of nuts and almonds. [7] He showed plants how to do their work better and faster and how to do more of it. [8] Cherries can now be raised several weeks earlier than formerly. [9] His cross between an English walnut and a California walnut resulted in a tree that produces about twelve times as much timber, — valuable hard wood, — as either of its ancestors could have done in the same time, to say nothing of the great yield of nuts. [10] He persuaded the chestnut-tree to bear nuts when only a year and a half old.

[13] Burbank also removed briars and prickles, and made even the thorny cactus an agreeable member of society. It was juicy, an excellent food, and it was happy growing in the hot, rainless desert; but it was covered with thorns. No one who has ever had the experience will forget how it feels to take hold of a cactus by mistake. Burbank chose a species which had thorns without number and leaves containing so much woody fiber that they were not very digestible. On the other hand, it would grow in the heat of the desert, and would also endure quite severe frosts. With this he crossed a cactus of fewer thorns, another of less woody fiber, and so on. He bred and selected until he had a thornless cactus which is a rich food for cattle. Its fruit is of a delicious flavor and may be eaten fresh or preserved. Moreover, it will grow freely on desert land.

*Before you read further, outline what you think are Luther Burbank's most important accomplishments, basing your opinion on your reading up to this point.*

[14] Burbank was once asked what he considered his most important accomplishment. He replied thoughtfully:

"[14-1] THE 'Burbank' potato was the first thing which I introduced, but not by any means the most important, although there have already been enough of these raised to load a freight train to reach fourteen thousand miles. [2] Yet the forty new kinds of plums which I have introduced and which are shipped by the million boxes East each season, and my new commercial grasses, grains, vegetables, trees, berries, and hundreds of other things are of infinitely greater importance than the potato. [3] Among such a multitude it is impossible to tell which is the most important; in fact, it may take fifty years yet

to decide. [4] But I can tell you, very plainly and very briefly, just what my most important work has been. [5] It is simply this: that I have educated the world to the fact that plants are pliable and amenable to the will of man and can be improved beyond the dreams of any of the older growers, thus making it possible for millions to inhabit the earth where only thousands could before."

[15] If Burbank had handled his creations solely to make money, he would have been a multimillionaire, but he would not have been what he would call a successful man; that is, a man who aims to do, as the old saying puts it, "all the good you can to all the people you can."

[16] During Burbank's lifetime, everyone who went to California wanted to see his grounds, and even more to see him. Many of them he would have been glad to meet, but, like Edison, he felt that special talents had been given to him, and his time must be devoted to his work. His cards of refusal, however, explained so courteously and regretfully why he could not admit visitors or grant requests for interviews that they could never leave a sting.

**Discussion.** 1. What occupations have profited from Luther Burbank's experiments? 2. Find instances that show that Burbank is a true scientist.

**Further reading.** (*a*) Look in *Poole's Index* and the *Readers' Guide* to get other facts about Burbank from the magazines; and in *Who's Who* and an *encyclopedia* for facts from books.

(*b*) Select five plants and look up for each the color, size, shape, locality, and time of flowering. Consult the following or similar books:

**Dana, Mrs. W. S.** *How to Know the Wild Flowers.*

"Arranging the flowers according to color, Mrs. Dana gives brief, interesting descriptions of over 400 varieties that will enable a boy or girl to recognize the wild flowers readily."

**Dana, Mrs. W. S.** *Plants and Their Children.*

"A readable book of information concerning fruits, and seeds, plants, roots, and stems, buds, leaves, and flowers, written in attractive style, and well-indexed for reference use."

# THE MARSH HAWK

JOHN BURROUGHS

**Reference lesson before reading.** Find a scientific description of the marsh hawk in an encyclopedia or book on birds (see page 127), and compare it with this.

Read to find out whether the author's purpose in this essay was to present a scientific account of the marsh hawk or to make you acquainted with an interesting bird? Give your reasons.

[1] MOST country boys know the marsh hawk. It is he you see flying low over the fields, beating about bushes and marshes and dipping over the fences, with his attention directed to the ground beneath him. He is a cat on wings. He keeps so low that the birds and mice do not see him till he is fairly upon them. The hen-hawk swoops down upon the meadow-mouse from his position high in air, or from the top of a dead tree; but the marsh hawk stalks him and comes suddenly upon him from over a fence, or from behind a low bush or tuft of grass. He is nearly as large as the hen-hawk, but has a much longer tail. When I was a boy I used to call him the long-tailed hawk. The male is of a bluish slate-color; the female reddish-brown, like the hen-hawk, with a white rump.

[2] Unlike the other hawks, they nest on the ground in low, thick marshy places. For several seasons a pair have nested in a bushy marsh a few miles back of me, near the house of a farmer friend of mine, who has a keen eye for the wild life about him. Two years ago he found the nest, but when I got over to see it the next week, it had been robbed, probably by some boys of the neighborhood. The past season, in April or May, by watching the mother bird, he found the nest again.

It was in a marshy place, several acres in extent, in the bottom of a valley, and thickly grown with hardhack, prickly ash, smilax, and other low thorny bushes. My friend took me to the brink of a low hill, and pointed out to me in the marsh below us, as nearly as he could, just where the nest was located. Then we crossed the pasture, entered upon the marsh, and made our way cautiously toward it. The wild, thorny growths, waist-high, had to be carefully dealt with. As we neared the spot, I used my eyes the best I could, but I did not see the hawk till she sprang into the air not ten yards from us. She went screaming upward, and was soon sailing in a circle far above us. There, on a coarse matting of twigs and weeds, lay five snow-white eggs, a little more than half as large as hens' eggs. My companion said the male hawk would probably soon appear and join the female, but he did not. She kept drifting away to the east, and was soon gone from our sight.

[3] We presently withdrew and secreted ourselves behind the stone wall, in hopes of seeing the mother hawk return. She appeared in the distance, but seemed to know she was being watched, and kept away.

[4] About ten days later we made another visit to the nest. An adventurous young Chicago lady also wanted to see a hawk's nest, and so accompanied us. This time three of the eggs were hatched, and as the mother hawk sprang up, either by accident or intentionally she threw two of the young hawks some feet from the nest. She rose up and screamed angrily. Then, turning toward us, she came like an arrow straight at the young lady, a bright plume in whose hat probably drew her fire. The damsel gathered up her skirts about her and beat a hasty retreat. Hawks were not so pretty as she thought they were. A large hawk launched at one's face from high in the air is calculated to make one a

little nervous. It is such a fearful incline down which the bird comes, and she is aiming exactly toward your eye. When within about thirty feet of you, she turns upward with a rushing sound, and, mounting higher, falls toward you again. She is only firing blank cartridges, as it were; but it usually has the desired effect, and beats the enemy off.

[5] In about a week I paid another visit to the hawk's nest. The eggs were all hatched, and the mother bird was hovering near. I shall never forget the curious expression of those young hawks sitting there on the ground. The expression was not one of youth, but of extreme age. Such an ancient, infirm look as they had, — the sharp, dark, and shrunken look about the face and eyes, and their feeble, tottering motions! They sat upon their elbows and the hind part of their bodies, and their pale, withered legs and feet extended before them in the most helpless fashion. Their angular bodies were covered with a pale yellowish down, like that of a chicken; their heads had a plucked, seedy appearance; and their long, strong, naked wings hung down by their sides till they touched the ground: power and ferocity in the first rude draught, shorn of everything but its sinister ugliness. Another curious thing was the gradation of the young in size, they tapered down regularly from the first to the fifth, as if there had been, as probably there was, an interval of a day or two between the hatchings.

[6] The two older ones showed signs of fear on our approach, and one of them threw himself upon his back, and put up his impotent legs, and glared at us with open beak. The two smaller ones regarded us not at all. Neither of the parent birds appeared during our stay.

[7] When I visited the nest again, eight or ten days later, the birds were much grown, but of as marked

difference in size as before, and with the same look of extreme old age, — old age in men of the aquiline type, nose and chin coming together, and eyes large and sunken. They now glared upon us with a wild, savage look, and opened their beaks threateningly.

[8] The next week, when my friend visited the nest, the larger of the hawks fought him savagely. But one of the brood, probably the last to hatch, had made but little growth. It appeared to be on the point of starvation. The mother hawk (for the male seemed to have disappeared) had perhaps found her family too large for her, and was deliberately allowing one of the number to perish; or did the larger and stronger young devour all the food before the weaker member could obtain any? Probably this was the case.

[9] Arthur brought the feeble nestling away, and the same day my little boy got it and brought it home, wrapped in a woolen rag. It was clearly a starved bantling. It cried feebly but would not lift up its head.

[10] We first poured some warm milk down its throat, which soon revived it, so that it would swallow small bits of flesh. In a day or two we had it eating ravenously, and its growth became noticeable. Its voice had the sharp whistling character of that of its parents, and was stilled only when the bird was asleep. We made a pen for it, about a yard square, in one end of the study, covering the floor with several thicknesses of newspapers; and here, upon a bit of brown woolen blanket for a nest, the hawk waxed strong day by day. An uglier-looking pet, tested by all the rules we usually apply to such things, would have been hard to find. There he would sit upon his elbows, his helpless feet out in front of him, his great featherless wings touching the floor, and shrilly cry for more food. For a time we gave him water daily from a stylograph-pen filler, but the

water he evidently did not need or relish. Fresh meat, and plenty of it, was his demand. And we soon discovered that he liked game, such as mice, squirrels, birds, much better than butcher's meat.

[11] Then began a lively campaign on the part of my little boy against all the vermin and small game in the neighborhood, to keep the hawk supplied. He trapped and hunted, he enlisted his mates in his service, he even robbed the cats to feed the hawk. His usefulness as a boy of all work was seriously impaired. "Where is J—— ?" "Gone after a squirrel for his hawk." And often the day would be half gone before his hunt was successful. The premises were very soon cleared of mice, and the vicinity of chipmunks and squirrels. Farther and farther he was compelled to hunt the surrounding farms and woods to keep up with the demands of the hawk. By the time the hawk was ready to fly, it had consumed twenty-one chipmunks, fourteen red squirrels, sixteen mice, and twelve English sparrows, besides a great deal of butcher's meat.

[12] His plumage very soon began to show itself, crowding off tufts of the down. The quills on his great wings sprouted and grew apace. What a ragged, uncanny appearance he presented! But his look of extreme age gradually became modified. What a lover of sunlight he was! We would put him out upon the grass in the full blaze of the morning sun, and he would spread his wings and bask in it with the most intense enjoyment. In the nest the young must be exposed to the full power of the midday sun during our first heated terms in June and July, the thermometer often going up to ninety-three or ninety-five degrees, so that sunshine seemed to be a need of his nature. He liked the rain equally well, and when put out in a shower would sit down and take it as if every drop did him good.

[13] His legs developed nearly as slowly as his wings. He could not stand steadily upon them till about ten days before he was ready to fly. The talons were limp and feeble. When we came with food, he would hobble along toward us like the worst kind of cripple, drooping and moving his wings, and treading upon his legs from the foot back to the elbow, the foot remaining closed and useless. Like a baby learning to stand, he made many trials before he succeeded. He would rise up on his trembling legs only to fall back again.

[14] One day, in the summer-house, I saw him for the first time stand for a moment squarely upon his legs with the feet fully spread beneath them. He looked about him as if the world suddenly wore a new aspect.

[15] His plumage now grew quite rapidly. One red squirrel a day, chopped fine with an axe, was his ration. He began to hold his game with his foot while he tore it. The study was full of his shed down. His dark-brown mottled plumage began to grow beautiful. The wings drooped a little, but gradually he got control of them and held them in place.

[16] It was now the 20th of July, and the hawk was about five weeks old. In a day or two he was walking or jumping about the grounds. He chose a position under the edge of a Norway spruce, where he would sit for hours dozing, or looking out upon the landscape. When we brought him game, he would advance to meet us with wings slightly lifted, and uttering a shrill cry. Toss him a mouse or sparrow, and he would seize it with one foot and hop off to his cover, where he would bend above it, spread his plumage, look this way and that, uttering all the time the most exultant and satisfied chuckle.

[17] About this time he began to practice striking with his talons, as an Indian boy might begin practicing with

his bow and arrow. He would strike at a dry leaf in the grass, or at a fallen apple, or at some imaginary object. He was learning the use of his weapons. His wings also, — he seemed to feel them sprouting from his shoulders. He would lift them straight up and hold them expanded, and they would seem to quiver with excitement. Every hour in the day he would do this. The pressure was beginning to center there. Then he would strike playfully at a leaf or a bit of wood, and keep his wings lifted.

[18] The next step was to spring into the air and beat his wings. He seemed now to be thinking entirely of his wings. They itched to be put to use.

[19] A day or two later he would leap and fly several feet. A pile of brush ten or twelve feet below the bank was easily reached. Here he would perch in true hawk fashion, to the bewilderment and scandal of all the robins and catbirds in the vicinity. Here he would dart his eye in all directions, turning his head over and glancing up into the sky.

[20] He was now a lovely creature, fully fledged, and as tame as a kitten. But he was not a bit like a kitten in one respect, — he could not bear to have you stroke or even touch his plumage. He had a horror of your hand, as if it would hopelessly defile him. But he would perch upon it, and allow you to carry him about. If a dog or cat appeared, he was ready to give battle instantly. He rushed up to a little dog one day, and struck him with his foot savagely. He was afraid of strangers, and of any unusual object.

[21] The last week in July he began to fly quite freely, and it was necessary to clip one of his wings. As the clipping embraced only the ends of his primaries, he soon overcame the difficulty, and, by carrying his broad, long tail more on that side, flew with considerable

ease. He made longer and longer excursions into the surrounding fields and vineyards, and did not always return. On such occasions we would go to find him and fetch him back.

[22] Late one rainy afternoon he flew away into the vineyard, and when, an hour later, I went after him, he could not be found, and we never saw him again. We hoped hunger would soon drive him back, but we have had no clew to him from that day to this.

**Rapid scanning.** 1. About how long were the birds in the nest? Find the time records for the different visits to the nest. 2. Find the phrase that will help you to tell the date of the bird's birthday.

**Discussion.** 1. Compare the babyhood of this hawk with a real baby's babyhood. What points of resemblance? of difference? 2. Show that John Burroughs not only has the true scientific spirit as a naturalist but also ability to write entertainingly. 3. Compare this young bird with the busy blue jay on pages 107 to 112. 4. Sum up this whole story in one sentence.

**Oral reading.** Select the paragraphs that give descriptions of the hawk and practice reading them aloud to make the class *see* the pictures. After a paragraph is read aloud, have a pupil describe what he has seen after listening to the reading. Then glance through the paragraph to see whether he saw all the details.

**Further reading.** Become intimately acquainted with sources of information:

**Blanchan, Neltje.** *Birds that Every Child Should Know.*

Describes about 100 species.

**Burroughs, John.** *Birds and Bees.*

Delightful essays with intimate pictures of outdoor life.

**Chapman, F. M.** *Our Winter Birds.*

"Interestingly written information about permanent residents and winter visitants under the headings Home Birds, Field Birds, and Forest Birds of the Northeastern United States. Small but very clear colored plates."

**Chapman, F. M.** *The Travels of Birds.*

"Chapters on First Flights, The Birds' Air Line, Day Flyers, Night Flyers, etc., with excellent charts on the migration of certain birds."

**Verrill, A. H.** *Pets for Pleasure and Profit*, pp. 160–320.

"Practical directions for the care of many animals, some of which are not commonly thought of as pets. Gives diagrams of cages, hutches, etc."

**Beard, D. C.** *American Boy's Handy Book*, pp. 232–37 (taxidermy).

**Mosely, E. L.** *Trees, Stars, and Birds.*

# WHY OAKS FOLLOW PINES

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

**Reference lesson before reading.** Look up Thoreau in an encyclopædia or other reference book and find answers to the following questions:

1. Where did Thoreau get his information?
2. How did he get it?

Then you will understand better why his opinion is respected.

Follow his line of argument, as you read this:

[1] I HAVE often been asked if I could tell how it happened, that when a pine wood was cut down, an oak one commonly sprang up, and *vice versa.* To which I have answered that I can tell, — that it is no mystery to me. As I am not aware that this has been clearly shown by any one, I shall lay the more stress on this point. Let me lead you back into your wood-lots again.

[2] When, hereabouts, a single forest tree or a forest springs up naturally where none of its kind grew before, I do not hesitate to say that it came from a seed. Of the various ways by which trees are known to be propagated, — by transplanting, cuttings, and the like, — this is the only supposable one under these circumstances. No such tree has ever been known to spring from anything else. If any one asserts that it sprang from something else, or from nothing, the burden of proof lies with him.

[3] It remains, then, only to show how the seed is transported from where it grows to where it is planted. This is done chiefly by the agency of the winds, water, and animals. The lighter seeds, as those of pines and maples, are transported chiefly by wind and water; the heavier, as acorns and nuts, by animals.

[4] In all the pines, a very thin membrane, in appearance much like an insect's wing, grows over and around the seed, and independent of it. In other words, a beautiful thin sack is woven around the seed, with a handle to it such as the wind can take hold of, and it is then committed to the wind, expressly that it may transport the seed and extend the range of the species; and this it does as effectually as when seeds are sent by mail. There is a post office at the seat of government of the universe, whose managers are as much interested in the dispersion of seeds as anybody at Washington can be, and their operations are infinitely more extensive and regular.

[5] There is then no necessity for supposing that the pines have sprung from nothing, and I know that I am not peculiar in asserting that they come from seeds, though the mode of their propagation *by nature* has been but little attended to. They are very extensively raised from the seed in Europe, and are beginning to be here.

[6] When you cut down an oak wood, a pine wood will not *at once* spring up there unless there are, or have been, quite recently, seed-bearing pines near enough for the seeds to be blown from them. But, adjacent to a forest of pines, if you prevent other crops from growing there, you will surely have an extension of your pine forest, provided the soil is suitable.

[7] As for the heavy seeds and nuts which are not furnished with wings, the notion is still a very common one that, when the trees which bear these spring up where none of their kind were noticed before, they have come from seeds or other principles spontaneously generated there in an unusual manner, or which have lain dormant in the soil for centuries, or perhaps been called into activity by the heat of a burning. I do not believe these

assertions, and I will state some of the ways in which, according to my observation, such forests are planted and raised.

[8] Every one of these seeds, too, will be found to be winged or legged in another fashion. Surely it is not wonderful that cherry trees of all kinds are widely dispersed, since their fruit is well known to be the favorite food of various birds. Many kinds are called bird cherries, and they appropriate many more kinds, which are not so called. Eating cherries is a birdlike employment, and unless we disperse the seeds occasionally, as they do, I shall think that the birds have the best right to them. See how artfully the seed of a cherry is placed in order that a bird may be compelled to transport it — in the very midst of a tempting pericarp, so that the creature that would devour this must commonly take the stone also into its mouth or bill. If you ever ate a cherry and did not make two bites of it, you must have perceived it — right in the center of the luscious morsel, a large earthly residuum left on the tongue. We thus take into our mouths cherry stones as big as peas, a dozen at once, for Nature can persuade us to do almost anything when she would compass her ends. Some wild men and children instinctively swallow these, as the birds do when in a hurry, it being the shortest way to get rid of them. Thus, though these seeds are not provided with vegetable wings, Nature has impelled the thrush tribe to take them into their bills and fly away with them; and they are winged in another sense, and more effectually than the seeds of pines, for these are carried even against the wind. The consequence is, that cherry trees grow not only here but there. The same is true of a great many other seeds.

[9] But to come to the observation which suggested these remarks. As I have said, I suspect that I can

throw some light on the fact, that when hereabouts a dense pine wood is cut down, oaks and other hard woods may at once take its place. I have got only to show that the acorns and nuts, provided they are grown in the neighborhood, are regularly planted in such woods; for I assert that if an oak tree has not grown within ten miles, and man has not carried acorns thither, then an oak wood will not spring up *at once*, when a pine wood is cut down.

[10] Apparently, there were only pines there before. They are cut off, and after a year or two you see oaks and other hard woods springing up there, with scarcely a pine amid them, and the wonder commonly is, how the seed could have laid in the ground so long without decaying. But the truth is, that it has not lain in the ground so long, but is regularly planted each year by various quadrupeds and birds.

[11] In this neighborhood, where oaks and pines are about equally dispersed, if you look through the thickest pine wood, even the seemingly unmixed pitch-pine ones, you will commonly detect many little oaks, birches, and other hard woods, sprung from seeds carried into the thicket by squirrels and other animals, and also blown thither, but which are overshadowed and choked by the pines. The denser the evergreen wood, the more likely it is to be well planted with such seeds, because the planters incline to resort with their forage to the closest covert. They also carry it into birch and other woods. This planting is carried on annually, and the oldest seedlings annually die; but when the pines are cleared off, the oaks, having got just the start they want, and now secured favorable conditions, immediately spring up to trees.

[12] The shade of a dense pine wood is more unfavorable to the springing up of pines of the same species than of

oaks within it, though the former may come up abundantly when the pines are cut, if there chances to be sound seed in the ground.

[13] But when you cut off a lot of hard wood, very often the little pines mixed with it have a similar start, for the squirrels have carried off the nuts to the pines, and not to the more open wood, and they commonly make pretty clean work of it; and moreover, if the wood was old, the sprouts will be feeble or entirely fail; to say nothing about the soil being, in a measure, exhausted for this kind of crop.

[14] If a pine wood is surrounded by a white oak one chiefly, white oaks may be expected to succeed when the pines are cut. If it is surrounded instead by an edging of scrub oaks, then you will probably have a dense scrub-oak thicket.

[15] I have no time to go into details, but will say, in a word, that while the wind is conveying the seeds of pines into hard woods and open lands, the squirrels and other animals are conveying the seeds of oaks and walnuts into the pine woods, and thus a rotation of crops is kept up.

[16] On the 24th of September, in 1857, as I was paddling down the Assabet, in this town, I saw a red squirrel run along the bank under some herbage, with something large in its mouth. It stopped near the foot of a hemlock, within a couple of rods of me, and, hastily pawing a hole with its forefeet, dropped its booty into it, covered it up, and retreated part way up the trunk of the tree. As I approached the shore to examine the deposit, the squirrel, descending part way, betrayed no little anxiety about its treasure, and made two or three motions to recover it before it finally retreated. Digging there, I found two green pignuts joined together, with the thick husks on, buried about an inch and a

half under the reddish soil of decayed hemlock leaves — just the right depth to plant it. In short, this squirrel was then engaged in accomplishing two objects, to wit, laying up a store of winter food for itself, and planting a hickory wood for all creation. If the squirrel was killed, or neglected its deposit, a hickory would spring up. The nearest hickory tree was twenty rods distant. These nuts were there still just fourteen days later, but were gone when I looked again, November 21, or six weeks later still.

[17] I have since examined more carefully several dense woods, which are said to be, and are apparently exclusively pine, and always with the same result. For instance, I walked the same day to a small but very dense and handsome white pine grove, about fifteen rods square, in the east part of this town. The trees are large for Concord, being from ten to twenty inches in diameter, and as exclusively pine as any wood that I know. Indeed, I selected this wood because I thought it the least likely to contain anything else. It stands on an open plain or pasture, except that it adjoins another small pine wood, which has a few little oaks in it, on the southeast side. On every other side it was at least thirty rods from the nearest woods. Standing on the edge of this grove and looking through it, for it is quite level and free from underwood, for the most part bare, red-carpeted ground, you would have said that there was not a hard-wood tree in it, young or old. But on looking carefully along over its floor I discovered, though it was not till my eye had got used to the search, that, alternating with thin ferns and small blueberry bushes, there was, not merely here and there, but as often as every five feet and with a degree of regularity, a little oak, from three to twelve inches high, and in one place I found a green acorn dropped beneath a pine.

[18] I confess, I was surprised to find my theory so perfectly proved in this case. One of the principal agents in this planting, the red squirrels, were all the while curiously inspecting me, while I was inspecting their plantation. Some of the little oaks had been browsed by cows, which resorted to this wood for shade.

[19] After seven or eight years, the hard woods evidently find such a locality unfavorable to their growth, the pines being allowed to stand. As an evidence of this, I observed a diseased red maple twenty-five feet long, which had been recently prostrated, though it was still covered with green leaves, the only maple in any position in the wood.

[20] But although these oaks almost invariably die if the pines are not cut down, it is probable that they do better for a few years under their shelter than they would anywhere else.

**Further reading.** Look up trees in your locality.
**Keeler, H. L.** *Our Native Trees and How to Identify Them.*
**Lounsberry, Alice.** *Guide to the Trees.*
**Matthews, F. S.** *Familiar Trees and Leaves.*
**Pack, Charles.** *School Book of Forestry.*
**Smith, Edith Lillian.** *Everyday Science Projects.* Chapter v, Trees.

## THE KEEN SIGHT OF THE INDIAN

Read the following account as rapidly as you can, but try to see exactly what happened:

[1] An Indian once gave some hunters a piece of fine venison. The hunters hung the venison up in their camp as they were about to go hunting. "When we return we shall have a fine feast," they said.

[2] They were gone for some time, and returning tired and hungry they talked of how good the venison would taste. What was their dismay to find the door broken open and the venison gone!

[3] As they were talking of their loss the Indian appeared.

"Your venison has been stolen by a man who drove a very old horse, lame in the left forefoot, blind in the right eye and with most of his teeth gone. He was here but a short time ago," said the Indian, "and he drove away to the north."

[4] "If you saw the thief driving away why did you not stop him and make him return the venison?" asked the hunters.

[5] "I did not see him," said the Indian. When they looked at him in surprise, he said: "I know about the thief by the signs. That a man and a horse have been here you can tell by the tracks. That the horse was alone some time you can see as he cropped the grass. I know he must have been blind in the right eye as he cropped dry grass on the left side of the road while the sweet juicy grass at the right side of the road he left untouched."

[6] "And how do you know that the horse was lame in the left forefoot?" asked the hunter.

[7] "That I know," replied the Indian, "from the tracks. You can see how the track of the left forefoot is deeper than the others. By the freshness of the tracks I can tell that the thief was but lately here. By the tracks also I know that the direction taken by the horse was north."

[8] "Then let us quickly follow," said the hunters.

[9] The hunters and the Indian soon came up with a man driving an old horse such as the Indian had described; and thanks to the keen sight of the Indian the venison was recovered and the hunters had their feast after all.

**Discussion.** What things are distinguishing marks in people?

# STICKEEN

## John Muir

**Reference lesson before reading.** You should know something both about glaciers and about John Muir before reading this story in order to get the most pleasure and understanding out of it. Therefore, look up: —

1. *John Muir.* Find what his great work was. Is this story likely to be a true picture of glaciers? Why?

2. *Glaciers.* Find how they are formed and what they look like.

The exciting experience related here happened when John Muir, with Mr. Young and Hunter Joe, was exploring Alaska. It is a story to be read thoughtfully.

A [1] At length our way was barred by a very wide and straight crevasse, which I traced rapidly northward a mile or so without finding a crossing; then down the glacier about as far, to where it united with another uncrossable crevasse. In all this distance of perhaps two miles there was only one place where I could possibly jump it, but the width of this jump was the utmost I dared attempt, while the danger of slipping on the farther side was so great that I was loath to try it. Furthermore, the side I was on was about a foot higher than the other, and even with this advantage the crevasse seemed dangerously wide.

[2] One is likely to underestimate the width of crevasses where the magnitudes in general are great. I therefore stared at this one mighty keenly, estimating its width and the shape of the edge on the farther side, until I thought that I could jump it if necessary. A cautious mountaineer seldom takes a step on dangerous unknown ground which he cannot retrace in case he should be stopped by unseen obstacles ahead. This is the rule of mountaineers who live long, and, though in haste, I

compelled myself to sit down and calmly deliberate before I broke it.

[3] Retracing my devious path in imagination as if it were drawn on a chart, I saw that I was recrossing the glacier a mile or two farther upstream than the course pursued in the morning, and that I was now entangled in a section I had not before seen. Should I risk the dangerous jump, or try to regain the woods on the west shore, make a fire, and have only hunger to endure while waiting for a new day: I had already crossed so broad a stretch of dangerous ice that I saw it would be difficult to get back to the woods through the storm, before dark, and the attempt would most likely result in a dismal night-dance on the glacier; while just beyond the present barrier the surface seemed more promising, and the east shore was now perhaps about as near as the west. I was therefore eager to go on. But this wide jump was a dreadful obstacle.

**To the student.** *Pause here a moment and put yourself in the author's position. Review his line of reasoning.*

B [4] At length, because of the dangers already behind me, I determined to venture against those that might be ahead, jumped and landed well, but with so little to spare that I more than ever dreaded being compelled to take that jump back from the lower side. Stickeen followed, making nothing of it, and we ran eagerly forward, hoping we were leaving all our troubles behind. But within the distance of a few hundred yards we were stopped by the widest crevasse yet encountered. Of course, I made haste to explore it, hoping all might yet be remedied by finding a bridge or a way around either end. About three-fourths of a mile upstream I found that it united with the one we had just crossed, as I feared it would. Then, tracing it down, I found it joined the same crevasse at the lower end also, maintaining

throughout its whole course a width of forty to fifty feet. Thus to my dismay I discovered that we were on a narrow island about two miles long, with two barely possible ways of escape: one back by the way we came, the other ahead by an almost inaccessible sliver-bridge, that crossed the great crevasse from near the middle!

[5] After this nerve-trying discovery I ran back to the sliver-bridge and cautiously examined it. Crevasses, caused by strains from variations in the rate of motion of different parts of the glacier and convexities in the channel, are mere cracks when they first open, so narrow as hardly to admit the blade of a pocket-knife, and gradually widen according to the extent of the strain and the depth of the glacier. Now some of these cracks are interrupted, like the cracks in wood, and in opening, the strip of ice between overlapping ends is dragged out, and may maintain a continuous connection between the sides, just as the two sides of a slivered crack in wood that is being split are connected. Some crevasses remain open for months or even years, and by the melting of their sides continue to increase in width long after the opening strain has ceased; while the sliver-bridges, level on top at first and perfectly safe, are at length melted to thin, vertical, knife-edged blades, the upper portion being most exposed to the weather; and since the exposure is greatest in the middle, they at length curve downward like the cables of suspension bridges.

[6] This one was evidently very old, for it had been weathered and wasted until it was the most dangerous and inaccessible that ever lay in my way. The width of the crevasse here was about fifty feet, and the sliver crossing diagonally was about seventy feet long; its thin knife-edge near the middle was depressed twenty-five or thirty feet below the level of the glacier, and the up-curving ends were attached to the sides eight or ten feet

below the brink. Getting down the nearly vertical wall to the end of the sliver and up the other side were the main difficulties, and they seemed all but insurmountable. Of the many perils encountered in my years of wandering on mountains and glaciers none seemed so plain and stern and merciless as this. And it was presented when we were wet to the skin and hungry, the sky dark with quick driving snow, and the night near. But we were forced to face it.

*Have you pictured this "sliver-bridge" as you read? Try to make a drawing to show what it is. Review how it was formed. If you cannot remember look back and re-read. How do you think he will cross it?*

C 7 Beginning, not immediately above the sunken end of the bridge, but a little to one side, I cut a deep hollow on the brink for my knees to rest in. Then, leaning over, with my short-handled axe I cut a step sixteen or eighteen inches below, which on account of the sheerness of the wall was necessarily shallow. That step, however, was well made; its floor sloped slightly inward and formed a good hold for my heels. Then, slipping cautiously upon it, and crouching as low as possible, with my left side toward the wall, I steadied myself against the wind with my left hand in a slight notch, while with the right I cut other similar steps and notches in succession, guarding against losing balance by glinting of the axe, or by wind-gusts, for life and death were in every stroke and in the niceness of finish of every foothold.

8 After the end of the bridge was reached, I chipped it down until I had made a level platform six or eight inches wide, and it was a trying thing to poise on this slippery platform while bending over to get safely astride of the sliver. Crossing was then comparatively easy by chipping off the sharp edge with short, careful strokes, and hitching forward an inch or two at a time,

keeping my balance with my knees pressed against the sides. The tremendous abyss on either hand I studiously ignored. To me the edge of that blue sliver was then all the world.

[9] But the most trying part of the adventure, after working my way across inch by inch and chipping another small platform, was to rise from the safe position astride and to cut a step-ladder in the nearly vertical face of the wall, — chipping, climbing, holding on with feet and fingers in mere notches. At such times one's body is eye, and common skill and fortitude are replaced by power beyond our knowledge. Never before had I been so long under deadly strain. How I got up that cliff I never could tell. The thing seemed to have been done by somebody else. I never have held death in contempt, though in the course of my explorations I have oftentimes felt that to meet one's fate on a noble mountain, or in the heart of a glacier, would be blessed as compared with death from disease, or accident.

*Which of these things do you think was hardest to do?*

D [10] But poor Stickeen, the wee, hairy, sleekit beastie, think of him! When I had decided to dare the bridge, and while I was on my knees chipping a hollow on the rounded brow above it, he came behind me, pushed his head past my shoulder, looked down and across, scanned the sliver and its approaches with his mysterious eyes, then looked me in the face with a startled air of surprise and concern, and began to mutter and whine; saying as plainly as if speaking with words,

"Surely, you are not going into that awful place."

[11] This was the first time I had seen him gaze deliberately into a crevasse, or into my face with an eager, speaking, troubled look. That he should have recognized and appreciated the danger at first glance showed wonderful sagacity. Never before had the daring

midget seemed to know that ice was slippery or that there was any such thing as danger anywhere. His looks and tones of voice when he began to complain and speak his fears were so human that I unconsciously talked to him in sympathy as I would to a frightened boy, and in trying to calm his fears perhaps in some measure moderated my own.

[12] "Hush your fears, my boy," I said, "we will get across safely though it is not going to be easy. No right way is easy in this rough world. We must risk our lives to save them. At the worst we can only slip, and then how grand a grave we shall have!"

[13] But my sermon was far from reassuring him: he began to cry, and after taking another piercing look at the tremendous gulf, ran away in desperate excitement, seeking some other crossing. By the time he got back, baffled of course, I had made a step or two. I dared not look back, but he made himself heard; and when he saw that I was certainly bent on crossing he cried aloud in despair. The danger was enough to daunt anybody, but it seems wonderful that he should have been able to weigh and appreciate it so justly. No mountaineer could have seen it more quickly or judged it more wisely, discriminating between real and apparent peril.

[14] When I gained the other side, he screamed louder than ever, and after running back and forth in vain search for a way of escape, he would return to the brink of the crevasse above the bridge, moaning and wailing as if in the bitterness of death. I shouted encouragement, telling him the bridge was not so bad as it looked, that I had left it flat and safe for his feet, and he could walk it easily. But he was afraid to try. Strange so small an animal should be capable of such big, wise fears. I called again and again in a reassuring tone to come on and fear nothing; that he could come if he would only

try. He would hush for a moment, look down again at the bridge, and shout his unshakable conviction that he could never, never come that way; then lie back in despair, as if howling, "O-o-oh! what a place! No-o-o, I can never go-o-o down there!"

15 His natural composure and courage had vanished utterly in a tumultuous storm of fear. Had the danger been less, his distress would have seemed ridiculous. But in this dismal, merciless abyss lay the shadow of death, and his heartrending cries might well have called Heaven to his help. Perhaps they did. So hidden before, he was now transparent, and one could see the workings of his heart and mind like the movements of a clock out of its case. His voice and gestures, hopes and fears, were so perfectly human that none could mistake them; while he seemed to understand every word of mine. I was troubled at the thought of having to leave him out all night, and of the danger of not finding him in the morning. It seemed impossible to get him to venture. To compel him to try through fear of being abandoned, I started off as if leaving him to his fate, and disappeared back of a hummock; but this did no good; he only lay down and moaned in utter hopeless misery. So, after hiding a few minutes, I went back to the brink of the crevasse and in a severe tone of voice shouted across to him that now I must certainly leave him, I could wait no longer, and that, if he would not come, all I could promise was that I would return to seek him next day. I warned him that if he went back to the woods the wolves would kill him, and finished by urging him once more by words and gestures to come on, come on.

*Look back over section* **D** *and find all the ways in which Stickeen seemed almost human.*

**E** 16 He knew very well what I meant, and at last with the courage of despair, hushed and breathless, he

crouched down on the brink in the hollow I had made for my knees, pressed his body against the ice as if trying to get the advantage of the friction of every hair, gazed into the first step, put his little feet together and slid them slowly, slowly over the edge and down into it, bunching all four in it and almost standing on his head. Then, without lifting his feet, as well as I could see through the snow, he slowly worked them over the edge of the step and down into the next and the next in succession in the same way, and gained the end of the bridge. Then, lifting his feet with the regularity and slowness of the vibrations of a seconds pendulum, as if counting and measuring *one-two-three*, holding himself steady against the gusty wind, and giving separate attention to each little step, he gained the foot of the cliff, while I was on my knees leaning over to give him a lift should he succeed in getting within reach of my arm.

[17] Here he halted in dead silence, and it was here I feared he might fail, for dogs are poor climbers. I had no cord. If I had had one, I would have dropped a noose over his head and hauled him up. But while I was thinking whether an available cord might be made out of clothing, he was looking keenly into the series of notched steps and finger-holds I had made, as if counting them, and fixing the position of each one of them in his mind. Then suddenly up he came in a springy rush, hooking his paws into the steps and notches so quickly that I could not see how it was done, and whizzed past my head, safe at last!

[18] And now came a scene! "Well done, well done, little boy! Brave boy!" I cried, trying to catch and caress him; but he would not be caught. Never before or since have I seen anything like so passionate a revulsion from the depths of despair to exultant, triumphant, uncontrollable joy. He flashed and darted hither

and thither as if fairly demented, screaming and shouting, swirling round and round in giddy loops and circles like a leaf in a whirlwind, lying down, and rolling over and over, sidewise and heels over head, and pouring forth a tumultuous flood of hysterical cries and sobs and gasping mutterings. When I ran up to him to shake him, fearing he might die of joy, he flashed off two or three hundred yards, his feet in a mist of motion; then, turning suddenly, came back in a wild rush and launched himself at my face, almost knocking me down, all the time screeching and screaming and shouting as if saying, "Saved! saved! saved!"

F 19 But there is nothing like work for toning down excessive fear or joy. So I ran ahead, calling him in as gruff a voice as I could command to come on and stop his nonsense, for we had far to go and it would soon be dark. Neither of us feared another trial like this. Heaven would surely count one enough for a lifetime. The ice ahead was gashed by thousands of crevasses, but they were common ones. The joy of deliverance burned in us like fire, and we ran without fatigue, every muscle with immense rebound glorying in its strength. Stickeen flew across everything in his way, and not till dark did he settle into his normal fox-like trot.

20 We reached camp about ten o'clock, and found a big fire and a big supper. A party of Hoona Indians had visited Mr. Young, bringing a gift of porpoise meat and wild strawberries, and Hunter Joe had brought in a wild goat. But we lay down, too tired to eat much, and soon fell into a troubled sleep. The man who said, "The harder the toil, the sweeter the rest," never was profoundly tired. Stickeen kept springing up and muttering in his sleep, no doubt dreaming that he was still on the brink of the crevasse; and so did I, many other nights long afterward, when I was overtired.

21 Thereafter Stickeen was a changed dog. During the rest of the trip, instead of holding aloof, he always lay by my side, tried to keep me constantly in sight, and would hardly accept a morsel of food, however tempting, from any hand but mine. At night, when all was quiet about the camp-fire, he would come to me and rest his head on my knee with a look of devotion as if I were his god. And often as he caught my eye he seemed to be trying to say, "Wasn't that an awful time we had together on the glacier?"

**Discussion.** Who was the greater hero in this story? Why?
**Further reading.** Get the book *Stickeen* and find other adventures of this dog.

## A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG

### Senator George Graham Vest

A dog is up for trial in a court of law. A man rises and defends him in a speech to the jury. Those are the circumstances of this speech. How does he do it?

A1 Gentlemen of the Jury:

B2 The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. 3 His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. 4 Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. 5 The money that a man has he may lose. 6 It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. 7 A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. 8 The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its

cloud upon our heads. [9] The one absolutely unselfish friend a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

C [10] A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. [11] He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drifts fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. [12] He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come from encounters with the roughness of the world. [13] He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. [14] When all other friends desert he remains. [15] When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens.

D [16] If fortune drives the master forth an outcast into the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. [17] And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the grave will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

**Memory work.** Memorize the speech and practice delivering it.

**Further reading.** See pages 145 and 168 for more dog stories.

**Atkinson, Mrs. E. S.** *Greyfriars' Bobby.*
"The true story of a faithful Skye terrier."

**Goldsmith, E. E.** *Toby, the Story of a Dog.*
Told from the dog's point of view.

**Mills, E. A.** *Story of Scotch.*
"The author's reminiscences of his collie."

# FOREIGN PLANTS IN THE UNITED STATES

BERTHA M. PARKER AND HENRY C. COWLES

**Supervised study lesson.** In studying a chapter in a science book these suggestions will be helpful:—

(1) Run your eye rapidly through the chapter to get a bird's-eye view of the way the author develops the subject. In this article it is by means of maps; on page 246 it is by topics and pictures.

(2) The next step is to read carefully in order to get the main ideas by sections. In this first real reading it is well to pause at certain points to make a mental survey of what you have read, and thus to keep your "chain of thought" clearly in mind.

(3) Last, reread to pick up the overlooked details.

**Remember**

*Scan rapidly for a bird's-eye view.*
*Read carefully to get the main topics; have mental reviews.*
*Read again for overlooked details — and review or summarize.*

[1] THE Irish potato is a native of Chile, not of Ireland; the English walnut grew originally in Asia Minor, not in England; and the Jerusalem artichoke is one of the very few vegetables native to the United States. What is in a name, indeed? However, the Japanese persimmon was first cultivated in Japan; New Zealand spinach is a native of New Zealand; and Chinese cabbage originally grew wild in China. If all of our cultivated plants had such names as these last three to tell us where they originated, one glance at the list of seeds and plants in a garden catalogue would make it clear that most of our cultivated plants, like ourselves, are immigrants to the United States.

[2] If our common vegetables were raised only in the lands where they were first cultivated, we should have to send to the ends of the earth for the vegetables which

we now get from our gardens. We should have to send to Peru for tomatoes and beans, to India for eggplant and cucumbers, to Europe for carrots and turnips, and to the region at the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea for radishes, lettuce, and asparagus.

[3] The map in Figure 80 shows where, it is thought, our common vegetables grew wild and were first cultivated. Perhaps you have never before seen a map just like this one. In geographies there are often products maps which show where in the world important crops such as wheat and corn and potatoes are *now* raised. This is not that kind of map. This is a plant-ancestor map, instead. The circle which represents okra, for example, is in Africa. This means that the okra we raise in our gardens to-day came from the okra which once grew wild in Africa and was first cultivated there. Each of the small dots on the map stands for one vegetable. The larger dots stand for more than one vegetable. The very large circle at the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea represents thirteen vegetables, as you can see from the numbers. It shows that thirteen of our common vegetables originated in that part of Asia. Every vegetable shown on the map is now raised in the United States.

[4] Of course, these dots on the map cannot tell you the extent of the region in which each vegetable once grew wild. For example, many of the vegetables represented by the large circle in western Asia may also have grown wild along the Mediterranean shores of Africa and Europe. But the map will show you from what general region of the world each vegetable has come.

[5] Not all of the vegetables we raise in our gardens, however, are represented on the map. Cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, kale, and kohl-rabi are believed to have come from cabbage after men had begun to

FIG. 80. MAP TO SHOW ORIGIN OF VEGETABLES NOW CULTIVATED IN THE UNITED STATES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Asparagus | 11 Radish | 21 Cabbage | 31 Corn |
| 2 Beet | 12 Rhubarb | 22 Carrot | 32 Peppers |
| 3 Celery | 13 Spinach | 23 Chicory | 33 Pumpkin |
| 4 Garlic | 14 Cress | 24 Parsnip | 34 Squash |
| 5 Leek | 15 Onion | 25 Turnip | 35 Sweet Potato |
| 6 Lentils | 16 Cucumber | 26 Artichoke | 36 Lima Bean |
| 7 Lettuce | 17 Egg-plant | 27 Okra | 37 String Bean |
| 8 Oyster Plant | 18 Chinese Cabbage | 28 New Zealand Spinach | 38 Tomato |
| 9 Parsley | 19 Endive | 29 Jerusalem Artichoke | 39 Potato |
| 10 Pea | 20 Horse-radish | 30 Tepary Bean | |

cultivate it. Similarly, Swiss chard has come from the ordinary beet, and rutabaga from the turnip. Since these vegetables are thought never to have grown wild, they are not represented on the map.

[6] The map in Figure 80 should tell you several things:

(*a*) Only two vegetables of any importance grew wild and were first cultivated in the United States: the Jerusalem artichoke and the Tepary bean.

(*b*) About half of our vegetables came from Asia, mostly from that part near the Mediterranean Sea.

(*c*) None of our vegetables came from Australia.

(*d*) Only two came from Africa.

(*e*) None of them came from very cold regions.

(*f*) Many of them came from very warm regions.

FIG. 81. MAP SHOWING ORIGIN OF CEREALS NOW CULTIVATED IN THE UNITED STATES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Barley | 4 Millet | 6 Rice | 8 Sorghum |
| 2 Buckwheat | 5 Oats | 7 Rye | 9 Wheat |
| 3 Corn | | | |

[7] The other maps tell you of the origins of our cereals, forage crops, fruits, nuts, fiber plants, and of a few miscellaneous plants. If you can read these maps correctly, you will see from Figure 81 that our cereals are foreigners, too. North America can claim only Indian corn as a native. As in the case of our vegetables, Asia has furnished many of our cereals. It may seem queer, since the United States raises more wheat than any other country in the world, that wheat is a native, not of the United States, but of Palestine.

[8] Our forage crops, those crops which we raise as food for animals, are immigrants, too. As you see from Figure 82, not a single one of our more important forage crops is a native of either North or South America. The famous Kentucky blue grass is really an immigrant from eastern Europe.

[9] Of the nuts, fiber plants, and miscellaneous plants whose origin the map in Figure 83 shows, you will see

FIG. 82. MAP TO SHOW THE ORIGIN OF FORAGE CROPS NOW CULTIVATED IN THE UNITED STATES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Blue grass | 4 Fescue | 7 Alfalfa | 10 Soy bean |
| 2 Red clover | 5 Red top | 8 Carob | 11 Japanese clover |
| 3 White clover | 6 Timothy | 9 Cowpea | 12 Johnson grass |

FIG. 83. MAP TO SHOW THE ORIGIN OF NUTS, FIBER PLANTS, AND MISCELLANEOUS PLANTS NOW CULTIVATED IN THE UNITED STATES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Almond | 5 English walnut | 8 Hemp | 11 Cotton |
| 2 Chestnut | 6 Cotton | 9 Japanese chestnut | 12 Tobacco |
| 3 Flax | 7 Sugar cane | 10 Pecan | 13 Peanut |
| 4 Pistachio | | | |

that only one, the pecan, is a native of the United States.

FIG. 84. MAP TO SHOW ORIGIN OF FRUITS NOW CULTIVATED IN THE UNITED STATES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Blackberry | 11 Western Dewberry | 21 Grape | 31 Kumquat |
| 2 Blueberry | 12 Alligator Pear | 22 Mulberry | 32 Orange |
| 3 Cranberry | 13 Pineapple | 23 Olive | 33 Tangerine |
| 4 Dewberry | 14 Strawberry | 24 Plum | 34 Apricot |
| 5 Gooseberry | 15 Currant | 25 Quince | 35 Jujube |
| 6 Grape | 16 Gooseberry | 26 Pomegranate | 36 Peach |
| 7 Persimmon | 17 Pear | 27 Cantaloupe | 37 Japanese Persimmon |
| 8 Black Raspberry | 18 Apple | 28 Lemon | 38 Grapefruit |
| 9 Red Raspberry | 19 Cherry | 29 Lime | 39 Date |
| 10 Strawberry | 20 Fig | 30 Banana | 40 Watermelon |

[10] The map in Figure 84 tells a somewhat different story. The United States can claim as natives many of our cultivated fruits. However, if you examine the map carefully, you will see that most of the fruits that are natives of the United States are not tree fruits, such as apples, peaches, and pears, but are less important small fruits, such as blackberries and raspberries. The only native tree fruit which we cultivate is the common persimmon. Most of our tree fruits are immigrants from Asia.

[11] It may surprise you to find the grape represented twice on the map. The reason for this is that the grapes we cultivate in the eastern United States are descendants of the wild grape of North America, while the

grapes cultivated in California are, for the most part, descendants of the wild grape of Asia. Similarly some of our strawberries are descendants of the wild strawberry of North America, while some have come from the different strawberry of Chile.

[12] If you can imagine these five maps combined into one, you will see that three regions in the world have given us our most valued crops. These regions are tropical America, southeastern Asia, and the region around the Mediterranean Sea. It is really not surprising that our cultivated plants have come from these three places, for scientists think that they were the centers of very early civilizations.

[13] Our primitive ancestors had to depend for plant food upon the plants which they found growing wild. It was a great step toward becoming civilized to find that they could gather seeds from the wild plants they liked best, and could sow these seeds near their homes. When they did not have to spend so much time hunting food, they had leisure for other interests. After they found that they could raise crops near their homes, it was natural that, when they moved from one place to another, they should take with them seeds of the plants that they had learned to cultivate. If you were going to a new unsettled country to live, should you depend upon finding there plants that you could cultivate? Probably not. You would doubtless do exactly as your ancestors did — you would take with you seeds of the plants that you knew how to cultivate.

[14] Many plants from tropical America were brought to the United States by the Indians. Corn and beans had been brought from the south by the Indians long before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Most of the plants from the Old World were brought by our European ancestors.

[15] The fact that most of our cultivated plants are immigrants explains why we find so few of them growing wild here. Did you ever see radishes, potatoes, peaches, or wheat growing wild in the woods or along the roadside near your home? If you should ever decide to do as your cavemen ancestors did, and eat only those plants that you found growing wild, you would have to do without many things that you ordinarily eat. The maps will show you which ones you might expect to find.

[16] It is not only interesting to know where our cultivated plants originated, but it is often helpful. About eighty years ago, the potatoes raised in the United States were so poor that it seemed useless to raise them in this country. There were many potato diseases. If one did not attack the crop, another did, for the plants were too weak to resist the diseases. The potatoes became poorer and poorer.

[17] Finally Mr. Goodrich, a New York minister, decided to try to develop better potatoes. He knew that potatoes were first cultivated in Chile and that they still grew wild on the mountains there. He sent to Chile for potato seed. This he planted. Some of the plants that grew from the seed produced poor potatoes, some produced fair ones, and some good ones. One plant had borne very good potatoes. He raised new plants from these. They, too, produced good potatoes. From seeds of this improved potato came the variety known as the "Early Rose." It was vigorous and hardy, and grew well in spite of plant diseases. Of course, it became popular immediately, and potato raising as an industry was saved for the United States. If no one had thought of sending to the first home of the potato for seed, we might now have to import our potatoes from other countries.

[18] Of course, by discovering where our cultivated plants first grew we found the most favorable conditions under which to raise them. For example, all efforts to raise the wine-grape of the Mediterranean region in the eastern United States failed. Only native grapes could be raised in the East. The fruit-growers of California, however, knowing that the climate of Southern California is much like the climate of the Mediterranean region, tried raising the wine-grape in the West and succeeded.

[19] If these many foreign plants had not been brought to the United States, what should we now be raising in our fields and gardens? Are there plants growing wild that we might cultivate to take the place of these immigrants? For a cereal we might cultivate wild rice. It is not like the rice which we now cultivate, but it could be used for food. We might cultivate native wild plums and cherries instead of those from Asia. We already cultivate many small native fruits, but there are others, such as the high-bush cranberry and the buffalo berry, which we might learn to cultivate. We might develop our black walnuts, hickory nuts, and chestnuts to take the place of Japanese chestnuts, pistachios, almonds, and English walnuts. Lamb's-quarter and wild mustard we might raise to take the place of spinach. But there are apparently no substitutes for peas, potatoes, asparagus, turnips, and many other vegetables. We should also be at a loss for forage crops.

[20] It would be difficult, indeed, to do without these foreign plants of our fields and gardens.

**Discussion.** 1. How do the maps help in this article? 2. Divide the list under each into two groups: those which are found in your locality and those which are not. Look up the unfamiliar plants in an encyclopedia. 3. Which section sums up the authors' purpose? 4. Get a seed catalogue for reference. Find the native plants.

# THE RED ANTS

J. Henri Fabre

The author of this magazine article was a great Frenchman who devoted his life to experiments in science. Like history, scientific writing is grounded in accuracy. Observe how Fabre the naturalist based all his reasoning on observation of experiments.

Follow his line of argument.

[1] The pigeon, although taken hundreds of miles away, is able to find its way back to its dovecote; the swallow, returning from its winter quarters in Africa, crosses the sea, and once more takes possession of the old nest. What guides the birds on these long journeys? Is it sight? Or is it the influence of changes in the climate?

[2] It is useless to talk of sight and of changes of climate when a cat returns home from one end of a town to the other, threading its way through a labyrinth of streets and alleys that it sees for the first time. And it is not sight that guides my mason-bees, especially when they are let loose in the midst of a wooded country. Their low flight, two or three yards above the ground, does not allow them to take a panoramic view, or to gather the "lay" of the land. What need have they of topography? They hesitate only a short time; after describing a few narrow circles, they start in the direction of the nest, despite the cover of the forest, despite the screen of a chain of hills that they cross by mounting the slope at no great height from the ground. Sight enables them to avoid obstacles, but it does not give them a general idea of their road. Meteorology has nothing to do with the case; the climate has not varied in those few miles of transit.

## The Sixth Sense

[3] To explain these mysteries, we are driven therefore to rely upon another mystery, a special sensibility that is denied to mankind. In strange country, a sense, so foreign to our organism that we are not even able to form a conception of it, guides the pigeon, the swallow, the cat, the mason-bee, and a host of other animals. Whether or not this sense is magnetic, I shall not undertake to decide; I am content to have contributed in no small measure to proving that it exists.

[4] Why is mankind deprived of it? It would have been a fine weapon, and of great service in the struggle for life.

[5] Among the treasures of my *harmas* laboratory, I place in the first rank an ant-hill of *Polyergus rufescens*, the celebrated red ant,

the slave-hunting Amazon. Unable to rear her own family, incapable of seeking her food, of taking it even when it is within her reach, she needs servants to feed her and to undertake the duties of housekeeping. The red ants make a practice of stealing children to wait on their community. They ransack neighboring ant-hills that contain a different species; they carry home the nymphs, which soon attain maturity in the strange house, and become willing and industrious servants.

[6] When the hot weather of June and July sets in, I often see the Amazons leave their barracks of an afternoon and start on an expedition. The column is five or six yards long. If it meets nothing worthy of attention upon the road, it keeps its ranks fairly well; but at the first hint of an ant-hill, the leaders halt, and deploy in a swarming throng, which is increased by the others coming up hurriedly. Scouts are detached, and if the alarm proves to be false, the column starts on again.

[7] It crosses the garden paths, disappears from sight in the grass, reappears farther on, threads its way through heaps of dead leaves, and continues to seek at random.

[8] At last it discovers a nest of black ants. The red ants hasten down to the dormitories where the nymphs lie, and soon come up with their booty. Then, at the gates of the underground city, there is a bewildering scrimmage between the black defenders and the red plunderers. The struggle is too unequal. Victory falls to the reds, who hurry back to their nest; each bears in its mandibles a nymph in swaddling-clothes. The reader who does not know about these slave-raiding habits would be greatly interested in the story of the Amazons. I leave it with much regret; it would take us too far from the subject in hand, namely, the return to the nest.

### Slave-Hunting with the Amazons

[9] The distance that the nymph-stealing column covers will vary; it depends on the number of black ants in the neighborhood. At times, ten or twenty yards suffice; at others, a journey of a hundred yards or even more may be necessary. I once saw an expedition go beyond the garden. The Amazons scaled the surrounding wall, which was thirteen feet high, and went on into a cornfield. The route taken seems always a matter of indifference to the marching column. It crosses bare soil, thick grass, piles of dead leaves, heaps of stones, masonry, clusters of herbage, without showing any marked preference for one kind of road over another.

[10] The homeward path, however, is strictly determined; it follows the outward track in all its windings and over all obstacles, no matter how difficult. The red ants, laden with their booty, return to the nest by the

same road that the accidents of the chase compelled them to take originally. They repass every spot that they passed before; the necessity for doing this appears so imperative to them that no additional fatigue or even the gravest danger can make them alter the track.

[11] Let us suppose that on the way out they crossed a thick heap of dead leaves, which, of course, represented to them a pass full of yawning gulfs, where falls are repeated at every moment, where many exhaust themselves trying to climb out of the hollows, where they reach the heights by means of swaying bridges, and at last emerge from the labyrinth of lanes. On their return, although weighed down with their burdens, they will not fail once more to struggle through the trying maze. To avoid the trouble, all that they would have to do would be to swerve slightly from the original path; the good, smooth road is there, hardly a step away. Yet it never occurs to them to go round.

### A Disastrous Expedition

[12] One day I came upon them on a raid, filing along the inner edge of the stonework of the garden pond, where I have replaced the old batrachians by goldfish. The wind was blowing very hard from the north; it took the column on the flank, and sent whole ranks flying into the water. The fish came hurrying up, and gulped down such as were drowned. It was a difficult stage; the column was decimated before it had passed it. I expected to see the ants make the return journey by another road that would avoid the fatal precipice. But not a bit of it; the nymph-laden band retraced the perilous path, and the goldfish received a double fall of manna — the ants and their captives. Rather than alter its track, the column depleted its ranks a second time.

[13] The insect has no choice of route if it would not be lost on the road; it must come home by the track that it knows and that it has lately traveled. The processionary caterpillars, when they leave their nest and go to another branch or to another tree in search of leaves more to their taste, carpet their course with silk, and are able to return by following the threads stretched along their road. This is the most elementary method open to insects that stray on excursions; a silken path brings them home. The processionaries are very different from the mason-bees and the others who have a special sense to guide them.

[14] Although the Amazon belongs to the hymenopteron clan, it has a somewhat limited means of homing, as this compulsory return by a former trail proves. Can it imitate, to a certain extent, the processionaries' method? That is, does it leave along the road that it traverses, not a series of threads, for it is not equipped for that work, but some odorous emanation, for example, some

scent that would enable it to guide itself by means of the olfactory sense?

[15] This view is pretty generally accepted. People say that the ants are guided by the sense of smell, and that this sense of smell has its seat in the antennæ, which appear to be in continual motion. I take the liberty of not sharing that opinion. In the first place, I am doubtful of a sense of smell that has its seat in the antennæ; and, next, I think I have proved by experiment that the red ants are not guided by scent.

[16] To lie in wait for my Amazons, for whole afternoons at a sitting, often unsuccessfully, meant taking up too much of my time. I consequently engaged an assistant whose hours were less filled than mine. It was my grand-daughter, Lucie. She had been present at a great battle between the reds and the blacks, and was much impressed by the capture of the babes in swaddling-clothes.

### Experiments

[17] Well-coached in what she was to do, Lucie would wander about the garden and keep an eye on the red ants; part of her mission was carefully to reconnoiter the road that the Amazons took to the plundered anthill.

[18] One day there came a banging at my study door.

"It's I, Lucie! Come! The reds have gone into the blacks' house!"

[19] I went out. Things had happened as my six-year-old colleague said. Lucie had supplied herself in advance with pebbles, and when she saw the regiment of ants leave its barracks, she had followed them step by step and placed the stones at intervals along the route. The Amazons had started to return from their raid along the line of landmarks. The distance to the nest was about a hundred paces, and I had time to carry out an experiment that I had planned.

[20] I took a big broom and swept a space about a yard wide across the tracks. Thus the dusty particles on the surface were removed and replaced by others. If the original particles were tainted with any odors, the ants would now be thrown off the track. I cut the road, in this way, at four different points, a few paces apart.

[21] When the column arrived at the first cut, the ants hesitated. Some drew back and then advanced, only to draw back once more; others wandered along the front of the swept space; others still dispersed sidewise, and seemed to be trying to skirt the unknown country. The head of the column, at first closed up to a width of a foot or so, scattered and covered three or four yards. But fresh arrivals gathered before the obstacle; they formed a compact mass, an undecided horde. At last, a few ants ventured into the cleared zone, and others followed; meanwhile, a few had gone ahead and recovered the track by a circuitous road. At the other cuts

there were the same stops, the same hesitation; nevertheless, the ants ultimately crossed. In spite of my snares, they succeeded in returning to the nest by way of the little stones.

[22] The experiment seemed to argue in favor of the sense of smell. Four times the ants hesitated where the road was cut. Although they returned along the original track, that might have been due to the uneven work of the broom, which perhaps had left certain particles of the scented dust in position. The ants that went round the cleared places might have been guided by the sweepings removed to either side. Before pronouncing judgment for or against the sense of smell I decided to repeat the experiment and to remove every bit of possibly scented matter.

[23] A few days later, Lucie resumed her watch, and soon came to tell me of a sortie. I was counting on it, for in the hot and sultry afternoons of June and July, especially when the weather threatens storm, the Amazons rarely fail to go on expeditions. Pebbles once more marked out the road, on which I chose the point best suited to my schemes.

### Crossing the floods

[24] I had fixed a garden hose to one of the feeders of the pond. I now opened the faucet and swept the path of the ants with a continuous stream of water, washing the ground well to remove anything that might hold a scent. This thorough washing lasted for nearly a quarter of an hour.

[25] When the ants drew near, returning with their plunder, I decreased the flow of water and reduced the depth of the stream, in order not to overstrain the insects' strength. This stream was the obstacle that the Amazons would have to overcome if they were to follow the first trail.

[26] Their hesitation lasted long, and the stragglers had time to come up with the head of the column. Finally they tried to cross the torrent by means of a few bits of gravel that projected above the water. When they failed to find bottom, these rash members were swept off their feet, and without letting go their captures, drifted away, landed on some shoal, regained the bank, and renewed their search for a ford. A few straws floating on the water stopped, and became so many shaky bridges for the ants to climb on. They converted dry olive leaves into rafts, each with its load of passengers. Partly by their own efforts, partly by good luck, the more venturesome reached the opposite bank unaided. Some, dragged by the current to one bank or the other, at a distance of a few feet, seemed very much concerned as to what they should do next. In this disorder of the routed army, amid the dangers of drowning, not one let go its booty. It would not dream of doing so; it would suffer death sooner than that. Thus the ants crossed the torrent, in one fashion

or another, along the regular track.

[27] I decided next to see what would happen when the formic scent, if there really were one on the trail, was replaced by another odor, incomparably stronger, and perceptible to our own sense of smell.

[28] I waited for a third sortie, and at a point of the road that they had taken, rubbed the ground with some handfuls of mint that I had freshly cut. Farther on, I covered the track with the leaves of the same plant. On their return, the ants crossed the rubbed ground without apparently giving it a thought; they hesitated in front of the place where I had heaped up the leaves, and then went straight on.

### By Sight or by Scent?

[29] After these two experiments, with water that washed the earth, and with mint that changed the smell of the ground, I think we can no longer regard scent as the ants' guide when they return homeward.

[30] I made some further experiments. Without interfering with the soil, I laid across the track large sheets of paper. This did not remove any scent that the ants might have left, but it completely changed the appearance of the road. The ants hesitated even longer than they had before any of my other snares. They made many attempts, reconnaissances to right and left, forward movements and repeated retirements, before they ventured fully into the unknown zone. At last they crossed the stretch of paper, and resumed their homeward march as usual.

[31] Another ambush awaited the Amazons some distance farther on. I had cut off the track with a thin layer of yellow sand; the ground itself was gray. For a moment this change of color disconcerted the ants, but eventually they overcame this obstacle just as they had overcome the others.

[32] Since the strip of sand and the sheets of paper would not have dispelled any scent with which the track might have been steeped, it is clear that the ants find their way not by sense of smell, but by sense of sight; every time that I altered the appearance of the track in any way — by sweeping it with the broom, by flooding it with water, by laying on it the green mint leaves, the paper, and the yellow sand — the returning column hesitated and tried to account for the changes that had taken place.

[33] Yes, it is sight, but a very short sight; a strip of paper, a bed of mint leaves, a layer of yellow sand, a stream of water, a sweep of the broom, and even slighter changes are enough to transform the landscape; and the regiment, eager to reach home as fast as it can with its booty, stops anxiously before the unknown parts. When it at last passes the doubtful zones, it is because in the excursion across such spaces a few ants recognize

familiar spots beyond. The others, relying on their clear-sighted sisters, follow.

### The Memory of an Ant

[34] Sight would not be enough, if the Amazon had not also at its service a correct memory for places. The memory of an ant! What can it be? In what does it resemble ours? I have no answer to make to those questions; but a few lines will enable me to prove that the insect has a very exact and persistent recollection of places that it has once visited.

[35] It sometimes happens that the plundered ant-hill offers the Amazons a richer spoil than the expeditionary column is able to carry away, or that the region visited is rich in ant-hills. Another raid is necessary, to work the site thoroughly.

[36] In such cases, a second expedition takes place, sometimes on the next day, sometimes two or three days later. This time, the column no longer searches on the road; it goes straight to the spot that is known to abound in nymphs, and travels by the identical path that it followed before. I have marked with small stones, for a distance of twenty yards, the road taken two days earlier, and I have found the Amazons proceeding by the same route, stone by stone.

[37] Is it believable that scent scattered along the course would last for a period of several days? No. It must, therefore, be sight that guides the Amazons, sight assisted by the memory for places. And this memory is scrupulously faithful, for it leads the marching column by the same path across the varied irregularities of the ground.

[38] How does the Amazon behave when the land is unknown to her? Apart from topographical memory, which cannot then serve her, does the ant have the sense of direction that the mason-bee has, at any rate within modest limits, and is she able thus to regain her ant-hill or her column?

[39] The marauding legions do not visit all the different parts of the garden to the same extent; they exploit the north side by preference, doubtless because the forays in that direction are more productive than in other parts of the garden. The Amazons, therefore, usually direct their troops north of their barracks; I very seldom see them to the south of it. This part of the garden is, if not wholly unknown to them, at least much less familiar than the other.

[40] I took up my position near the ant-hill, and when the column returned from the plundering expedition, I forced an ant to step on a leaf that I held directly in her path. Without touching her, I carried her two or three paces away from her regiment in a southerly direction, and replaced her on the ground.

[41] It was enough to put her astray, to make her lose her bearings entirely. The Amazon wandered about at random, still with her booty in her mandibles.

She hurried away from her comrades, thinking that she was rejoining them; she retraced her steps, turned aside again, tried to the right and to the left, and groped vainly in all directions. The combative, strong-jawed slave-hunter was quite lost two steps away from her party.

[42] I made this experiment several times. Some of the strays, after half an hour's aimless searching, did not succeed in regaining the route, and were going farther and farther from it, still carrying the captured nymphs in their teeth.

[43] When, in repeating the experiment, I carried the Amazon to the north, she succeeded, after some hesitation, in finding her column. She knew the country.

[44] Here, then, is a Hymenopteron deprived of the sense of direction that other Hymenoptera enjoy. She has in her favor a memory for places, and nothing more. A deviation amounting to two or three of our strides is enough to make her lose her way, and to keep her from returning to her people, whereas a distance of miles across unknown country will not foil the mason-bee.

[45] At the beginning of this article I expressed my surprise that man lacked the wonderful sense with which certain animals are endowed. The distance that separates man from the animals might furnish matter for discussion. In the case of ants and bees, however, the distance no longer exists; we have to do with two insects very near akin, two Hymenoptera. Why, if they issue from the same mold, has one a sense that the other has not — an additional sense that constitutes a much more fundamental difference than the structural details?

— *The Youth's Companion.*

**Discussion.** 1. How does the author lead up to his subject? 2. Where does he state what he intends to prove? 3. How does he deal with prevalent ideas about it? 4. How does he prove his point? 5. What does he say about pigeons,[1] swallows,[1] cats,[2] mason-bees,[2] red-ants,[5] black ants,[8] batrachians,[12] goldfish,[12] caterpillars,[13] and bees [45]?

**Oral reading.** Select two pupils for each big division and have the sixteen read the article aloud.

**Further reading.** Look up Fabre's books at the library.

**Fabre, J. Henri.** *Book of Insects.*

**Fabre, J. Henri.** *Book of Spiders.*
"Two delightfully written books on insects."

**Smith, Edith Lillian.** *Everyday Science Projects.* Chapter II: *Our Insect Neighbors.*
"Delightful descriptions of insects, with suggestions of things to do."

## MAP STUDY AND STATISTICS

A good student learns to handle maps and statistical records quickly and accurately.

Look over the material given here; decide what purpose each serves; and what else you will need to have in order to do the assignments given at the end.

What gives weight to *statistics?* (See Dictionary.)

### I. RULES GOVERNING THE LOCATION OF CITIES[1]

CAROLINE W. HOTCHKISS

1. People are found in greatest numbers in regions of rich soil and easy travel; hence the rich valleys are most thickly populated.

2. Valleys and plains are natural routes for canals and railroads.

3. To make an industry possible, men must be able to sell their products and deliver where desired; hence transportation means are demanded.

4. Where transportation facilities are best, all kinds of industries flourish.

5. Industries grow up where a break in transportation occurs.

6. If a country back of a coast is desert or barren, no large city is likely to grow up there. If a navigable river leads to a back country rich in agricultural or mineral products, industries and commerce flourish.

7. A commercial city must get as close as possible to its hinterland; therefore the head of a bay is generally a more favorable location than its mouth.

[1] The outline and assignments presented here are taken from Hotchkiss's *Representative Cities of the United States*, which the class will find a valuable source of information.

II.

THE TWENTY-FIVE LARGEST CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES [1]

| *Cities* | *Population* |
|---|---|
| New York (Greater)... | 6,251,817 |
| Chicago, Ill..... | 2,995,239 |
| Philadelphia, Pa..... | 1,979,364 |
| Detroit, Mich..... | 1,242,044 |
| Los Angeles, Cal..... | 1,222,500 |
| Cleveland, Ohio..... | 936,485 |
| St. Louis, Mo..... | 821,543 |
| Baltimore, Md..... | 796,296 |
| Boston, Mass..... | 781,529 |
| Pittsburgh, Pa..... | 631,563 |
| San Francisco, Cal..... | 557,530 |
| Buffalo, N.Y..... | 538,016 |
| Milwaukee, Wis..... | 509,192 |
| Washington, D.C..... | 497,906 |
| Newark, N.J..... | 452,513 |
| Minneapolis, Minn.... | 425,435 |
| New Orleans, La..... | 414,493 |
| Cincinnati, O..... | 409,333 |
| Kansas City, Mo..... | 367,481 |
| Indianapolis, Ind..... | 358,819 |
| Rochester, N.Y..... | 316,786 |
| Seattle, Wash..... | 315,312 |
| Jersey City, N.J..... | 315,280 |
| Toledo, O..... | 287,380 |
| Portland, Ore..... | 282,383 |

III.

THE TWENTY-FIVE LARGEST CITIES OF THE WORLD [1]

| *Cities* | *Population* |
|---|---|
| London (Greater)..... | 7,476,168 |
| New York (Greater)... | 6,251,817 |
| Tokio (Greater)..... | 5,164,000 |
| Berlin (Greater)..... | 4,114,000 |
| Chicago..... | 2,995,239 |
| Paris..... | 2,907,000 |
| Osaka (Greater)..... | 2,132,600 |
| Philadelphia..... | 1,979,364 |
| Vienna..... | 1,868,328 |
| Buenos Ayres..... | 1,811,500 |
| Shanghai..... | 1,539,000 |
| Moscow..... | 1,511,025 |
| Hankow..... | 1,500,000 |
| Rio Janeiro..... | 1,442,000 |
| Calcutta..... | 1,327,547 |
| Detroit..... | 1,242,044 |
| Los Angeles..... | 1,222,500 |
| Peking..... | 1,200,000 |
| Budapest..... | 1,184,616 |
| Bombay..... | 1,176,000 |
| Leningrad..... | 1,043,631 |
| Glasgow..... | 1,034,000 |
| Hamburg..... | 985,779 |
| Canton..... | 950,000 |
| Cleveland..... | 936,485 |

IV.

THE TEN GREATEST SEAPORTS OF THE WORLD

| *Cities* | *Total Commerce* | *Date* | *Cities* | *Total Commerce* | *Date* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| New York.. | $3,205,190,000 | 1923 | Yokohama... | $773,759,000 | 1922 |
| London.... | 2,634,568,000 | 1920 | Kobe..... | 568,080,000 | 1922 |
| Liverpool... | 2,261,214,000 | 1920 | Montreal.... | 550,340,000 | 1921 |
| Antwerp... | 1,131,396,000 | 1920 | Shanghai..... | 529,245,000 | 1922 |
| Hongkong.. | 782,752,000 | 1922 | Havana..... | 456,200,000 | 1920 |

**Assignments for careful study**

Miss Hotchkiss, formerly an Instructor in the Horace Mann School, New York, made the fourteen study suggestions on page 166.

[1] Figures from the 1926 *World Almanac*.

**Map study.** Write your answers in outline form.

1. Examine a map of the United States and tell which river valleys are most thickly populated. Which of the "25 Largest Cities" are in these valleys?

2. Which of the "25 Largest Cities of the World" are located in rich valleys where travel is easy?

3. Which advantages of location account for the development of St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Galveston, and Los Angeles?

4. Explain why industries grow up at a break in transportation. Show how this influence has been at work in the development of Buffalo, Cleveland, Antwerp, Cologne.

5. Read carefully Rule 6. Then with a map before you study the locations of London, Hamburg, Shanghai, Melbourne, and Buenos Ayres, and tell in what respects their development has been similar to that of New York and San Francisco. Do you find a rich hinterland in each case?

6. Why is the head of a bay generally a more favorable location for a city than its mouth? Explain how Baltimore and Montreal illustrate this point.

7. Read carefully Rule 4. Then study the list of the "25 Largest Cities of the United States" and name those which have developed manufacturing chiefly because of excellent means of transportation.

### Supervised speed exercises

(*Reader and map open before each pupil.*)

When your teacher announces the number, do what it says:

8. From the list of the "25 Largest Cities of the United States" select those on navigable rivers.

9. From the list of the "25 Largest Cities of the United States" select those on bays.

10. From the "25 Largest Cities of the World" select those which are capitals.

11. From the "25 Largest Cities of the World" select those which are situated in the center of the population of the country.

12. Find which of the "25 Largest Cities of the United States" you have visited or passed through.

13. What countries are represented more than once in the "25 Largest Cities of the World"?

14. Learn the location of the "Ten Greatest Seaports."

**Drill.** (*a*) For each of the above problems rapidly tell (1) what is given, (2) what is to be found, (3) the steps or procedure. Find three problems in a geography or other textbook and do the same thing. (*b*) Give the reasons that have made the rules on page 164.

THINGS TO DO AT THE LIBRARY

**I. Dogs you will like to meet:** *Book Reports.* Appoint a committee of twelve, each to select one of the following books and find whether it is at the library. Each pupil should then recommend one of these books to another class. See pages 145 and 146 for three other great books about dogs.

BATES, KATHARINE LEE: *Sigurd our Golden Collie.*
"Popular with animal lovers."

CALDWELL, FRANK: *Wolf, the Storm Leader.*
"Story of a dog who became leader of the mail-carrier's dog team."

DARLING, ESTHER B.: *Baldy of Nome.*
"How Baldy develops into the leader of the racing team."

LONDON, JACK: *Jerry of the Islands.*
"This is full of interest."

OLLIVANT, ALFRED: *Bob, Son of Battle.*
"A story of a Scotch Collie, winner of the cup."

OUIDA (Ramée, Louise de la): *A Dog of Flanders.*
"An exceedingly popular story."

SETON, E. T.: *Lives of the Hunted*, pp. 213–29.

SETON, E. T.: *Wild Animals I Have Known*, pp. 147–82, 275–303.

**II. Indians you will like to meet:** *Advertising a Book.* *The Leather Stocking Tales* by James Fenimore Cooper give the story of the woodsman Natty Bumppo, or Leather Stocking, in a series of five fascinating stories. Appoint a committee of five, each to read one of these books and then to pass it on to a friend.

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE: *The Deerslayer.*
"A tale of warfare in New York between the white settlers and the crafty Iroquois. Hawkeye, the frontier scout, is the hero."

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE: *The Last of the Mohicans.*
"Story of the French and Indian War, relating the thrilling adventures of two daughters of General Munro who escape the massacre of Fort William Henry. You will be fascinated by Leather Stocking the scout and the friendly Mohicans, Uncas and Chingachgook."

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE: *The Pathfinder.*

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE: *The Pioneers.*

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE: *The Prairie.*

**III. Program Periods — Humane Week.** Celebrate Harvest Home, Spring and Fall Arbor Day, Animal and Bird Days, and May Day by arranging appropriate programs. See the Manual.

**IV. Group projects.** One-minute talks based on a month's reading.

**A. Selecting books for a school or personal library.**

(*1*) Appoint a committee of twelve, under a self-selected chairman, to find out, from *consulting a card catalogue*, which of the following books are in the class, school, or public library; (*2*) divide the available books among them, adding other titles recommended by the librarian to complete the list of twelve outdoor books. (*3*) Each pupil should then act as a champion for his or her book in a one-minute talk; and (*4*) the class vote for the three books that seem most serviceable for a school library.

Beston, Henry B. *The Starlight Wonder Book.*
Brearley, H. C. *Animal Secrets Told; a Book of Why's.*
Burroughs, John. *Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers.*
Comstock, J. H. *Insect Life.*
Jameson, H. L. *The Flame Fiend.*
Maeterlinck, Maurice. *Children's Life of the Bee.*
Morley, Elizabeth. *Bee People.*
O'Shea, M. V., and Kellogg, J. H. *Health Habits.*
Riggs, R. C. *Animal Stories from Eskimo Land.*
Roberts, C.G.D. *Kindred of the Wild.*
Seton, Ernest Thompson. *The Trail of the Sandhill Stag.*
Waldo, L. M. *Safety First.*
Wyss, J. D. *Swiss Family Robinson.*

**B. A debate.**

Divide the class into two contesting teams, the first to read the *Leather Stocking Tales* of Cooper, listed on page 167, two pupils for a book, and the other group to read ten of the Indian books listed on page 339 (or similar Indian books), one pupil to a book.

*Question*

Which books are the more desirable for a Junior High School Library, — the *Leather Stocking Tales*, or other Indian books?

**V. A Classification project:** *Selection of a favorite.* (10th month).

(*1*) Arrange the 46 selections on Outdoor Life, found on pages 57 to 166 of this Reader, under the following heads:

Poems (23)
Stories (4)
Essays and Articles (6)
Textbook Reading and Reference (1)
Declamation (1)
Test (1)

Rearrange selections alphabetically under each head, using this form; and underlining the title:

Conkling: *A Sunset Moment.*

(*2*) Select (*a*) your favorite poem and (*b*) your favorite prose selection, and in a one-minute talk tell the reasons for your preference.

## PLEASURE READING

### Stories and Poems


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Mr. Aladdin . . *Kate Douglas Wiggin* | 169 |
| Man-Making . . . . . *Edwin Markham* | 181 |
| Barter. . . . . *Sara Teasdale* | 182 |
| Old Jim. . . . . *Henry Herbert Knibbs* | 183 |
| Duty. . . . . *Ralph Waldo Emerson* | 185 |
| Song of the Wire Fence. . . . . *Elliott C. Lincoln* | 186 |
| The Ranchman's Ride. *William Lawrence Chittenden* | 187 |
| A Stampede. . . . . *Elinore P. Stewart* | 188 |
| Trades. . . . . *Amy Lowell* | 192 |
| Sea Fever. . . . . *John Masefield* | 193 |
| Harro. . . . *Frank Dempster Sherman* | 194 |
| The Turkey Drive . . . . . *Dallas Lore Sharp* | 196 |
| The Two Church Builders . . . . . *John G. Saxe* | 208 |
| Work . . . . . *Henry van Dyke* | 210 |


## MR. ALADDIN

### Kate Douglas Wiggin

In the Sixth Reader you became acquainted with Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm in the story, "The Flag Raising at Riverboro." As you will no doubt remember, Rebecca was a brave fighter for any cause she saw fit to champion.

In this chapter from the book, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," you will find Rebecca entering the field of salesmanship.

What qualities would a good salesman have? Did Rebecca have them?

1 The young Simpsons groped about for some inexpensive form of excitement, and settled upon the

selling of soap for a premium. They had sold enough to their immediate neighbors during the earlier autumn to secure a child's handcart, which, though very weak on its pins, could be trundled over the country roads. With large business sagacity and an executive capacity which must have been inherited from their father, they now proposed to extend their operations to a larger area and distribute soap to contiguous villages, if these villages could be induced to buy. The Excelsior Soap Company paid a very small return of any kind to its infantile agents, who were scattered through the state, but it inflamed their imaginations by the issue of circulars with highly colored pictures of the premiums to be awarded for the sale of a certain number of cakes.

[2] It was at this juncture that Clara Belle and Susan Simpson consulted Rebecca, who threw herself solidly and wholeheartedly into the enterprise, promising her help and that of Emma Jane Perkins. The premiums within their possible grasp were three: a bookcase, a plush reclining chair, and a banquet lamp. Of course the Simpsons had no books, and casting aside, without thought or pang, the plush chair, which might have been of some use in a family of seven persons (not counting Mr. Simpson, who ordinarily sat elsewhere at the town's expense), they warmed themselves rapturously in the vision of the banquet lamp, which speedily became to them more desirable than food, drink, or clothing. Neither Emma Jane nor Rebecca perceived anything incongruous in the idea of the Simpsons striving for a banquet lamp. They looked at the picture daily and knew that if they themselves were free agents they would toil, suffer, ay sweat, for the happy privilege of occupying the same room with that lamp through the coming winter evenings. It looked to be

about eight feet tall in the catalogue, and Emma Jane advised Clara Belle to measure the height of the Simpson ceilings; but a note in the margin of the circular informed them that it stood two and a half feet high when set up in all its dignity and splendor on a proper table, three dollars extra. It was only of polished brass, continued the circular, though it was invariably mistaken for solid gold, and the shade that accompanied it (at least it accompanied it if the agent sold a hundred extra cakes) was of crinkled crêpe paper printed in a dozen delicious hues, from which the joy-dazzled agent might take his choice.

[3] Seesaw Simpson was not in the syndicate. Clara Belle was rather a successful agent, but Susan, who could only say "thoap," never made large returns, and the twins, who were somewhat young to be thoroughly trustworthy, could be given only a half dozen cakes at a time, and were obliged to carry with them on their business trips a brief document stating the price per cake, dozen, and box. Rebecca and Emma Jane offered to go two or three miles in some one direction and see what they could do in the way of stirring up a popular demand for the Snow-White and Rose-Red brands, the former being devoted to laundry purposes and the latter being intended for the toilet.

[4] There was a great amount of hilarity in the preparation for this event, and a long council in Emma Jane's attic. They had the soap company's circular from which to arrange a proper speech, and they had, what was still better, the remembrance of a certain patent-medicine vender's discourse at the Milltown Fair. His method, when once observed, could never be forgotten; nor his manner, nor his vocabulary. Emma Jane practiced it on Rebecca, and Rebecca on Emma Jane.

5 "Can I sell you a little soap this afternoon? It is called the Snow-White and Rose-Red Soap, six cakes in an ornamental box, only twenty cents for the white, twenty-five cents for the red. It is made from the purest ingredients, and if desired could be eaten by an invalid with relish and profit."

"Oh, Rebecca, don't let's say that!" interposed Emma Jane hysterically. "It makes me feel like a fool."

"It takes so little to make you feel like a fool, Emma Jane," rebuked Rebecca, "that sometimes I think that you must *be* one. I don't get to feeling like a fool so awfully easy; now leave out that eating part if you don't like it, and go on."

"The Snow-White is probably the most remarkable laundry soap ever manufactured. Immerse the garments in a tub, lightly rubbing the more soiled portions with the soap; leave them submerged in water from sunset to sunrise, and then the youngest baby can wash them without the slightest effort."

"Babe, not baby," corrected Rebecca from the circular.

"It's just the same thing," argued Emma Jane impatiently.

"Of course it's just the same thing; but a baby has got to be called babe or infant in a circular, the same as it is in poetry! Would you rather say infant?"

"No," grumbled Emma Jane; "infant is worse even than babe. Rebecca, do you think we'd better do as the circular says, and let Elijah or Elisha try the soap before we begin selling?"

"I can't imagine a babe doing a family wash with any soap," answered Rebecca; "but it must be true or they would never dare to print it, so don't let's bother. Oh! won't it be the greatest fun, Emma Jane? At

some of the houses — where they can't possibly know me — I shan't be frightened, and I shall reel off the whole rigmarole, invalid, babe, and all. Perhaps I shall say even the last sentence, if I can remember it: 'We sound every chord in the great mac-ro-cosm of satisfaction.'"

[6] This conversation took place on a Friday afternoon at Emma Jane's house, where Rebecca, to her unbounded joy, was to stay over Sunday, her aunts having gone to Portland to the funeral of an old friend. Saturday being a holiday, they were going to have the old white horse, drive to North Riverboro three miles away, eat a twelve o'clock dinner with Emma Jane's cousins, and be back at four o'clock punctually.

[7] When the children asked Mrs. Perkins if they could call at just a few houses coming and going, and sell a little soap for the Simpsons, she at first replied decidedly in the negative. She was an indulgent parent, however, and really had little objection to Emma Jane's amusing herself in this unusual way; it was only for Rebecca, as the niece of the difficult Miranda Sawyer, that she raised scruples; but when fully persuaded that the enterprise was a charitable one, she acquiesced.

[8] The girls called at Mr. Watson's store, and arranged for several large boxes of soap to be charged to Clara Belle Simpson's account. These were lifted into the back of the wagon, and a happier couple never drove along the country road than Rebecca and her companion.

[9] It was a glorious Indian summer day, which suggested nothing of Thanksgiving, near at hand as it was. It was a rustly day, a scarlet and buff, yellow and carmine, bronze and crimson day. There were still many leaves on the oaks and maples, making a goodly show of red and brown and gold. The air was like sparkling

cider, and every field had its heaps of yellow and russet good things to eat, all ready for the barns, the mills, and the markets. The horse forgot his twenty years, sniffed the sweet bright air, and trotted like a colt; Nokomis Mountain looked blue and clear in the distance; Rebecca stood in the wagon, and apostrophized the landscape with sudden joy of living: —

> "Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
> With the wonderful water round you curled,
> And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
> World, you are beautifully drest!"

Dull Emma Jane had never seemed to Rebecca so near, so dear, so tried and true; and Rebecca, to Emma Jane's faithful heart, had never been so brilliant, so bewildering, so fascinating, as in this visit together, with its intimacy, its freedom, and the added delights of an exciting business enterprise.

[10] A gorgeous leaf blew into the wagon.

"Does color make you sort of dizzy?" asked Rebecca.

"No," answered Emma Jane after a long pause; "no, it doesn't; not a mite."

"Perhaps dizzy isn't just the right word, but it's nearest. I'd like to eat color, and drink it, and sleep in it. If you could be a tree, which one would you choose?"

Emma Jane had enjoyed considerable experience of this kind, and Rebecca had succeeded in unstopping her ears, ungluing her eyes, and loosening her tongue, so that she could "play the game" after a fashion.

"I'd rather be an apple-tree in blossom, — that one that blooms pink, by our pig-pen."

Rebecca laughed. There was always something unexpected in Emma Jane's replies. "I'd choose to be that

scarlet maple just on the edge of the pond there," and she pointed with the whip. "Then I could see so much more than your pink apple-tree by the pig-pen. I could look at all the rest of the woods, see my scarlet dress in my beautiful looking-glass, and watch all the yellow and brown trees growing upside down in the water. When I'm old enough to earn money, I'm going to have a dress like this leaf, all ruby color — thin, you know, with a sweeping train and ruffly, curly edges; then I think I'll have a brown sash like the trunk of the tree, and where could I be green? Do they have green petticoats, I wonder? I'd like a green petticoat coming out now and then underneath to show what my leaves were like before I was a scarlet maple."

"I think it would be awful homely," said Emma Jane. "I'm going to have a white satin with a pink sash, pink stockings, bronze slippers, and a spangled fan."

[11] A single hour's experience of the vicissitudes incident to a business career clouded the children's spirits just the least bit. They did not accompany each other to the doors of their chosen victims, feeling sure that together they could not approach the subject seriously; but they parted at the gate of each house, the one holding the horse while the other took the soap samples and interviewed any one who seemed of a coming-on disposition. Emma Jane had disposed of three single cakes, Rebecca of three small boxes; for a difference in their ability to persuade the public was clearly defined at the start, though neither of them ascribed either success or defeat to anything but the imperious force of circumstances. Housewives looked at Emma Jane and desired no soap; listened to her description of its merits, and still desired none. Other stars in their courses governed Rebecca's doings. The people whom

she interviewed either remembered their present need of soap, or reminded themselves that they would need it in the future; the notable point in the case being that lucky Rebecca accomplished, with almost no effort, results that poor little Emma Jane failed to attain by hard and conscientious labor.

[12] "It's your turn, Rebecca, and I'm glad, too," said Emma Jane, drawing up to a gateway and indicating a house that was set a considerable distance from the road. "I haven't got over trembling from the last place yet." (A lady had put her head out of an upstairs window and called, "Go away, little girl; whatever you have in your box we don't want any.") "I don't know who lives here, and the blinds are all shut in front. If there's nobody at home you mustn't count it, but take the next house as yours."

[13] Rebecca walked up the lane and went to the side door. There was a porch there, and seated in a rocking-chair, husking corn, was a good-looking young man, or was he middle-aged? Rebecca could not make up her mind. At all events he had an air of the city about him, — well-shaven face, well-trimmed mustache, well-fitting clothes. Rebecca was a trifle shy at this unexpected encounter, but there was nothing to be done but explain her presence, so she asked, "Is the lady of the house at home?"

"I am the lady of the house at present," said the stranger, with a smile. "What can I do for you?"

"Have you ever heard of the — would you like, or I mean — do you need any soap?" queried Rebecca.

"Do I look as if I did?" he responded unexpectedly.

Rebecca dimpled. "I didn't mean that; I have some soap to sell; I mean I would like to introduce to you a very remarkable soap, the best now on the market. It is called the" —

"Oh! I must know that soap," said the gentleman genially. "Made out of pure vegetable fats, isn't it?"

"The very purest," corroborated Rebecca.

"No acid in it?"

"Not a trace."

"And yet a child could do the Monday washing with it and use no force."

"A babe," corrected Rebecca.

"Oh! a babe, eh? That child grows younger every year, instead of older — wise child!"

This was great fortune, to find a customer who knew all the virtues of the article in advance. Rebecca dimpled more and more, and at her new friend's invitation sat down on a stool at his side near the edge of the porch. The beauties of the ornamental box which held the Rose-Red were disclosed, and the prices of both that and the Snow-White were unfolded. Presently she forgot all about her silent partner at the gate and was talking as if she had known this grand personage all her life.

[14] "I'm keeping house to-day, but I don't live here," explained the delightful gentleman. "I'm just on a visit to my aunt, who has gone to Portland. I used to be here as a boy, and I am very fond of the spot."

"I don't think anything takes the place of the farm where one lived when one was a child," observed Rebecca, nearly bursting with pride at having at last successfully used the indefinite pronoun in conversation.

The man darted a look at her and put down his ear of corn. "So you consider your childhood a thing of the past, do you, young lady?"

"I can still remember it," answered Rebecca gravely, "though it seems a long time ago."

"I can remember mine well enough, and a particularly unpleasant one it was," said the stranger.

"So was mine," sighed Rebecca. "What was your worst trouble?"

"Lack of food and clothes principally."

"Oh!" exclaimed Rebecca sympathetically, — "mine was no shoes and too many babies and not enough books. But you're all right and happy now, are'nt you?" she asked doubtfully, for though he looked handsome, well-fed, and prosperous, any child could see that his eyes were tired and his mouth was sad when he was not speaking.

"I'm doing pretty well, thank you," said the man, with a delightful smile.

15 "Now tell me," he continued, "how much soap ought I to buy to-day?"

"How much has your aunt on hand now?" suggested the very modest and inexperienced agent; "and how much would she need?"

"Oh, I don't know about that; soap keeps, doesn't it?"

"I'm not certain," said Rebecca conscientiously, "but I'll look in the circular — it's sure to tell"; and she drew the document from her pocket.

"What are you going to do with the magnificent profits you get from this business?"

"We are not selling for our own benefit," said Rebecca confidentially. "My friend who is holding the horse at the gate is the daughter of a very rich blacksmith, and doesn't need any money. I am poor, but I live with my aunts in a brick house, and of course they wouldn't like me to be a peddler. We are trying to get a premium for some friends of ours."

Rebecca had never thought of alluding to the circumstances with her previous customers, but unexpectedly she found herself describing Mr. Simpson, Mrs. Simpson, and the Simpson family; their poverty, their

joyless life, and their abject need of a banquet lamp to brighten their existence.

"You needn't argue that point," laughed the man, as he stood up to get a glimpse of the "rich blacksmith's daughter" at the gate. "I can see that they ought to have it if they want it, and especially if you want them to have it. I've known what it was myself to do without a banquet lamp. Now give me the circular, and let's do some figuring. How much do the Simpsons lack at this moment?"

"If they sell two hundred more cakes this month and next, they can have the lamp by Christmas," Rebecca answered, "and they can get a shade by summer time; but I'm afraid I can't help very much after to-day, because my aunt Miranda may not like to have me."

"I see. Well, that's all right. I'll take three hundred cakes, and that will give them shade and all."

[16] Rebecca had been seated on a stool very near to the edge of the porch, and at this remark she made a sudden movement, tipped over, and disappeared into a clump of lilac bushes. It was a very short distance, fortunately, and the amused capitalist picked her up, set her on her feet, and brushed her off.

"You should never seem surprised when you have taken a large order," said he; "you ought to have replied 'Can't you make it three hundred and fifty?' instead of capsizing in that unbusinesslike way."

[17] "Oh, I could never say anything like that!" exclaimed Rebecca, who was blushing crimson at her awkward fall. "But it doesn't seem right for you to buy so much. Are you sure you can afford it?"

"If I can't, I'll save on something else," returned the jocose philanthropist.

"What if your aunt shouldn't like the kind of soap?" queried Rebecca nervously.

"My aunt always likes what I like," he returned.

"Mine doesn't!" exclaimed Rebecca.

"Then there's something wrong with your aunt!"

"Or with me," laughed Rebecca.

[18] "What is your name, young lady?"

"Rebecca Rowena Randall, sir."

"What?" with an amused smile. "Both? Your mother was generous."

"She couldn't bear to give up either of the names she says."

"Do you want to hear my name?"

"I think I know already," answered Rebecca, with a bright glance. "I'm sure you must be Mr. Aladdin in the Arabian Nights. Oh, please, can I run down and tell Emma Jane? She must be so tired waiting, and she will be so glad!"

[19] At the man's nod of assent Rebecca sped down the lane, crying irrepressibly as she neared the wagon, "Oh, Emma Jane! Emma Jane! we are sold out!"

Mr. Aladdin followed smilingly to corroborate this astonishing, unbelievable statement; lifted all their boxes from the back of the wagon, and taking the circular, promised to write to the Excelsior Company that night concerning the premium.

"If you could contrive to keep a secret, — you two little girls, — it would be rather a nice surprise to have the lamp arrive at the Simpson's on Thanksgiving Day, wouldn't it?" he asked, as he tucked the old lap robe cosily over their feet.

[20] They gladly assented, and broke into a chorus of excited thanks, during which tears of joy stood in Rebecca's eyes.

"Oh, don't mention it!" laughed Mr. Aladdin, lifting his hat. "I was a sort of commercial traveler myself once, — years ago, — and I like to see the thing

well done. Good-by, Miss Rebecca Rowena! Just let me know whenever you have anything to sell, for I'm certain beforehand I shall want it."

"Good-by, Mr. Aladdin! I surely will!" cried Rebecca, tossing back her dark braids delightedly and waving her hand.

21 "Oh, Rebecca!" said Emma Jane in an awe-struck whisper. "He raised his hat to us, and we not thirteen! It'll be five years before we're ladies."

"Never mind," answered Rebecca; "we are the *beginnings* of ladies, even now."

**First reading.** 1. Compare Rebecca and Emma Jane: which is the more likely to win success? Why? 2. Practice reading aloud sections 5, 9–10, 12–13, 14, 15–17, 18–20, 21.

**Second rapid reading.** 3. Find places where the author is humorous.

**Something to do.** 4. Arrange the story as a play to give at Thanksgiving time. (Manual)

**Further reading.** 5. Read "Aladdin's Lamp" in *Arabian Nights;* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* to see whether the Simpsons got the lamp, as planned.

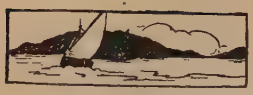
## MAN–MAKING

EDWIN MARKHAM

1 WE all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man.

2 Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world, unless
The builder also grows.

1. What means do men and women take to build themselves into bigger people? 2. What means can you take?



## BARTER

SARA TEASDALE

What are the most lovely things in life?

Are such things free? Or must you pay something from yourself to get for your very own such lovely things as the surf of the ocean, the flaming camp-fire, the smile of a child, the song of the thrush, the scent of pine woods, the friendly touch of a good pal's hand?

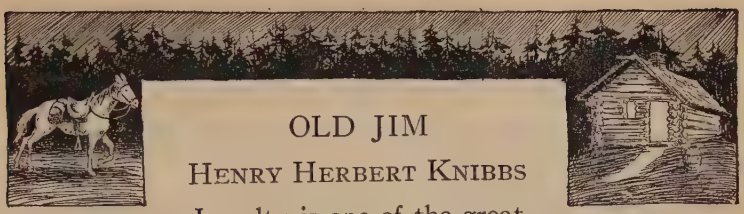
The poet thinks you must give something, because she calls this poem "Barter," which means *trade, exchange, selling* or *buying.*

Money is not the only thing that is used in exchange. Some of these most wonderful things in the world money can not buy. What is it that you have to give for them?

1 LIFE has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

2 Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

3 Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.



## OLD JIM

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

Loyalty is one of the great watch-words of life. Loyalty to whatever Service a man or a woman, a boy or a girl, may be engaged in!

But is loyalty found only in people? Who is the real hero of this poem? Why?

1 BLACK thunder rolled along the mountain-height,
The lightning lashed in whips of burning white
Across the towering pines. Keen, biting, cold
The rain, torrential, smote the mountain-hold:
Quick streams danced down the steep, ripped through the trail,
Loosing the tilted rock and hillside shale.

2 "We can't turn back," the forest ranger said;
So getting from his horse, he slowly led
The way across a narrow, rocky shelf,
A risk for both — yet he went first, himself;
Testing each step to gain the other side,
He heard above the storm the rumbling slide,
Felt the world tremble, dropped the tightened rein,
Then, plunging, rolling, felt a thrust of pain,
Then nothingness.

3 Awaking to the day,
Half-buried in the rocky slide he lay,
And knew the freshness of a little breeze;
Saw the bright rain drip slowly from the trees,
Watched the long, western shadows softly fall
Across a sunset-cañon's gilded wall;

Thought of his horse, and summoned will to rise,
Sank back with hot pain branded in his eyes,
Then, with his white lips twisted tense and grim:
"I wonder where the landslide left Old Jim?"

4 As though in answer to his murmured thought,
He heard the tinkle of a rein-chain; caught
The sound of slipping shale and plodding feet,
Nor ever heard a melody more sweet.
"Jim!" he called hoarsely. "Can you make it, Jim?"
Then, like a dream, his horse limped down to him.
Gashed by the rock and streaked with darkening red
The old horse stood and slowly moved his head,
Nuzzling the limp hand lifted tremblingly,
His great eyes glowing deep with sympathy.
He knew his rider helpless, so he stood,
— A duty taught by toil and hardihood,
The motto of the Service — Loyalty!
"It's up to you to go get help for me:"
So spake the ranger. Old Jim seemed to know,
Yet waited for direct command to go.

5 Down the rude steep, slow plodding through the night
He found his way. He saw the cabin light:
Sniffed at the gate with nostrils round and tense,
Struck with his forefoot at the Station fence,
Then neighed his challenge, loud and high and shrill.
Light-blinded for an instant — stiff and still
He stood.

6 "Ed's horse!" The valley ranger said:
And then: "The storm — the old cliff-trail — and Ed?"

7 Without command the old horse led the way
Back through the night to where his rider lay
Pinned by the rock and shale. Thirst-ridden, weak,
Ed heard his name, but had no strength to speak.
"Jim, are you there?" he whispered to the night,
Following with feverish glance the lantern-light,
The shadowy figure laboring at the rock . . .
The clink of steel — and then the sudden shock
Of movement. Oh, the merciful release
Of stupor and an endless dream of peace!

3 Out of the dream he drifted to the light
Of noonday in the cabin. Swathed in white
He lay, a sorry jest for blithe Romance,
Yet every bit as good a sport as Chance.

9 He saw the sunlight through the open door,
Saw the far green across the valley floor:
Heard voices in the yard: "The fracture . . .
shock . . ."
Then murmured to himself: "You said it, Doc!"

10 "And he can thank his stars . . ." the voice was grim:
"They're 'way off," murmured Ed. "I'm thanking Jim."

1. What is the work of the forest ranger? 2. Why is the horse such a great comrade to man in the West?

## DUTY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

ELLIOTT C. LINCOLN

What difference would the coming of the barbed wire fence make in wide, open country that had been unfenced before?

Here the Barbed Wire tells you. Put in your own words what it says.

[1] MILLIONS of miles of shining metal threads
Cutting the plain in geometric lines,
Climbing aloft among the mountain pines,
I show the way wherever Progress treads.

[2] I bound the cultivated fields of man,
Divide his cattle from the masterless,
I form a barrier to the wilderness;
I end that which has been since time began.

[3] My barbed and twisted strands have marked the change
That comes when Nature pays the debt she owes.
I whisper to each heedless wind that blows
The last low dirges of the open range.

**Discussion.** 1. For what kind of life does the wire fence show the way?

2. What does the last line of stanza 2 mean?

3. What great occupation of the West would the coming of the wire fence affect?

**Further reading.** Look for books on ranching; as,

**Inman, H. E.** *Ranch on the Oxhide.*

"A tale of pioneer days in Kansas. General Custer and Buffalo Bill are among the characters, and encounters with wolves, panthers, buffaloes, and Indians are frequent occurrences."

## THE RANCHMAN'S RIDE

WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN

1 HURRAH for a ride on the prairies free,
On a fiery untamed steed,
Where the curlews fly and the coyotes cry,
And a fragrant breeze goes whispering by;
Hurrah! and away with speed.

2 With left hand light on the bridle-rein,
And saddle-girths cinched behind,
With lariat tied at the pommel's side,
And lusty bronchos true and tried,
We'll race with the whistling wind.

3 We are off and away, like a flash of light
As swift as the shooting star,
As an arrow flies towards its distant prize,
On! on we whirl toward the shimmering skies;
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

4 As free as a bird o'er billowy sea
We skim the flowered Divide,
Like seamews strong we fly along,
While the earth resounds with galloping song
As we plunge through the fragrant tide.

5 Avaunt with your rides in crowded towns!
Give me the prairies free,
Where the curlews fly, and the coyotes cry,
And the heart expands 'neath the azure sky;
Ah! that's the ride for me.

1. Which words in this poem suggest the work of a ranchman?
2. Which words picture animal and flower life of the prairies?

## A STAMPEDE

ELINORE P. STEWART

Letter writing can be made very fascinating if the writer has an imagination that can picture scenes and happenings vividly, a heart that responds to the call for sympathy, and an observant eye.

In the following letter you will find these words used:

2000 steers [2] — mountains [2] — desert [2] — cowboys' songs [2] — boss of the cow outfit [3] — chaps [3] — jangling spurs [3] — draw [5] — burning sand [5] — mess-wagon [5] — freighter's long outfit [5] — coaster [6] — sheep wagons [6] — sagebrush [7] — hobbles and halters [7] — stampeded [7] — badger hole.[10]

How do they help to paint the picture of a local scene?

*In Camp on the Desert,*
*October* 19

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND:

[1] I have stood face to face with tragedy and romance, and to me one is as touching as the other, but you will know better when I tell you what I mean. We *all* bustled about to get started from Newfork. Now that we had started, all were homesick.

[2] Just ahead of us was a drove of two thousand steers being driven to the railroad to be shipped. I advise you to keep ahead of such drives when you take such a trip as I did, because the trampling of so many feet makes a road almost impassable. What had been snow in the mountains had been rain on the desert, and we found going decidedly bad. A rise of a hill would give us, now and then, a glimpse of a slow-moving, dark-colored mass of heaving forms, and the desert breezes brought to our ears the mournful lowing of the poor creatures. Sometimes, too, we could hear a snatch of

the cowboys' songs. It was all very beautiful and I would have enjoyed it hugely except that my desire to be home far outran the wagon, and I felt like a prisoner with clogs.

[3] About mid-afternoon the boss of the cow outfit came up on a splendid horse. He was a pleasant fellow, and he made a handsome picture, with his big hat, his great chaps and his jangling spurs, as he rode along beside our wagons, talking.

[4] He told us that a crazy duffer had gone about over the desert for years digging wells, but at last he struck water. A few miles ahead was a well flowing like an artesian well. There would be plenty of water for every one, even the cattle. Next morning we could start ahead of the herds and so the roads would be a little better.

[5] It was quite early when we made camp in the same long draw where that poor man struck water. There was indeed a great change. Where there had been dry, burning sand there now was a clear little stream that formed shallow pools where the sand had blown away, so that harder soil could form a bottom less greedy than the sand. Off to our left the uneasy herd was being held in a wide, flat valley. They were grazing on the dry, sparse herbage of the desert. Quite near the well the mess-wagon had stopped and the cook was already preparing supper. Beyond, a few yards away, a freighter's long outfit was stopped in the road.

[6] Did you ever see the kind of freight outfit that is used to bring the great loads across the desert? Then I'll tell you about the one we camped near. Freight wagons are not made precisely like others; they are very much larger and stronger. Several of these are coupled together; then as many teams as is necessary are hitched on — making a long, unbroken string of

wagons. The horses are arranged in the same manner as the wagons. Great chains are used to pull the wagons, and when a camp is made the whole affair is stopped in the middle of the road and the harness is dropped right where the horse that bore it stood. Many freighters have what they call a coaster hitched to the last wagon. The coaster is almost like other wagons, but it is a home on wheels; it is built and furnished as sheep wagons are. This freighter had one, and as we drove past I was surprised to see the form of a woman and a small boy. We camped quite near them.

[7] For an hour we were very busy preparing supper and arranging for the night. As we sat at supper I thought I had never known so quiet and peaceful an hour. The sun hung like a great, red ball in the hazy west. Purple shadows were already gathering. A gentle wind rippled past across the dun sands and through the gray-green sagebrush. The chain parts of the hobbles and halters made a clinking sound as the horses fed about.

[8] Presently we heard a rumbling sound, just like distant thunder. The cowboys sprang into their saddles; we heard a shot, and then we knew the terrible truth, — the steers had stampeded!

[9] For me, the next few minutes were an eternity of frightful confusion. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I found ourselves with the children upon our largest wagon; that was absolutely all the protection to be had. It would have gone down like a house of cards if that heaving sea of destruction had turned our way. I was scared witless. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy knelt among the children praying with white lips. I stood up watching the terrible scene.

[10] The men hastily set the horses free. There was no time to mount them and ride to safety with so many

little children, and as there was nothing to tie them to but the wagons, we *had* to let them go so as to have the wagons left for shelter.

[11] "Greater love hath *no* man than this: that he lay down his life for his brother." The cowboys knew nothing about us, — only that we were defenseless. They rode boldly on their staunch little horses, flanking the frenzied steers, shooting a leader here and there as they got a chance. If an animal stumbled it went down to its death, for hundreds of pounding hoofs would trample it to pulp. So it would have been with the boys if their horses had stepped into a badger hole or anything of the kind had happened. So the tide was turned, or the steers kept off themselves, I don't know which, on up the valley instead of coming up our draw. The danger was past.

[12] *This* is why cowboys are such well-loved figures of romance and in mentioning them romance is fact.

---

[13] We camped last night at Ten Trees. To-night we are at Eden Valley.

So now, dear friend, I am a little nearer you. In one more week I shall be home.

Sincerely, *thankfully* yours,

*E. P. S.*

**Discussion.** 1. What are some difficulties encountered by the cowboys in driving 2000 steers to the railroad?

2. Why did the author sign herself "Thankfully yours"?

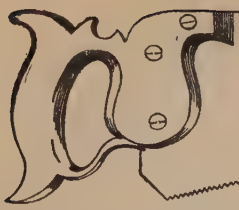
3. Can you picture your locality as she did hers, by the use of words that give "local color"? What should you select as descriptive of your community?

4. How could you find out where this happened?

**Further reading.**

**Lummis, C. F.** *King of the Broncos*, and other stories of New Mexico.

"Tales of adventure in New Mexico, of which the Jawbone Telegraph is one of the best."



## TRADES

AMY LOWELL

What trades do you know best? Select one of them and write down things you would mention if you were describing it, or writing a poem about it.

Now, read what the poet said about the carpenter trade.

I WANT to be a carpenter,
To work all day long in clean wood,
Shaving it into little thin slivers
Which screw up into curls behind my plane;
Pounding square, black nails into white boards,
With the claws of my hammer glistening
Like the tongue of a snake.
I want to shingle a house,
Sitting on the ridge pole in a bright breeze.
I want to put the shingles on neatly,
Taking great care that each is directly between
two others.
I want my hands to have the tang of wood:
Spruce, Cedar, Cypress;
I want to draw a line on a board with a flat
pencil,
And then saw along that line,
With the sweet-smelling sawdust piling up in a
yellow heap at my feet.
That is the life!
Heigh-ho!
It is much easier than to write this poem.

Write a poem about the trade you selected.

## SEA FEVER

JOHN MASEFIELD

What things in this poem make you feel that the poet knew something of life at sea?

What things should *you* like to see?

1 I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

2 I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.

3 I must go down to the seas again, for the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

**Further reading.** Tell which you like the best:
**Grant, Gordon.** *Story of the Ship*
**Jordan, David Starr.** *The Story of Matka* (a seal).
**Hawes, Charles B.** *The Mutineers.*

## HARRO

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Why is this son worthy of a Carnegie Medal? What made it doubly hard for him to be brave?
Do you think Harro did right to go?

1 THIS *is brave Harro's story,*
*Harro who watched the sea:*
*To his renown I set it down*
*As it was told to me.*

2 Back from the reef-caught vessel
Came Harro's comrades four,
And with them ten half-perished men
Safe landed on the shore.

3 "And are these all?" asked Harro.
Answered the sailors brave:
"Nay. One lashed high we left to die,
And find an ocean grave."

4 Cried Harro: "Who goes with me
To rescue him, the last,
Alive or dead? Shall it be said
We left one on the mast?"

5 Spoke up his gray-haired mother:
"Oh, Harro boy, my son,
Go not, I pray! 'tis death they say,
And there is only one!

6 "Father and brother Uwe
The cruel sea hath slain.
My last art thou. Good Harro, now
Let me not plead in vain!"

7 Answered brave Harro: "Mother,
Who knows, perchance for him
Under the skies a mother's eyes
To-day with tears grow dim.

8 "Farewell! God watches over
The fields of flying foam,
And He shall keep us on the deep,
And safely bring us home."

9 Wild was the storm-swept ocean,
And like a fragile leaf
The lifeboat tossed long ere it crossed
Unto the distant reef.

10 Wild was the sea, and madly
Ever the tempest blew,
While down the track came Harro back
With one beside the crew.

11 Hard to the oars his comrades
Bent in the shrieking gale;
And Harro cried, when land he spied,
"Thank God, we shall not fail!"

12 And when he saw his mother
Pacing the shore in tears,
Loud over all the storm his call
Brought gladness to her ears.

13 Over and over he shouted,
And high his cap he waved:
"God gives thee joy! God sends thy boy!
'Tis Uwe we have saved!"

14 *Such is brave Harro's story,*
*Harro who watched the sea:*
*To his renown I set it down*
*As it was told to me.*

**Further reading.** Do you agree with these comments?

**Ingersoll, Ernest.** *Book of the Ocean.*

"Chapters about the ocean, its waves and currents, and about most things on or in it, about merchant ships and commerce, warships and naval battles, pirates, lighthouses, sea animals, and dangers of the deep."

**Marryat, Capt. Frederick.** *Masterman Ready.*

"A story of the Swiss Family Robinson type, with the added value of excellent characterizations. Ready is a never-to-be-forgotten hero."

## THE TURKEY DRIVE

### Dallas Lore Sharp

Read as fast as you can to find the point in the story that the picture illustrates. Then continue reading to the end to find out whether the "Turkey Drive" was successful.

1 The situation was serious enough for the two boys. It was not a large, but it was their whole fortune, that straggled along the slushy road in the shape of five hundred weary, hungry turkeys, which were looking for a roosting-place.

2 But there was no place where they could roost, no safe place, as the boys well knew, for on each side of the old road stretched the forest trees, a dangerous, and in the weakened condition of the turkeys, an impossible roost on such a night as was coming.

[3] For the warm south wind had again veered to the north; the slush was beginning to grow crusty, and a fine sifting snow was slanting through the open trees. Although it was still early afternoon, the gloom of the night had already settled over the forest, and the turkeys, with empty crops, were peevishly searching the bare trees for a roost.

[4] It was a strange, slow procession that they made, here in the New Brunswick forest — the flock of five hundred turkeys, tolled forward by a boy of eighteen, kept in line by a well-trained shepherd-dog that raced up and down the straggling column, and urged on in the rear by a boy of nineteen, who was followed, in his turn, by an old horse and farm wagon, creeping along behind.

[5] It was growing more difficult all the time to keep the turkeys moving. But they must not be allowed to stop until darkness should put an end to the march. And they must not be allowed to take to the trees at all. Some of them, indeed, were too weak to roost high; but the flock would never move forward again if exposed in the tall trees on such a night as this promised to be.

[6] The thing to do was to keep them stirring. Once allow them to halt, give one of them time to pick out a roosting-limb for himself, and the march would be over for that afternoon. The boys knew their flock. This was not their first drive. They knew from experience that once a turkey gets it into his small head to roost, he is bound to roost. Nothing will stop him. And in this matter the flock acts as a single bird.

[7] In the last village, back along the road through which they had passed, this very flock took a notion suddenly to go to roost, and to go to roost on a little chapel as the vesper bells were tolling. The bells were tolling, the worshipers were gathering, when, with a loud gobble, one of the turkeys in the flock sailed into the air and lighted upon the ridgepole beside the belfry! Instantly the flock broke ranks, ran wildly round the little building, and with a clamor that drowned the vesper bell, came down on the chapel in a feathered congregation that covered every shingle of the roof. Only the humor and quick wit of the kindly old priest prevented the superstitious of his people from going into a panic. The service had to wait until the birds made themselves comfortable for the night — belfry, roof, windowsills, and porch steps thick with roosting turkeys!

[8] The boys had come to have almost a fear of this mania for roosting, for they never knew when it might break out or what strange turn it might take. They knew now, as the snow and the gray dusk began to thicken in the woods, that the flock must not go to roost. Even the dog understood the signs, — the peevish *quint, quint, quint,* the sudden bolting of some gobbler into the brush, the stretching necks, the lagging steps, — and redoubled his efforts to keep the line from halting.

[9] For two days the flock had been without food. Almost a week's supply of grain, enough to carry them through to the border, had been loaded into the wagon before starting in upon this wild, deserted road through the Black Creek region; but the heavy, day-long snow storm had prevented their moving at all for one day, and had made travel so nearly impossible since then that here they were, facing a blizzard, with night upon them, five hundred starving turkeys straggling wearily before them, and a two days' drive yet to go!

[10] The two brothers had got a short leave from college, and had started their turkey drive in the more settled regions back from the New Brunswick border. They had bought up the turkeys from farm to farm, had herded them in one great flock as they drove them leisurely along, and had moved all the while toward the state line, whence they planned to send them through Maine for the New England market. Upon reaching the railroad, they would rest and feed the birds, and ship them, in a special freight-car ordered in advance, to a Boston commission house, sell the horse and rig for what they could get, and, with their dog, go directly back to college.

[11] More money than they actually possessed had gone into the daring venture. But the drive had been more than successful until the beginning of the Black Creek road. The year before they had gone over the same route, which they had chosen because it was sparsely settled and because the prices were low. This year farmers were expecting them; the turkeys were plentiful; the traveling had been good until this early snow had caught them here in the backwoods and held them; and now, with the sudden shift of the wind again to the north, it threatened to delay them farther, past all chance of bringing a single turkey through alive.

[12] But George and Herbert Totman had not worked their way into their junior year at college to sit down by the roadside while there was light to travel by. They were not the kind to let their turkeys go to roost before sundown. It was a slow and solemn procession that moved through the woods, but it moved — toward a goal that they had set for that day's travel.

[13] All day, at long intervals, as they had pushed along the deep forest road, the muffled rumble of distant trains had come to them through the silence; and now, although neither of them had mentioned it, they were determined to get out somewhere near the tracks before the night and the storm should settle down upon them. Their road, hardly more here than a wide trail, must cross the railroad tracks, as they remembered it, not more than two or three miles ahead.

[14] Leaving more and more of the desolate forest behind them with every step, they plodded doggedly on. But there was so much of the same desolate forest still before them! Yet yonder, and not far away, was the narrow path of the iron track through the interminable waste; something human — the very sight of it enough to warm and cheer them. They would camp to-night where they could see a train go by.

[15] The leaden sky lowered closer upon them. The storm had not yet got under full headway, but the fine icy flakes were flying faster, slanting farther, and the wind was beginning to drone through the trees.

[16] Without a halt, the flock moved on through the thickening storm. But the dog was having all that he could do to keep the stragglers in order; and George, in the rear, saw that they must stir the flock, for the birds were falling back into a thick bunch before him.

[17] Hurrying back to the wagon, he got two loaves of bread, and ran ahead with them to Herbert. The

famished turkeys seemed to know what he carried, and broke into a run after him. For half a mile they kept up the gait, as both boys, trotting along the road, dropped pieces of bread on the snow.

[18] Then the whole game had to be repeated; for the greater part of the flock, falling hopelessly behind, soon forgot what they were running after, and began to cry, "*Quint! quint! quint!*" — the roosting-cry! So, starting again at the rear with the bread, George carried the last of the flock forward for another good run.

[19] "We should win this game," Herbert panted, "if we only had loaves enough to make a few more touchdowns."

"There's half an hour yet to play," was George's answer.

"But what on?"

"Oh, on our nerve now," the older boy replied grimly.

"That railroad is not far ahead," said Herbert.

"Half an hour ahead. We've got to camp by that track to-night or —"

"Or what?"

But George had turned to help the dog head off some runaways.

[20] Herbert, picking up a lump of frozen leaves and snow, began to break this in front of the flock to coax them on.

He had hardly started the birds again, when a long-legged gobbler brushed past him and went swinging down the road, calling, "*Quint! quint! quint!*" to the flock behind. The call was taken up and passed along the now extended line, which, breaking immediately into double-quick, went streaming after him.

Herbert got out of the way to let them pass, too astonished for a moment to do more than watch them

go. It was the roosting-cry! An old gobbler had given it; but as it was taking him, for once, in the right direction, Herbert ordered back the dog that had dashed forward to head him off, and fell in with George to help on the stragglers in the rear.

As the laggards were brought up to a slight rise in the road, the flock was seen a hundred yards ahead, gathered in a dark mass about a telegraph-pole! It could be nothing else, for through the whirling snow the big cross-arms stood out, dim but unmistakable.

It was this that the gobbler had spied and started for, this sawed and squared piece of timber, that had suggested a barnyard to him — corn and roost — as to the boys it meant a human presence in the forest and something like human companionship.

[21] It was after four o'clock now, and the night was hard upon them. The wind was strengthening every minute; the snow was coming finer and swifter. The boys' worst fears about the storm were beginning to be realized.

But the sight of the railroad track heartened them. The strong-armed poles, with their humming wires, reached out hands of hope to them; and getting among the turkeys, they began to hurry them off the track and down the steep embankment, which fortunately offered some slight protection from the wind. But as fast as they pushed the birds off, the one-minded things came back on the track. The whole flock, meanwhile, was scattering up and down the iron rails and settling calmly down upon them for the night.

They were going to roost upon the track! The railway road bank shelved down to the woods on each side, and along its whitened peak lay the two black rails like ridgepoles along the length of a long roof. In the thick half-light of the whirling snow, the turkeys seemed

suddenly to find themselves at home: and as close together as they could crowd, with their breasts all to the storm, they arranged themselves in two long lines upon the steel rails.

[22] And nothing could move them! As fast as one was tossed down the bank, up he came. Starting down the lines, the boys pushed and shoved to clear the track; but the lines re-formed behind them quickly, evenly, and almost without a sound. As well try to sweep back the waves of the sea! They worked together to collect a small band of the birds and drive them into the edge of the woods; but every time the band dwindled to a single turkey that dodged between their legs toward its place on the roost. The two boys could have kept *two* turkeys off the rails, but not five hundred.

"The game is up, George," said Herbert, as the sickening thought of a train swept over him.

[23] The words were barely uttered when there came the *tankle, tankle* of the big cow-bell hanging from the collar of the horse, just now coming up to the crossing!

George caught his breath and started over to stop the horse, when, above the loud hum of the wires and the sound of the wind in the forest trees, they heard through the storm the muffled whistle of a locomotive.

[24] "Quick! The horse, Herbert! Hitch him to a tree and come!" called George, as he dived into the wagon and pulled out their lantern. "Those birds could wreck the train!" he shouted, and hurried forward along the track with his lighted lantern in his hand.

It was not the thought of the turkeys, but the thought of the people on the flying Montreal express — if that it was — that sped him up the track. In his imagination he saw the wreck of a ditched train below him; the moans of a hundred mangled beings he heard sounding in his ears!

[25] On into the teeth of the blinding storm he raced, while he strained his eyes for a glimpse of the coming train.

The track seemed to lie straightaway in front of him, and he bent his head for a moment before the wind, when, out of the smother of the snow, the flaring headlight leaped almost upon him.

He sprang aside, stumbled, and pitched headlong down the bank, as the engine of a freight, with a roar that dazed him, swept past.

But the engineer had seen him, and there was a screaming of iron brakes, a crashing of cars together, and a long-drawn shrieking of wheels, as the heavy train slid along the slippery rails to a stop.

[26] As the engineer swung down from his cab, he was met, to his great astonishment, by a dozen turkeys clambering up the embankment toward him. He had plowed his way well among the roosting flock and brushed them unhurt from the rails as the engine skidded along to its slow stop.

By this time the conductor and the train-hands had run forward to see what it all meant, and stood looking at the strange obstruction on the track, when Herbert came into the glare of the headlight and joined them. Then George came panting up, and the boys tried to explain the situation. But their explanation only made a case of sheer negligence out of what at first had seemed a mystery to the trainmen. Both the engineer and the conductor were anxious and surly. Their train was already an hour late; there was a through express behind, and the track must be cleared at once.

[27] And they fell at once to clearing it — conductor, fireman, brakemen, and the two boys. Those railroad men had never tried to clear a track of roosting turkeys before. They cleared it, — a little of it, — but

it would not stay cleared, for the turkeys slipped through their hands, squeezed between their legs, ducked about their heels, and got back into place. Finally the conductor, putting two men in line on each rail, ordered the engineer to follow slowly, close upon their heels, with the train, as they scattered the birds before them.

[28] The boys had not once thought of themselves. They had had no time to think of anything but the danger and the delay that they had caused. They helped with all their might to get the train through, and as they worked, silently listened to the repeated threats of the conductor.

At last, with a muttered something, the conductor kicked one of the turkeys into a fluttering heap beneath the engine, and, turning, commanded his crew to stand aside and let the engineer finish the rest of the flock.

[29] The men got away from the track. Then, catching Herbert by the arm, George pointed along the train, and bending made a tossing motion toward the top of the cars.

"Quick!" he whispered. "One on every car!" and stepping calmly back in front of the engine, he went down the opposite side of the long train.

As he passed the tender he seized a big gobbler, and sent him with a wild throw up to the top of a low coal-car, just as Herbert on his side, sent another fluttering up to the same perch. Both birds landed with a flap and a gobble that were heard by the other turkeys up and down the length of the train.

[30] Instantly came a chorus of answering gobbles as every turkey along the track saw, in the failing light, that real buildings — farmyard buildings — were here to roost on! And into the air they went, helped all along the train by the boys, who were tossing them into

the cars, or upon the loads of lumber, as fast as they could pass from car to car.

Luckily, the rails were sleety, and the mighty driving-wheels, spinning on the ice with their long load, which seemed to freeze continually to the track, made headway so slowly that the whole flock had come to roost upon the cars before the train was fairly moving.

[31] Conductor and brakeman, hurrying back to board the caboose, were midway of the train before they noticed what was happening. *How* it was happening they did not see at all, so hidden were the movements of the two boys in the swirl of the blinding snow.

For just an instant the conductor checked himself. But it was too late to do anything. The train was moving, and he must keep it moving as fast as he could to the freight-yards ahead at the junction — the very yards where, even now, an empty car was waiting for the overdue turkeys.

[32] As he ran on down the track and swung aboard the caboose, two other figures closed in behind the train. One of them seizing the other by the arm, landed him safe upon the steps, and then shouted at him through the storm:

"Certainly you shall! I'm safe enough! I'll drive on to that old sawmill to-night. Feed 'em in the morning and wait for me! Good-by," and as the wind carried his voice away, George Totman found himself staring after a ghost-white car that had vanished in the storm.

[33] He was alone; but the thought of the great flock speeding on to the town ahead was company enough. Besides, he had too much to do, and to do quickly, to think of himself; for the snow was blocking his road, and the cold was getting at him. But how the wires overhead sang to him! How the sounding

forest sang to him as he went back to give the horse a snatch of supper!

He was soon on the road, where the wind at his back and the tall trees gave him protection. The four-wheeled wagon pulled hard through the piling snow, but the horse had had an easy day, and George kept him going until, toward eight o'clock, he drew up behind a lofty pile of slabs and sawdust at the old mill.

[34] A wilder storm never filled the resounding forests of the North. The old mill was far from being proof against the fine, icy snow; but when George rolled himself in his heavy blanket and lay down beside his dog, it was to go to sleep to the comfortable munching of the horse, and with the thought that Herbert and the turkeys were safe.

[35] And they were safe. It was late in the afternoon the next day when George, having left the wagon at the mill, came floundering behind the horse through the unbroken road into the streets of the junction, to find Herbert anxiously waiting for him, and the turkeys, with full crops, trying hard to go to roost inside their double-decked car.

**First rapid reading.** 1. How much of the story did you get at your first rapid reading — the Who, When, Where, Did what, How, and Why?

**Second reading.** 2. What risks were there in putting the turkeys on the train?

3. Which was the more useful — the dog or the horse?

4. Who was the more resourceful — George or Herbert? Why?

**Something to discuss.** 5. In what other ways can boys and girls earn money to take them through school?

**Further reading.** Which of these books do you like the better?

**Crissey, Forrest.** *The Story of Foods.*

**Sharp, Dallas Lore.** *A Watcher in the Woods.*

**Lee, Mary C.** *A Quaker Girl of Nantucket.*

## THE TWO CHURCH-BUILDERS

JOHN G. SAXE

Who built in the right spirit? Why?

1 A FAMOUS King would build a church,
A temple vast and grand;
And, that the praise might be his own,
He gave a strict command
That none should add the smallest gift
To aid the work he planned.

2 And when the mighty dome was done,
Within the noble frame,
Upon a tablet broad and fair,
In letters all aflame
With burnished gold, the people read
The royal builder's name.

3 Now, when the King, elate with pride,
That night had sought his bed,
He dreamed he saw an Angel come
(A halo round his head,)
Erase the royal name, and write
Another in its stead.

4 What could it mean? Three times that night
That wondrous vision came;
Three times he saw that Angel hand
Erase that royal name,
And write a woman's in its stead,
In letters all aflame.

5 Whose could it be? He gave command
To all about his throne,
To seek the owner of the name
That on the tablet shone;
And so it was the courtiers found
A widow poor and lone.

6 The King, enraged at what he heard,
Cried: "Bring the culprit here!"
And to the woman, trembling sore,
He said: "'Tis very clear
That you have broken my command;
Now let the truth appear!"

7 "Your majesty," the widow said:
"I can't deny the truth;
I love the Lord, — my Lord and yours, —
And so, in simple sooth,
I broke your majesty's command
(I crave your royal ruth).

8 "And since I had no money, sire,
Why, I could only pray
That God would bless your majesty;
And when along the way
The horses drew the stones, I gave
To one a wisp of hay."

9 "Ah! now I see," the King exclaimed,
"Self-glory was my aim;
The woman gave for love of God,
And not for worldly fame!
'Tis my command the tablet bear
The pious widow's name."

1. Find the lines that are illustrated in the pictures.
2. What other lines would make good pictures?

## WORK

HENRY VAN DYKE

1 LET me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

2 Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

1. What different kinds of occupations are suggested in this poem? Discuss the advantages and disadvantages of each.
2. What is the best way to fill one's leisure time?

**Further reading.** Read up on something you would like to do.

**Adams, J. H.** *Harper's Indoor Book for Boys.*

"Practical suggestions for things to make for the house. Particularly attractive to a boy who has had some manual training. Many working drawings. Includes carpentry and wood-carving, metal work and wire work, relief etching and clay-modeling, book binding and printing."

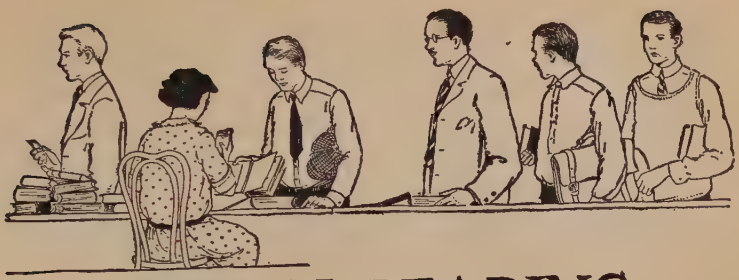
**Adams, J. H.** *Harper's Outdoor Book for Boys.*

"Making things for outdoor enjoyment: windmills, aeroplanes, aquariums, ice boats, skis, shelters, etc. Camp life, trapping, fishing, and boating dealt with in detail."

**Hall, A. N.** *Boy Craftsman;* practical and profitable ideas for a boy's leisure time.

"Tells how to make a boy's workshop, how to handle tools and what can be made with them, how to start a printing shop and conduct an amateur newspaper, how to make photographs, build a log cabin, a canvas canoe, a gymnasium, a miniature theater, and many other things."

**Rorer, Mrs. S. T.** *Home Candy Making.* A practical handbook.



# STUDY READING

LEARNING TO ENJOY

## Essays, Declamations, Test, and Textbook Articles


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Log of a Cowboy.....*Andy Adams* | 211 |
| Anecdote of a Cowboy *Theodore Roosevelt* | 215 |
| Our Imports in Everyday Life (*Commerce*) *National Foreign Trade Council* | 217 |
| Compressed Air (*Manufacturing*) *Eva March Tappan* | 221 |
| The Lesson of Success — a declamation..... *George W. Childs* | 230 |
| On an Elk Hunt (*the game warden*).....*Elinore P. Stewart* | 232 |
| Transportation..*Eva March Tappan* | 234 |
| Magnets.....*Edith Lillian Smith* | 246 |
| Thrift Problems *F. S. Hoyt and H. E. Peet* | 252 |
| The Accident that Gave us Wood-Pulp Paper.....*Parke E. Hanley* | 257 |
| The Best Way to Pull..... | 261 |
| Things to do at the Library..... | 262 |


## LOG OF A COWBOY

### AT THE BOGGY FORD

ANDY ADAMS

A *log* is a form of diary. In it we expect to find intimate details of persons, places, and happenings just as they were in real life.

As you read through this selection, observe these details of *who*, *when*, *where*, and *what*. Then find in your geography the locality where this must have happened.

[1] THAT night we learned from Straw our location on the trail. We were far above the Indian reservation, and instead of having been astray our foreman had

held a due northward course, and we were probably as far on the trail as if we had followed the regular route. So in spite of all our good maxims, we had been borrowing trouble; we were never over thirty miles to the westward of what was then the new Western Cattle Trail. We concluded that the "Running W" herd had turned back, as Straw brought the report that some herd had recrossed Red River the day before his arrival, giving for reasons the wet season and the danger of getting waterbound.

[2] About noon of the second day after leaving the North Fork of Red River, we crossed the Washita, a deep stream, the slippery banks of which gave every indication of a recent rise. We had no trouble in crossing either wagon or herd, it being hardly a check in our onward course. The abandonment of the regular trail the past ten days had been a noticeable benefit to our herd, for the cattle had had an abundance of fresh country to graze over as well as plenty of rest. But now that we were back on the trail, we gave them their freedom and frequently covered twenty miles a day, until we reached the South Canadian, which proved to be the most delusive stream we had yet encountered. It also showed, like the Washita, every evidence of having been on a recent rampage. On our arrival there was no volume of water to interfere, but it had a quicksand bottom that would bog a saddle blanket. Our foreman had been on ahead and examined the regular crossing, and when he returned, freely expressed his opinion that we would be unable to trail the herd across, but might hope to effect it by cutting it into small bunches. When we came, therefore, within three miles of the river, we turned off the trail to a near-by creek and thoroughly watered the herd. This was contrary to our practice, for we usually wanted the herd thirsty when reaching a

large river. But any cow brute that halted in fording the Canadian that day was doomed to sink into quicksands from which escape was doubtful.

[3] We held the wagon and saddle horses in the rear, and when we were half a mile away from the trail ford, cut off about two hundred head of the leaders and started for the crossing, leaving only the horse wrangler and one man with the herd. On reaching the river we gave them an extra push, and the cattle plunged into the muddy water. Before the cattle had advanced fifty feet, instinct warned them of the treacherous footing, and the leaders tried to turn back; but by that time we had the entire bunch in the water and were urging them forward. They had halted but a moment and begun milling, when several heavy steers sank; then we allowed the rest to come back. We did not realize fully the treachery of this river until we saw that twenty cattle were caught in the merciless grasp of the quicksand. They sank slowly to the level of their bodies, which gave sufficient resistance to support their weight, but they were hopelessly bogged.

[4] We allowed the free cattle to return to the herd, and immediately turned our attention to those that were bogged, some of whom were nearly submerged by water. We dispatched some of the boys to the wagon for our heavy corral ropes and a bundle of horse-hobbles; and the remainder of us, stripped to the belt, waded out and surveyed the situation at close quarters. We were all experienced in handling bogged cattle, though this quicksand was the most deceptive that I, at least, had ever witnessed. The bottom of the river as we waded through it was solid under our feet, and as long as we kept moving it felt so, but the moment we stopped the sand was a quagmire. The "pull" of this quicksand was so strong that four of us were unable to

lift a steer's tail out, once it was imbedded in the sand. And when we had released a tail by burrowing around it to arm's length and freed it, it would sink of its own weight in a minute's time until it would have to be burrowed out again. To avoid this we had to coil up the tails and tie them with a soft rope hobble.

[5] Fortunately none of the cattle were over forty feet from the bank, and when our heavy rope arrived we divided into two gangs and began the work of rescue. We first took a heavy rope from the animal's horns to solid footing on the river bank, and tied to this five or six of our lariats. Meanwhile others rolled a steer over as far as possible and began burrowing with their hands down alongside a fore and hind leg simultaneously until they could pass a small rope around the pastern above the cloot, or better yet through the cloven in the hoof, when the leg could be readily lifted by two men. We could not stop burrowing, however, for a moment, or the space would fill and solidify. Once a leg was freed, we doubled it back short and securely tied it with a hobble, and when the fore and hind leg were thus secured, we turned the animal over on that side and released the other legs in a similar manner. Then we hastened out of the water and into our saddles, and wrapped the loose end of our ropes to the pommels, having already tied the lariats to the heavy corral rope from the animal's horns. When the word was given, we took a good swinging start, and unless something gave way there was one steer less in the bog. After we had landed the animal high and dry on the bank, it was but a minute's work to free the rope and untie the hobbles. Then it was advisable to get into the saddle at once and give him a wide berth, for he generally arose angry and sullen.

[6] It was dark before we got the last of the bogged cattle out and retraced our way to camp from the first

river on the trip that had turned us. But we were not the least discouraged, for we felt certain there was a ford that had a bottom somewhere within a few miles, and we could hunt it up on the morrow. The next one, however, we would try before we put the cattle in. There was no question that the treacherous condition of the river was due to the recent freshet, which had brought new deposits of sediment and had agitated the old, even to changing the channel of the river, so that it had not as yet had time to settle and solidify.

**Discussion.** 1. What difficulties were encountered? 2. What are the advantages and disadvantages of a cowboy's life? 3. Find out all you can about quicksand.

**Further reading:** *Our Country: West.*
"Articles originally published in the *Youth's Companion*. Some good material on cowboy life."

**Adams, Andy.** *Log of a Cowboy.*
"A picture of cowboy life as faithful as it is thrilling." — *Boston Transcript.*

## ANECDOTE OF A COWBOY

### Theodore Roosevelt

Read this as rapidly as you can, but follow the line of reasoning carefully.

[1] A number of years ago I was engaged in cattle-ranching on the great plains of the western United States. There were no fences. The cattle wandered free, the ownership of each being determined by the brand; the calves were branded with the brand of the cows they followed.

[2] If on the round-up an animal was passed by, the following year it would appear as an unbranded yearling, and was then called a "maverick." By the custom of the country these mavericks were branded with the brand of the man on whose range they were found.

[3] One day I was riding the range with a newly hired cowboy, and we came upon a maverick. He roped and threw it; then we built a little fire, took out a cinch-ring, heated it at the fire; and the cowboy started to put on the brand.

[4] I said to him, "It is So-and-So's brand," naming the man on whose ranch we happened to be. He answered: "That's all right, boss; I know my business." In another moment I said to him, "Hold on, you are putting on my brand!" To which he answered, "That's all right; I always put on the boss's brand."

[5] "Oh, very well," I answered. "Now, you go straight back to the ranch and get what is owing you; I don't need you any longer." He jumped up and said: "Why, what's the matter? I was putting on your brand." And I answered: "Yes, my friend, and if you will steal *for* me you will steal *from* me."

[6] Now, the same principle which applies in private life applies also in public life. If a public man tries to get your vote by saying that he will do something wrong *in* your interest, you can be absolutely certain that if ever it becomes worth while he will do something wrong *against* your interest.

**Discussion.** 1. Apply the main idea of this brief incident in as many ways as you can — in school, in sports, in politics, in business. 2. Show that it was a guiding principle in Roosevelt's life.

**Further reading. Hagedorn, Hermann.** *Boy's Life of Roosevelt.* "A very graphic account of a vigorous man's life. Fully illustrated with photographs, cartoons, and reproductions from Roosevelt's diary."

**Reference reading and reports.** *Encyclopedia* and *Who's Who.* Report on how six important public men achieved distinction.

**One-minute talks.** Imagine yourself to be Roosevelt giving a talk to the Boy or Girl Scouts. Tell what he might say about cheating.

# OUR IMPORTS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

*National Foreign Trade Council*

Every informational article has a beginning, a middle or main part, and an ending. *To catch our interest*, the beginning has to be impressive; *to hold our interest* and induce us to continue reading, the main or middle part must not only be true to fact but be interestingly told; and *to make us remember*, the final part, or ending, usually sums up in some impressive way or gives a new thought that appeals to us.

Find how this beginning, middle or main part, and ending are handled in this article. Why does the article hold your interest?

[1] TRADE is a two-way business. The effect of the export, or outgoing part, is much better understood among Americans than is the bearing of the import, or incoming trade. Yet our imports contribute every day in numerous ways to the comfort, convenience, or amusement of us all.

[2] For instance, every time any person in the United States receives or spends a five-cent piece, his convenience has been served by our import trade. The common name of the coin, a "nickel," explains why. Nickel is the metal out of which the five-cent piece is coined. The Indian on one side and the buffalo on the other are native American products, but the nickel was not mined in the United States. It came to us as one of our imports, from Canada or from New Caledonia — an island in the South Pacific Ocean. The nickel found in this country is so small in amount as to be commercially negligible. Thus even Uncle Sam's coinage system is dependent on our import trade.

[3] Do you realize that foreign trade has wrought marvels in your home life as great as any in fairy tales?

Your magic carpet is the import trade, which, instead of transporting you to far-off lands, actually brings their lavish gifts to your very doorstep.

[4] As soon as you get up in the morning, the genii of foreign trade begin to minister to your needs and conveniences. The East Indies have contributed their vegetable oils to your bath soap; your sponge is either a plant growth from the tropical waters of the Caribbean, or the modern imitation made of rubber from Sumatra and Brazil. You brush your teeth with fine bristles from the Far East, and smooth your hair with long vigorous bristles from China and England. Imported materials are essential to the making of the porcelain equipment of your bathroom. Imported tin is in the tubes that hold your toothpaste. Your comb may be made of imported rubber. Before you even get your clothes on, many widely separated parts of the world have been of service to you.

[5] Proceeding to dress, you call upon all parts of the world for your personal adornment. Silk worms in Japan and China may have contributed to your hosiery, shirt, and tie; imported wool enters into much of your outer clothing; your shoes are built up of material from all parts of the globe; your garters and suspenders owe their elasticity to the rubber plantation of Sumatra; while your white linen collar and your linen handkerchief are made of flax from Ireland, Canada, Belgium and the Netherlands.

[6] Hurrying down to breakfast, you find either coffee from Brazil, tea from the Far East, or cocoa from tropical countries. To sweeten these beverages you use sugar from Cuba and the tropics. Your breakfast china contains English clay, the glasses are wrought from foreign substances, and the knives, forks and spoons may contain imported aluminum and tin. You

may start the meal with a banana from Honduras or a grapefruit from Cuba.

[7] Leaving your house, you walk over asphalt from Trinidad and take a train, the safety of which depends on air-brake hosing made of imported rubber. You may be lightening your travels by walking on rubber heels, and if the day is wet, wearing rubber overshoes and a rain coat. You buy a morning newspaper, made of Canadian wood pulp.

[8] You reach your office and sit down at a desk of mahogany. On the desk are to be found pencils the lead of which is made of graphite from Mexico, Ceylon, Chosen, Canada, and Madagascar. On the end of the pencil is an eraser of imported rubber set in a cap of imported tin. The finger grip of your pen is of cork from Spain or of rubber. The telephone and the dictaphone use imported asphalt, carbon, flax, mica, platinum, nickel, rubber, shellac, silk, and tin in their construction. The typewriter in the office, and other pieces of office machinery, contain many kinds of alloy steels, often coated with nickel.

[9] At the end of the day you pick up your hat, which is made either of straw braids from the Far East, or of fur from all parts of the world.

[10] As you approach your home, you see first of all the roof, for which tin may have been mined in the Dutch East Indies, shingles may have been fashioned from Canadian asbestos, or for which tar may have been drawn from the lakes of Trinidad. As you come nearer you can observe the bright paint on the walls of the house, colored, perhaps, with foreign pigments and put on with drying vegetable oils. You enter the house and walk over floors varnished with tropical gums and shellacs and covered, perhaps, with rugs from Asia. The hanging and upholstery may be of silk from

Japan. You sit down on your porch in furniture made of Oriental bamboo or rattan; and after you have gathered up sufficient energy, you may water your garden through a hose of imported rubber.

[11] As darkness comes on, you turn up the electric light. In doing so you start a current through wires and fixtures insulated with foreign gums, rubber, and Indian mica, and you bring to a brilliant glow the filament of imported tungsten. If the weather is cold you will be grateful for the heating system, which perhaps is insulated with Canadian asbestos.

[12] Going into the kitchen to see how the evening meal is progressing, you will find pots and pans of imported tin, and knives of fine cutting alloy steel. The shelves are lined with tin cans, many of them containing imported foodstuffs, while the linoleum on the floor is made from Indian jute, Spanish or Portuguese cork, Argentine or British linseed oil, and kauri or copal gum from New Zealand and the East Indies.

[13] When you sit down for dinner, perhaps at a mahogany table covered with a linen cloth made from imported flax, you will partake of a meal flavored with foreign spices and sweetened with imported sugar.

[14] To while away the evening, you may go to the moving pictures where you will see pictures projected from a film made partly of Japanese camphor. Finally, when the evening draws to a close, you may go to sleep wrapped in one more product of our import trade — soft linen sheets.

[15] It must be obvious to the reader that only a small fraction of the articles of everyday life have been touched upon in this article. As you walk about your home, as you sit in your office, as you enjoy your sports, look at the things that surround you, note how many there are which either wholly or in part are of foreign

origin, and think over what you would do if these essential imports were to be denied you.

[16] Not only does the entry of crude materials for use in manufacturing, together with semi-manufactured commodities for further use in manufacture, furnish our domestic industries with needed supplies, often essential to the very existence of those industries, but on many of these identical imports depends our ability to ship abroad our finished manufactures, thus building up a lucrative trade with other countries. Our imports enable the foreigner to pay for the goods we send him.

**Discussion.** Reproduce the details about sources of every-day imports. How much do you remember accurately?

**Reference reading.** Find out more about imported products:

**Freeman and Chandler.** *The World's Commercial Products.*

**Carpenter, F. O.** *Foods and Their Uses.*

**Something to do.** Prepare a map, showing the sources of various products.

## COMPRESSED AIR

### Eva March Tappan

We are frequently called upon to read an article that is filled with information. To get full value from such an article it is necessary to do two things:

1. *Understand it.*
2. *Recall the facts.*

As you read through this article, pause at the end of each paragraph and try to sum up the main idea; then recall the various things said about it. If you are not able to do these two things, go back and read through the paragraph again.

When you reach the end of the article, look back and recall the big ideas, going from paragraph to paragraph. That exercise will give you a summary of the entire article.

[1] When you want a bicycle tire to act as a cushion for the wheel, you must fill it with air that is much more

compressed than the free air outside it. If a hole is then pricked in the tire, the compressed air will rush out with a good deal of force. If this force could be set to work pumping, it would be almost enough to pump another tire full. Your own muscle moving the bicycle pump puts power into the air in the tire by compressing it; the compressed air held the power fast and did not give it up till it had a chance to come through the hole and expand again.

[2] In one way all kinds of power are alike, namely, they can all do work. In practical use, however, much depends on how the power can be carried from where it is made to where it is needed. The power itself may come from a waterwheel or a windmill or a steam engine or muscle, as in the case of the bicycle pump. If the work to be done is near the source of power, as in a mill or a watch, the power may be carried by gearing; that is, if one wheel revolves and its teeth press upon those of another wheel, that will also revolve. Another way is by belting. Even if the wheels do not touch, a belt may run around the moving wheel and over a second wheel, as with the belt of a sewing machine; then the second wheel will also revolve. Electricity will carry power to a long distance. Steam will not, because it soon cools and condenses. Compressed air loses very little power.

[3] There are many sorts of machines for compressing air, but the principle of them all is the same — that of the bicycle pump, a cylinder and a piston. The uses for it are so many that it has made the most unlike varieties of work easier to do. The Westinghouse air brake has made rapid trains possible. Compressed air locomotives are especially valuable in mines and quarries, and most of all in powder mills, where all risks of fire must be avoided. A locomotive of this sort is

much like a steam locomotive except that, instead of the boiler, tanks are put in to hold the compressed air. These, of course, have to be recharged from time to time.

[4] For many years it has been a favorite dream of inventors that some day people would travel in carriers through tubes, and that the power would be compressed air. This has not yet been a success, but long ago "air tubes" or "pneumatic" tubes were used in Europe to carry telegrams. These tubes were very small, but about a quarter of a century ago, Philadelphia laid two six-inch tubes to connect the main post-office with a branch office a mile away. Since then eight-inch tubes have been introduced into five of our largest cities, and have been very successful. The mail matter is put into cylinders holding five hundred letters each, and in the five cities some twenty million letters a day are shot through the tubes by a current of air.

[5] When these tubes were put in, of course there were people who were sure that they would not work. "When one of the carriers sticks fast, you will have to dig up the whole line till you come to it," they said. After a while, a carrier did stick fast, but the whole line was not dug up by any means. A pistol was fired into one end of the tube, and by a simple but skillfully contrived apparatus the time between the shot and the echo was found to be 2.793 seconds. It is known that at the temperature of the tube sound travels at the rate of 1101 feet per second. Therefore the distance from the pistol to the carrier and back again was 2.793 times 1101, or 3075 feet. At half that distance away, or 1537 feet, it was declared that the carrier would be found. The distance was measured and a man dug straight down to the tube. The carrier was only a foot or two away, and the break in the pipe was but a few feet farther on.

[6] When George Westinghouse invented the air brake, half a century ago, there was no air pump able to provide him with compressed air enough to stop a train. Therefore he invented one. Some years later his pumps had to be sent to the repair shop, and while the men were at work, it occurred to them that if this wonderful power could stop a heavy railroad train, it might also be able to do some of their labor. This idea was so sensible that manufacturers and inventors set their wits to work, and before long compressors were produced that would work capably and economically.

[7] With the power well in hand, new applications were soon discovered, besides its use for railroad brakes and as a motive power in engines, locomotives, pneumatic tubes, and for lifting heavy weights. Compressed air is a willing worker, and is ready to apply its strength to anything. It will stop a train on the brink of a precipice, and it will cool a glass of water for a workman in a factory. There is nothing monotonous about its work; but on the long list of its valuable industries "pneumatic" or *air* tools occupy a most important place. By means of them hard work is made easy and slow work is made rapid. In many mines, for instance, cars are run by compressed air; but this is a small convenience compared with what these tools accomplish for the miner. The common way of preparing the coal so that when blasted it will fall properly was, not long ago, for a miner to lie on one side, in a most uncomfortable position, and pick away with a hand pick at the floor level of a wall of coal, until his pick would go in no farther. Now he sits in front of the wall, points his pick at the place where it is to be cut, and the pick does the work. The compressed air is brought to the cylinder of the pick machine in a flexible hose that allows the machine to be moved in any direction. In this cylinder is a piston,

and by means of a valve the air drives this piston back and forth. To the end of the piston the pick is fastened. The machine is never tired, and while with a hand pick a man can cut out only four or five tons of coal in a day, with a machine he can cut out from fifty to seventy-five. Any air which escapes from the machine is an advantage to him because it improves the atmosphere of the mine. By means of cartridges filled with compressed air, coal has been successfully blasted. Pipes ran from the compressor to the cartridges. When the latter were in place and all was ready, a tremendous pressure of air was turned on. This burst the cartridges and brought down the coal. Instead of poisonous gases from gunpowder, cool, fresh air filled the blasting chamber; but the new method proved to be more expensive.

[8] It is the little inventions that make everyday life and work easier. One of the greatest of these little things is the pneumatic hammer. If you want to find out how much pressure it takes to drive a chisel one eighth of an inch, for instance, heap weights on top of it, and you will be surprised to find how much weight is needed. And yet a few blows with a hammer will do the same work. When you strike with a hammer, your own muscles furnish power, and the faster the hammer moves, the greater this power becomes. But another kind of power is helping you. You know how much easier it is to strike down than to strike up; and that is because a force called "gravity" draws everything toward the center of the earth. This force is pulling your hammer down. It has been calculated that a hammer weighing two pounds, and moving, when it touches the chisel, at the rate of thirty-two feet in a second, will, in driving a chisel to cut one eighth of an inch, use as much power as if many hundred pounds of weight rested on

the chisel. Strike one nail with a hammer moving slowly, and another with a hammer moving swiftly; and it will be plain that the speed of the blow has a good deal to do with its power; in short, that a few quick blows accomplish more than many slow ones. This is why the pneumatic hammer is so valuable. It has a cylinder and piston, just as in the case of the coal pick. The workman does not swing it with all his might to get force; the force is in the compressed air. He simply holds the tool up to the place to be hammered and turns on the power. The little piston strikes the tool, and the tool strikes from fifteen hundred to three thousand blows a minute. These blows can at a touch be made light or heavy, as the workman wishes. It is stated that a rivet an inch and a half in diameter can be driven into place in a boiler and headed in five seconds, though it would take two expert workmen three minutes with heavy hammers to do the same work. It is no wonder that makers of boilers and water pipes and ships and workers in railroad shops and foundries delight in the pneumatic hammer. In up-to-date shops, you will see hanging over the workbench a line of air pipe to which tools can be attached all ready to hammer or to drill through steel or any other metal. The railroad shops especially would find it hard to do without the help of compressed air; for it not only hammers and drills, but bends heavy iron, punches holes, shears off bolts, and runs all sorts of machines.

[9] These are a few of the "regular jobs" of compressed air; but it is equally ready to help in any odd bit of work, if the workman only has the wit to employ it. When the buildings at the World's Fair in Chicago were to be painted, all the painters but one laughed at the idea of doing it in two months. This one put his faith, not in brushes and scaffolding, but in a pneumatic

machine that sprayed paint as an atomizer sprays perfumery. The buildings were painted in less than the two months allowed. Trees are sprayed, fences and walls are whitewashed, ships, freight cars, bridges, etc., are now painted in this manner; and it is a pity that everything cannot be, for the paint is not only put on with great evenness, but it is driven into every tiny crevice and so preserves the wood more perfectly than brush work.

[10] The sand blast, or a blast of sand driven by compressed air, is a great help to the workman. The rough surface of ground glass is produced by driving fine sand against it. The harder the material to be cut and the swifter the blast of sand, the faster the cutting proceeds. Sand refuses to cut anything soft. You can hold your hand in a sand blast without being hurt, although it will tingle. You can lay a piece of strong lace over glass, and the sand blast will mark out the pattern on the glass without injuring the lace. Buildings can be cleaned of old and blistered paint before a new coat is put on. Structures of stone are often cleaned of smoke and grime by this blast. It is rather disagreeable for the passers-by, but it does the work rapidly and well.

[11] There is even a pneumatic sand-digger. At the building of the famous Bridge of Tay, the engineers could not succeed in sinking the cylinders for the piers. Engineers must always be ready to devise a new method of doing their work; and one of those who were working on the foundation suggested running a small pipe from each cylinder into the sand, and connecting an air pump with the top of the cylinder. Then he began to pump the air out of the cylinder. There is an old saying that Nature abhors a vacuum; but it would be more reasonable to say that Nature delights in a vacuum, because she can put something into it. What she put into this

vacuum was wet sand; for it was sucked up through the pipe into the cylinder, and was emptied through a trap-door in front, while the air pump was making a vacuum in the second cylinder. As fast as the sand was pumped up, the cylinder sank; and the engineer's new idea was a complete success.

[12] Sheep are sheared by compressed air; and it is claimed that the barbarous cuts often made by careless workmen with shears are done away with. A concrete wall has been given to a tunnel by shooting the concrete at it through a pipe; an air brush has been made with a hollow handle through which the paint is forced in a gentle spray; a street sweeper throws a fine spray before it by means of a series of atomizers, and then sweeps the streets without making a dust; carpet cleaners which blow out the dust from a carpet or suck it up are advertised in every paper — and all these depend for their success upon skillful use of compressed air. In a single year nearly two hundred patents were taken out for devices connected with compressed air. These ranged all the way from a rock drill to an airship.

[13] This good friend of the workman is as valuable under water as in the open air. It is not only pumped into the helmet of the diver, but by its means foundations can be laid under water almost as easily as on dry ground. First, an immense box is built with no bottom, but otherwise air-tight, and on top of it another box, open at the top, is towed to the place where the foundation is to be laid, and the masons begin to lay the stonework in the second box just as if they were on dry land. These boxes are called "caissons." As this masonry grows heavier, the boxes sink until the edges of the lower one have settled into the mud of the bed of the river. Air is now forced into the lower box until what

water there was in it has been driven out. The men can now work in this lower room which is filled with compressed air. Connecting the two rooms is an air shaft with an air lock to retain the compressed air in the lower room. Through this air shaft the workmen enter and leave and through this the dirt is removed. As the digging continues, the caisson sinks lower and lower till it comes to good firm material. Concrete is now poured through a pipe into the lower caisson until it is full. The concrete hardens, the upper caisson is removed, and there is a strong, solid pier fastened firmly to the rock, and on top of this pier other masonry may be built.

[14] Working in caissons has not been found injurious, but all sorts of queer things happen to the men while in them. They can run up ladders far more easily than in the open air, and they are ravenously hungry, but not thirsty. Every one speaks through his nose, and in a high, shrill voice, but no one can whistle, because in whistling the air in the mouth must be compressed more than the outside air; and in the caisson this is impossible. Taste and smell and hearing are not so keen as usual, and often the men feel pain in their muscles. All these feelings appear while the pressure is increasing. When it stops, they disappear. Sometimes pain is felt by the men when coming from the caisson into the free air, but by spending more time in "locking out," as passing through the air shaft is called, this is avoided.

[15] Persons suffering from tuberculosis are sometimes treated with compressed air. By one method the patient is put into a room full of it, so that he will absorb more oxygen. By another method, air is pumped out of the room, and he breathes free air through a tube, and thus expansion of the lungs is said to take place.

**Discussion.** Outline the uses and discuss their relative importance.

**Further reading.** Select a great invention and report on it.

**Bachman, F. P.** *Great Inventors and Inventions.*
"Steam and electric power; manufacture and production; printing and communication; famous inventors of to-day."

**Forman, S. E.** *Stories of Useful Inventions.*

**Rocheleau, W. F.** *Great American Industries: Manufacturing.*

**Tappan, Eva March.** *Makers of Many Things.*

## THE LESSON OF SUCCESS

GEORGE W. CHILDS

You have learned (on page 44) two things that will help you to remember a declamation:

1. *Understand it*
2. *Get the key words*

In the following selection these key words are italicized in ¶ *A*. Find them yourself for ¶ *B*.

A 1 THERE is *nothing miraculous* in the success I have met. 2 If a man has *good principles* and does his best to act up to them, he should not fail of success, though it may not be success of precisely the same kind or degree as mine. 3 Good principles are *just as good* for the artist as for the mechanic, for the poet as for the farmer, for the man of business as for the clergyman. 4 *Would you learn* the lesson of success? 5 Here it is in *three words.* 6 *Would you climb* the ladder? Here it is, just three *rounds:* Industry, Temperance, Frugality. 7 *Write these* words upon your hearts, and practice them in your lives. 8 It is a *good thing* to have a good motto, but it is better to live up to one. 9 Five *other mottoes* have been helpful and encouraging to me throughout my busy life: "Be true," "Be kind," "Keep out of debt," "Do the best, and

leave the rest," "What can't be cured must be endured."

B [10] I began to support myself when I was twelve years old, and I have never been dependent on others since. [11] I had had some schooling, but not much. [12] I came to Philadelphia with three dollars in my pocket. [13] I found board and lodgings for two dollars and a half, and then I got a place in a bookstore for three dollars. [14] That gave me a surplus of fifty cents a week. [15] I did not merely do the work that I was required to do, but did all I could, and put my whole heart into it. [16] I wanted my employer to feel that I was more useful to him than he expected me to be. [17] I was not afraid to make fires, clean and sweep, and perform what some young gentlemen, nowadays, consider as menial work, and therefore beneath them. [18] The Bible says that it is what cometh out of the mouth that defileth a man. [19] It is not work, but character, that can be discreditable.

**Discussion.** 1. What is the purpose of each paragraph? 2. The sentences of ¶*A* are grouped *1*, *2–3*, *4–7*, *8–9*. Find how they are grouped together in ¶*B*.

3. Show how Mr. Childs' mottoes were illustrated in his own life.

4. What other great Americans made mottoes for themselves?

**Reference reading.** *Encyclopædia* and *Who's Who*. (*a*) Report on a great newspaper man, — where he lived and what he did: William Cullen Bryant, James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, George W. Childs, Joseph Pulitzer.

(*b*) Hold a symposium, in which twelve pupils report on why and how the following have achieved success:

| | |
|---|---|
| Jane Addams | George W. Goethals |
| Maud Ballington Booth | Luther Burbank |
| Calvin Coolidge | Rudyard Kipling |
| Madame Curie | Ignace Paderewski |
| Thomas A. Edison | Madame Schumann-Heink |
| Henry Ford | Henry van Dyke |

**Further Reading.** Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac*, Riverside Reader VII, pp. 88–98.

# ON AN ELK HUNT

## THE TOOTH-HUNTERS

ELINORE P. STEWART

Letters can be interesting reading if the writers have eyes that see intimate details. In this letter Mrs. Stewart tells about her visit to a game warden's cabin. She makes you feel acquainted not only with the warden's cabin but also with his wife and children and with his work as enforcer of the game laws.

How does she do it? Read as rapidly as you can.

*At Sorenson's Cabin*
*on Green River*

*Dear* ——,

[1] WELL, we're here, warmed and fed and in much better trim bodily and mentally. We had mishap after mishap coming.

[2] The game-warden lives in a tiny little cabin. The door is so low that I had to stoop to get in. It was quite dark when we arrived last night, but Mrs. Sorenson acted as if she was glad to see us. I didn't think we could all get in. A row of bunks is built along one side of the cabin. A long tarpaulin covers the bed, and we all got upon this and sat while our hostess prepared our supper. If one of us had stirred we would have been in her way; so there we sat as thick as thieves. When supper was ready six got off their perch and ate; when they were through, six more were made happy.

[3] Mr. Sorenson had caught the tooth-hunters. On the wall hung their deadly guns, with silencers on them to muffle the report. He showed us the teeth he had found in their possession. The warden and his deputy had searched the men and their effects and found no teeth. He had no evidence against them except their unlawful guns, but he knew he had the right men. At

last he found their contract to furnish two hundred pair of elk teeth. It is a trick of such hunters to thrust a knife into the meat of the game they have, and so to make pockets in which they hide the elk teeth; but these fellows had no such pockets. They jeered at the warden and threatened to kill him, but he kept searching, and presently found the teeth in a pail of lard. He told us all about it as we sat, an eager crowd, on his bed. A warden takes his life in his hands when he goes after such fellows, but Sorenson is not afraid to do it.

[4] The cabin walls are covered with pen-and-ink drawings, the work of the warden's gifted children — Vina, the pretty eighteen-year-old daughter, and Laurence, the sixteen-year-old son. They never had a lesson in drawing in their lives, but their pictures portray Western life exactly.

[5] The snow is not so deep here as it was at camp, but it is too deep for the horses to get grass. The men were able to get a little grain from the warden; so we will pull out in the morning and try to make it to where we can get groceries.

[6] In all this round of exposure the kiddies are as well as can be. Cold, camping, and elk meat agree with them. We are in a tent for the night, and it is so cold the ink is freezing, but the kiddies are snuggled under their blankets as warm as toast. We are to start early in the morning.

[7] Good-night, dear friend. I am glad I can take this trip *for* you. You'd freeze.

**Reference reports:** *Occupations.* Divide the following among the class. Look up information in an *encyclopedia*, *Reader's guide*, or *Poole's Index.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| game warden | coast guard | pilot |
| forester | fire warden | traffic cop |
| forest ranger | life guard | building inspector |

**Further reading:** **Stewart, E. P.** *Letters on an Elk Hunt.*

## TRANSPORTATION

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

Transportation is always one of the great problems of a country. As our population grew, new ways and means had to be devised to take the place of the primitive ox-cart.

In the following selection you will find very interesting information, but the paragraphs are deliberately mixed up to make an exercise for you to do.

Read through the selection rapidly and rearrange these paragraphs according to topics. Group together the numbers that should go together.

When you are through, look over your notes and verify your grouping. See whether you have the paragraphs for a topic in the best order to bring out the thought.

1. THE business of the clerk who receives your package at an express office is to see that it is clearly marked and well packed. Of course he cannot open the package to make sure that the packing is properly done; and if you put a glass jar of honey, for instance, into a box without a good supply of something to protect it, the company will not be responsible if it is broken.

2. The clerk gives you a receipt stating the value of your package according to your own estimate. There is an extra charge if you value it at more than fifty dollars, or more than fifty cents per pound when the weight exceeds one hundred pounds; but if you say to yourself, "It is safe enough anyway," and put its value at fifty dollars when it is really worth one hundred, then, if it is lost, the express company is responsible for fifty dollars and no more. If you send a valuable package containing jewelry or money or important papers, the clerk will seal it with a generous amount of sealing

wax, stamp it with the company's seal and put it into a safe. If the articles enclosed in any package are easily broken, he will mark it "Fragile": this is an order to the men who will handle the package to treat it as carefully as possible. It is to the advantage of both company and shipper for packages to be delivered in good order; but the men who are to handle yours will also handle thousands of others; and your only safety is to pack your goods properly. If you prepay express charges, your receipt will state this, and a yellow label will be pasted upon your package. If the consignee is to pay, a white label is used.

3. A waybill is now made out much like that written for ordinary freight, and at a startling rate of speed. In a Chicago express office the star record was of five clerks making out in eight hours 4480 waybills. Freight travels alone, aside from the general care which it may have from the conductor, but express matter is in the care of an "express messenger." He sees to it that money and other packages of small bulk are locked up in his safe; and if his goods are to change cars, he must attend to their transfer and be responsible for their safety. He must endeavor not to put a sewing machine on top of a lady's hat, or permit a package to be carried by its station even if the bell is ringing for the train to start.

4. When a railroad train or a trolley car starts out, it must keep to the track. Even an automobile and a carriage demand a road prepared for them. But a ship goes where it will; the whole sea is one great free highway; and perhaps this is why there is a certain charm in watching a vessel leave her moorings and glide off into the wide ocean. A "ship" proper is a vessel with three square-rigged masts, which uses wind as a motive power; but now, even though a ship sails by wind, it usually has an engine to provide power for hoisting the

sails and handling the cargo. The sailing vessels built now are mostly schooners. The old schooner had but two masts, and it is not more than fifteen or twenty years ago since many an old sea-captain got out his spyglass and watched eagerly to see a great novelty, a schooner of five, six, or seven masts, sail by.

5. When the Pilgrims came from England to Massachusetts, it took them more than two months to cross the ocean. Travelers on the ocean steamers of to-day are not willing to spend more than five days. They demand speed and all the luxuries of a first-class hotel. Companies supply what is called for; and therefore luxuries increase and rates do not decrease; indeed, they cannot unless travelers will be satisfied with simpler accommodations. It is estimated that a steamship company can bring over four or five steerage passengers at the same expense as one first-cabin passenger. It is no wonder that the companies are more eager to have steerage than cabin passengers.

6. The coming of the automobile has made it even more desirable to have dustless roads. Unless an automobile has chain tires, it does not *cause* dust, but it does suck up the dust from between the stones, and the suction caused by the swiftly moving car draws it through the air. Thus far, the nearest approach to a remedy for this disagreeable state of matters is to use as hard stone as possible, and a binder that will not blow away, such as tar, bitumen, or oil. The improvement of roads for the convenience of wagons and automobiles is progressing rapidly; but except in a very few places, nothing has been done for the foot passenger. The man who walks has a right to the use of the public road; but as roads are now made and used, he walks on them at the peril of his life. Every road should have a path beside it, strictly limited to the service of pedestrians.

Except where it is too damp, trees should be set out along the road for the good of the road and the pleasure of the walkers. Some of the States lessen the taxes of people who plant trees by the way. Several foreign countries set out fruit trees along their highways. In Belgium a revenue of more than two million dollars has come to the Government annually from the wayside fruit.

7. When you deliver goods for shipment at a freight station, the agent of the railroad gives you a shipping receipt. This describes the goods, states the weight, whether the freight charges on the shipment are prepaid or to be collected, your name, the name of the consignee, — that is, the person to whom the goods are to be sent, — and his address.

8. At the same time the agent makes out a "waybill," which is sent by mail to the agent of the railway at the consignee's station, and a "running slip," which is delivered to the conductor of the freight train which will carry the goods. The running slip gives the destination, the contents of the car, and the consignee's name, and is expected to travel with your shipment just as a ticket travels with a passenger. Other information is added to it as the car moves onward. If the goods are transferred to another car, this must be noted on the running slip. All this information must also be entered on the waybill; and a waybill, therefore, is a sort of diary of its own special piece of freight. The records of these waybills are kept so accurately that if you should go to the freight auditor six or seven years after sending your goods, he could show you in about three minutes his record of them with every detail of their journey.

9. When the goods arrive at the station to which they were to be sent, the freight bill is put into the cashier's rack, and a postal card is sent to the consignee. This is

a notice for him to come and remove them. If the goods have been damaged on the way, this fact is noted and the consignee informed of the extent of the damage.

10. To enter the New York Subway to-day, you go down some stairs, in most places not more than fourteen feet, pass through a turnstile, dropping your nickel into a box; and you find yourself on a long platform in the tunnel. There is plenty of electric light, and even sunlight makes its way through the heavy glass of the sidewalk overhead. A convenient news stand is loaded with papers and magazines. Except this and the ticket office and the wooden fittings of the cars, there is nothing that would burn. The long trains, run by electricity, come up quickly in a trench beside the platform. The doors are flung open, and you step into a car from the level of the platform. The doors are closed, and the train starts gently and rapidly. You rush onward through a well-lighted tunnel lined with white enamel. The steel columns are five feet apart, but you go so fast that they look like the palings of a fence — almost like a row of pins in a paper.

11. "Safety first" is the law of the tunnel. The block system is used. The third rail, which brings in the electricity, is so protected that the feet of the most thoughtless workman cannot touch it. If a train should jump the track, a row of heavy pillars would keep it from the next track. Even careless folk who insist upon putting their heads out of the windows are protected against their own will, for the windows open from the top and not from the bottom.

12. The subway trains start in Brooklyn, run under the river to New York, then onward for fourteen miles to the north. Most of the way there are four tracks, two for express and two for local trains. Supposing that you live "up north" and wish to stop at one of the

local stations, you can take the express train to its nearest station to your stopping place, then transfer to the local. The motors can move the trains at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

**13.** The inventions which are to be most serviceable are often looked upon at first as nothing but toys. The telegraph and typewriter were greeted merely as interesting novelties; and when the automobile first made its appearance, it was regarded by most people as a contrivance that would entertain folk who had plenty of money to spend, until something else was invented to take its place. It was only a few years ago that people used to turn and gaze after an automobile in the streets, but the machine has already become a necessity. New uses for it are discovered every day, and the average business man questions, not whether he can afford to buy one, but whether he can afford to do without it.

**14.** Did you ever notice how many of the large cities of the world are built on rivers? The people who founded them were wise, for the rivers insure a plentiful supply of water, the land along the banks is fertile, and most of the labor of bringing its productions down stream can be done by the current. After railroads became common, the rivers were often freed from work and left to amuse themselves. Now, however, the railroads cannot manage nearly all the transportation that is needed, and people are turning back to their old friends, the rivers, for help to carry at least the heavy, bulky freight which is so difficult and so expensive to send by rail.

**15.** The first name that the word "canal" brings to mind is the famous Panama Canal which separates North and South America. The question of whether this should be a sea-level canal or one with locks was

decided in favor of the locks. A lock is a sort of pen. Two of its sides are made of masonry built along the banks; the other two are flooding gates or doors across the canal. When a boat is to ascend from a low level of water to a high one, the lower door of the lock is opened. The water within the lock is no higher than that of the canal below it; so the vessel is easily towed in by electric power. Now the upper gate is partly opened and the water from above flows in slowly till the water in the lock is as high as that above it. The partly opened doors are opened wide and the boat is towed out ready to continue its journey. To go from a high to a low level, the whole operation is reversed. The electric power which opens and closes the mighty gates is operated from a central tower on the higher lock. No vessels pass through the canal under their own steam; all are towed by electric power.

16. The main business of a railroad is to carry things rather than passengers. There are about two million freight cars in the United States and only one twentieth as many passenger cars. The two kinds of service have entirely different requirements. The man who sends freight is glad to have it go through promptly, but he will pardon considerable delay if the rates are low. A freight car may be left on a siding a few hours, and no one will find fault. Passengers, on the contrary, demand speed, and if a passenger train was treated in the fashion of the freight train, complaints would come in thick and fast. Freight is not annoyed by discomforts; but people demand comfort, and many of them are willing to pay an extra rate for a fast train and a Pullman car. People require, too, that trains shall run at hours convenient for them, and clamor often arises if a favorite train is taken off. The roads of the United States are especially generous in the matter of baggage.

Trunks to the weight of one hundred and fifty pounds may be taken free of charge on each ticket, and are insured to the extent of one hundred dollars. The quantity of hand baggage is practically unlimited.

17. The next time that you are in a hurry to cross a railroad track and a long train stops the way, do not be annoyed, but spend the time thinking what the railroads are doing for the country as pioneers in the unsettled parts of it, and as carriers of freight, express, mail, and people.

18. Less than fifty years ago it was discovered that meat and fruit — in short, all varieties of food — could be sent any distance provided they were kept cold enough while on the way. "Refrigerator cars" were made and were soon running in every direction. These are like the ordinary box cars, but top, bottom, and sides are packed with some "poor conductor" of heat; that is, some substance, like cork or straw or husks of oats, which will not convey the heat from outside into the car. Across each end there is a compartment to hold ice, which is put in from the top. At the top and bottom of this compartment are openings to allow the air to circulate. Whenever any substance melts, it takes in heat and cools the object from which the heat comes. If a dish of cold water is set upon a hot stove, the water takes heat from the stove, boils, and turns into steam; while the stove under it is cooler than it otherwise would have been. In just this way the ice takes heat from the air of the car and melts, and the air becomes cooler. Salt added to the ice makes it melt faster because salt and water are so eager to unite that they draw heat from the air more rapidly than does the ice alone.

19. In every large, growing city, the time comes when surface cars, no matter how fast or how frequently they

run, cannot carry all the people who wish to ride in them at certain hours. Then, too, the people who do not wish to ride, but who do wish to cross the tracks, object to waiting until a long line of cars has passed. It is almost as bad to have streets congested with cars as to have houses congested with people. The remedy for congested houses is to take some of the people away; the remedy for congested streets is to take some of the cars away. There are two ways of getting rid of the cars. One is to run them on a roadway built above the street; the other is to put them underneath the street.

**20.** The first of these, the elevated road, would, of course, be much less expensive than the second if no payment of property damages was required. Steel pillars are set up on both sides of the curb and about sixty feet apart. Girders stretch wholly or partly across the street between every pair of these; and other girders stretch from each of the first set to its next neighbor. On these second girders the ties and rails rest, at a height varying from sixteen to fifty feet or even more above the level of the street. This is the elevated road; and on this track trains of cars run by electricity are constantly passing at a rapid rate. People are carried swiftly and safely, but the streets are injured for residence, not only because of the noise, but because the passengers can look into the windows of the houses as the trains rush by.

**21.** In large cities thousands of workers must be carried to business in the morning and brought home at night. Useful as are the surface and the elevated roads, they are not enough, especially in a city as long and narrow as New York. The subway is the best remedy that has been found, and therefore the New Yorkers set about building one.

22. One of the best safety devices used on the railroad is that known as the "block system." A "block" is a section of the track half a mile or sometimes several miles long. At the beginning of each block is a semaphore, worked by men in the towers along the road, or sometimes by the train itself, by the use of electricity or compressed air. This gives the signal "Stop," or "Pass on," or "Go slowly." In Great Britain the block system is required by law.

23. The training given by a first-class railroad to its men is as strict as that given to soldiers by any drill-master. He who has anything to do with a railroad, whether he is a conductor or a small boy selling bananas, soon learns that if he is not punctual, the train is no place for him. The railroad man must obey orders without question or delay. He must attend to his work constantly. If he is negligent one minute in one hour, it is no excuse that he has attended to his business properly for fifty-nine minutes; and to say that he forgot is the same as a confession that he is not fitted for railroad work.

24. There are several ways in which every writer of letters can help the hard-working postal clerks of the traveling service and the stationary offices. One way is to mail letters early. Even if they are not to leave the office before midnight, it may save hurry at the last minute if they are posted a few hours earlier. Another great help is to put the stamp in the upper right-hand corner. Stamps are canceled by a machine, and it makes considerable delay if they are put elsewhere. Make the address as clear as possible, and remember that the one who reads it will have only a fraction of a second to give to it. It is a good habit to write your own name and address in the upper left-hand corner. Then if the letter does not find the person to whom it is

sent, it will come back to you. Very small envelopes are a special annoyance to every one who has to handle them, because they slip out of a package so easily and are lost. All these helps to the post-office are equally valuable to the senders of letters, because if the clerks work more easily, the business of the office goes on more rapidly and more accurately.

**25.** In running trains various kinds of signals are used. If a train consisted of a locomotive and two or three cars, running at the speed of a stagecoach, and if there was only one train on a road at a time, it could get along fairly well without signals; but now that freight trains often consist of fifty cars, running perhaps fifty miles an hour, and often only five minutes apart, it is of the utmost importance for several different people to be able to communicate with the engineer. The first of these is the conductor of the train. By means of a bell cord or a tube of compressed air running the length of the train, the conductor can give his directions to the engineer. When the train is in motion, two sounds mean, "Stop at once"; three mean, "Stop at next station"; four, "Reduce speed"; five, "Increase speed." There are also signals by locomotive whistles. One short blast means, "Stop"; two long blasts mean, "Release brakes." A lantern or flag swung across the track means, "Stop." Raised and lowered in a vertical line, it means, "Proceed." If there is danger ahead, such as a fall of earth or rocks or a bridge washed away, any one may give warning by standing on the track or near it and waving any object violently.

**26.** Then, too, there is the semaphore, an upright post with a movable arm at the top, — sometimes two or three arms, one below another. Moving with the arm is an iron frame holding colored glasses, and called a spectacle because it used to be made somewhat in

the shape of a pair of spectacles. The glasses, passing in front of a lamp, give lights of different colors at night. If the arm is horizontal and the light is red, the train must stop; if the arm is vertical and the light is white (green is used on some roads), the train may go on; if the arm is slanting and the light yellow (green is used on some roads), the train must go slowly and carefully so that it can stop farther along. Some of these signals are moved by a man in a signal tower who may also throw the switches. He works the signals and switches by means of levers that lock one another so that a signal cannot be given unless the switches are right. Torpedoes are sometimes put on the rail to be exploded by the wheels of a train. The sound of a torpedo is a signal to reduce speed and look out for another signal or for something on the track ahead.

**Supervised drills.** Use the numbered paragraphs for five-minute drills: (*1*) rapid re-reading; (*2*) quiz on details; (*3*) re-reading to find omitted details.

**Further reading.** Besides the encyclopedia, you will find valuable information in the following:

**Bachman, F. P.** *Great Inventors and Their Inventions.*

**Brigham, A. P.** *From Trail to Railway through the Appalachians.* A combination of history and geography, describing the development of waterways and railways.

**Fisher, E. F.** *Resources and Industries of the United States.* The attempt of the author has been to present a vivid and accurate picture of the more important of the industries of the United States; to show the factors, natural and economic, which have led to the development of these industries; to show the position which the United States holds as a result of its resources; and to point out the means by which these resources may be conserved.

**Forman, S. E.** *Stories of Useful Inventions.*

**Rocheleau, W. F.** *Great American Industries.* Four volumes: vol. 1, Minerals; vol. 2, Agriculture; vol. 3, Manufactures; vol. 4, Transportation.

**Tappan, Eva March.** *Industrial Readers:* Books 1–4. Book 1, The Farmer and His Friends; Book 2, Diggers in the Earth; Book 3, Makers of Many Things; Book 4, Travelers and Traveling. A series of informational readers planned to show what invention has accomplished and what wide room for invention still remains.

## EXPERIMENTS WITH MAGNETS

EDITH LILLIAN SMITH

One of the most fascinating studies that you will meet as you grow older is science in its various forms. The whole industrial world is built on scientific knowledge. Such knowledge, which we might call the laws of science, was discovered through long years of investigation, experiment, and research. The place where scientific experiments are performed is called a *laboratory*.

In this chapter on magnets you will put yourself in the position of a scientific investigator studying magnets first hand and drawing conclusions telling how they behave.

If you perform the experiments in school, your classroom becomes a sort of laboratory.

[1] **The discovery of magnets.** What fun you can have with a magnet! You have often played with one, no doubt, but I think you will find in this article some new ways of using magnets which will make them more interesting than ever.

[2] Do you know how magnets were discovered? It was many centuries ago, in the city of Magnesia, in Asia Minor, that the people found a certain kind of rock which had the wonderful power of drawing to it

small pieces of iron. They named the rock "lodestone" or leading stone, and as it became better known it was named from the city where it was discovered, and called "magnetite." There are many other parts of the earth where magnetite may be found, several of them in the United States.

[3] **Experiments with a horseshoe magnet.** One of the commonest kinds of magnets is shaped like a horseshoe. To try the following experiments you will need, beside the magnet, small tacks, iron and brass, some iron filings, and a piece of stiff card.

[4] First scatter the tacks over the card. Then bring the end of the magnet near them. How many tacks will it pick up? Try to pick up other things, such as bits of paper, sewing needles, brass tacks, iron filings.

[5] What substances does the magnet attract? Remove everything from the magnet. Carefully attract one iron tack. Hold this one tack on the magnet near another tack. What happens? How long a string of tacks can you pick up? *What change does the magnet produce in the tacks?* While holding the magnet with its string of tacks, carefully remove the tack next to the magnet. What happens? *Do tacks make permanent magnets?*

[6] Lay the magnet down on the table and cover it with the card. Slowly scatter iron filings on the card. As they arrange themselves along the lines of magnetic force, can you discover how the lines pass from one pole, or end of the magnet, to the other? Move the card a little. What happens? Gently tap the card with a pencil. Can you draw the lines of magnetic force around your magnet?

[7] **Experiments with a bar magnet.** Another common kind of magnet is long and straight, and is called a bar magnet. To try these experiments you need, besides

the bar magnet, a steel knitting needle, iron filings, some fine wire (a hairpin will do), and a spool of sewing silk.

[8] First try the experiments suggested for the horseshoe magnet. Can you see that a horseshoe magnet is really just a bar magnet bent into a U-shape?

[9] To suspend the bar magnet from a support make a little stirrup out of wire and fasten it to a single strand of the sewing silk. In what directions do the ends or poles of the magnet point when it comes to rest? Notice the *N* and *S* printed on the magnet. Which points towards the north pole of the earth?

[10] Lay the magnet in some iron filings. Where is the greatest attraction shown?

[11] Hold a steel knitting-needle on the table, and stroke it ten or twelve times, always in the same direction, with one end of the bar magnet. Now make tests to see if the knitting-needle has become a magnet. You may use a large darning-needle in the same way. Why not make enough magnets for the whole class?

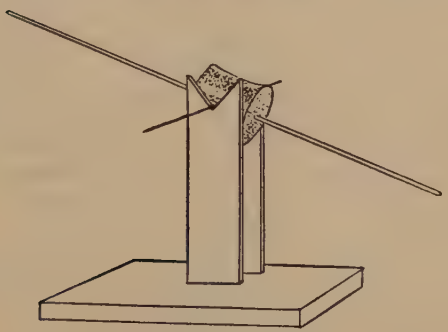
[12] Suspend the magnetized knitting-needle in the wire stirrup. How does it point when it comes to rest? Bring the *N* pole of the bar magnet near the north-pointing end of the needle. What happens? What is the result when you bring the *S* pole of the bar magnet near the north-pointing end of the needle? Can you discover the law of attraction of magnets?

[13] **The earth itself is a great magnet.** Experiments have proved that the earth acts like a huge magnet, with two magnetic poles which, however, are not very near the geographical poles. The north magnetic pole is northwest of Hudson Bay, and the south magnetic pole is in the Antarctic Ocean. If you happen to live in central Ohio, your magnet will point very nearly due north and south, but if you live east of central Ohio the

magnet will point somewhat west of north, and if you live west of Ohio, the magnet will point east of north.

THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS

[14] **What a compass is.** It is because the earth acts as a magnet that we have the instrument called a *compass*. It consists of a magnetic needle free to turn about a point, and a card which shows the directions, or *points of the compass*. To know all the thirty-two points by heart and be able to name them, beginning with the north and going all the way around to north again, is called *boxing the compass*. Can you do it?


A DIPPING NEEDLE

[15] **How to make a simple dipping-needle.** If you were at the north magnetic pole, and had a magnetic needle which was free to turn in any direction, it would point straight up and down! Wherever you have one, it will dip somewhat, if it is allowed to turn freely.

[16] You can make a dipping-needle by running a magnetized knitting-needle through a cork, and supporting it with a darning-needle run through at right

angles. Make a little stand to hold it, as shown in the drawing on page 249.

[17] Does it point *down* to the north magnetic pole?

[18] **Magnetic toys.** Great fun may be had by making toys which depend on magnetism. Not only are these toys good to play with yourself; they make fine presents to give away.

[19] *Magnetic jackstraws.* You have played jackstraws, of course. Make your magnetic straws out of small pieces of iron wire, bent in different shapes. Some may have bits of wood fastened to them. Give a certain value to each shape. Use a small horseshoe magnet to draw the straws out of the pile. The rule is, of course, that one player draws all the straws he can without moving others. If he shakes another straw he loses his turn.

[20] *A magnetic fishpond.* A home-made game which furnishes great fun is made by whittling small fishes out of wood or cork, so that they will float. If you can paint them with oil paint they will look better. Somewhere on each fish attach a steel sewing-needle. Print the value of each fish somewhere on its body.

[21] For a fishing rod, suspend a magnet from a string attached to a little pole. Each player catches one fish at a time. The player wins whose "catch" is most valuable.

[22] *Floating needles.* Magnetize at least eight darning-needles as directed on page 248, being sure to stroke them all in the same direction. Push each through a small cork, eyes up, and float them in a basin of water. Try putting three in the dish at once, then four, five, and so on. Can you account for the way they arrange themselves?

[23] Hold one end of a bar magnet near them. What do the floating needles do? Try the other end of the mag-

net. Endless fun may be had by trying the magnet in different positions.

[24] By sewing bits of cloth on the corks to make them look like little dolls, you can make a toy which is even more interesting to play with.

**Supervised study lesson.** First talk about the Introduction on page 246, then read in the following way: —

(1) *Get a bird's-eye view* by reading the topics (see how many can give them in order after one scanning).

(2) *Read to get the main thought* of each topic. Prove that you have it by summing up each topic in a sentence.

(3) *Re-read for details* of experiments.

**Discussion.** 1. What things have been proved about magnets? 2. What is illustrated in the picture on page 246? 3. For each of the thirteen experiments tell (a) what is to be proved, (b) materials needed, and (c) the procedure.

**Further reading.** Look up magnet and compass in the Encyclopedia.

**Collins, A. F.** *The Book of the Stars.*

"Practical and simple directions for identifying the stars and constellations, for telling time by sun or moon and for finding the way by the stars. Well indexed and illustrated with helpful diagrams."

**Gibson, C. R.** *Electrical Amusements and Experiments.*

**Gilbert, A. C., and Stone, H. D.** *Magnetic Fun and Facts.*

**Hall, A. N.** *Home-made Toys for Girls and Boys.*

**Nichols, M. L.** *Science for Boys and Girls.*

*Official Handbook for Boys.* Boy Scouts of America.

**Sloane.** *Electric Toy-Making.*

**Smith, Edith Lillian.** *Everyday Science Projects.*

**Projects.** Perform the experiments. If you do them individually, keep the score.

YOUR SCORE

| *Project* | *Points* | *My Score* |
|---|---|---|
| Horseshoe magnet experiments | 4 | |
| Bar magnet experiments | 6 | |
| Boxing the compass | 1 | |
| Making a dipping needle | 1 | |
| Making magnetic toys | Each 3 | |

## THRIFT PROBLEMS

FRANKLIN S. HOYT AND HARRIET E. PEET

An informational article is like a bunch of grapes. Just as a bunch of grapes has its main stem with branches going from it, each branch with smaller stems ending in grapes, so an article has its main stem (which we call the *main topic* or thought), its branches (which we call *sub-topics*, given in paragraphs), and its smaller stems and grapes (which we call the details in a paragraph).

In this article the main thought or main topic is well expressed in the sub-title "How to Save." The lettered sections contribute some important thoughts to that big thought, so they are the main branches. Count the sections to see how many sub-topics or branches of thought this article has.

**To the student.** *Draw a tree with six big branches coming from the trunk or main stem. Write "How to Save" on the main trunk and letter each branch to correspond to a section of the article.*

The really intelligent reader sees these branches of thought and the "grape details" hanging on them, as he reads. To train yourself to see these big thoughts learn to pause at the end of a paragraph and sum it up. Then look back and criticize your summing up. For instance, in section A how many "grape details" are given for the thought that "money should be wisely spent"? Can you find six?

Then, too, when you complete a paragraph, you should train yourself to think of other problems involved in it, so that you learn to utilize what you read in your everyday life and thinking. The italicized suggestions given in the article will show you how to apply what you read to other problems. Don't be a mere sponge in reading. Be aggressive. Master what you read and make it work for you.

**Remember**

*Watch for the big thoughts and their supporting details.*
*Apply your reading to new problems and situations.*

## HOW TO SAVE

**A** [1] Money spent for health and education is wisely spent. [2] Every one needs wholesome food, warm clothing, a well-kept home, and a good education. [3] Money should be spent, too, for the relief of suffering and to help good causes.

[4] *Name some of the wasteful ways of spending money.* [5] *Why should every one in our country, as a patriotic duty, learn how to save?*

**B** [1] Successful business men, farmers, and housekeepers often make plans for spending money. [2] These are called *budgets*. [3] A budget will show what money one expects to receive and how one intends to use it. [4] It will help you to spend your money wisely; and to save more, if you, too, form the habit of planning ahead.

[5] In making a budget for a family of five with an income of from $20 to $30 a week, the amounts spent out of each dollar for various things should be estimated. [6] It might be as follows: For food, 5 dimes; for rent (or other house expense), 2 dimes; for housekeeping (heat, light, and supplies), 1 dime; for clothing, 1 dime; for personal expenses (carfare, etc.) ½ dime; for savings, ½ dime.

[7] The smaller the income and the more members to a family the larger must be the proportion spent for food. [8] The food will tend to cost more than half the income if a family receives less than $20 a week, and less than half if they receive $30.

**To the Student.** *Have you summed up each paragraph as you went along. If not, go back and do it.*

*Select an income from* $20 *to* $30 *and insert the amount paid for each item a week.*

| Week | ——— | ——— | ——— | ——— | ——— | ——— |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | |

**C** [1] Some of the rules to follow in buying food are as follows: [2] Buy food that is in season and is plentiful. [3] Buy from the market that offers the lowest price for good quality. [4] Buy inexpensive foods that are nutritious, in place of expensive ones.

**D** [1] Rent, repairs, and furnishings are important items in home life. [2] Rent should be within one's means. [3] Repairs can often be made by a member of the family instead of an outsider who frequently charges a big price. [4] Furnishings should be simple and appropriate rather than too ornate; they can frequently be made at home.

E [1] The attractiveness of a home has little to do with its size or its expensiveness. [2] It largely depends upon the neatness and the care with which the house and grounds are kept. [3] The cheapest forms of improvements about a house are those that come from fresh paint and paper; the more expensive ones are those that come from laying hardwood floors and putting in the most convenient forms of heating and lighting. [4] The grounds about a place are improved by setting out plants, shrubs, and trees, and by building good fences and laying good walks.

F [1] Many towns and cities are making and carrying out plans for improvements. [2] Trees and shrubs are being set out along the streets; recreational parks and playgrounds are being provided; schools and libraries are being improved; and means of securing progress in business and in industry are being studied and worked out.

[3] Among the conditions that affect the health of a town or a city are the open spaces for fresh air and sunshine, the purity of the water supply, and the freshness and cleanliness of the milk and other foods used.

[4] *Name improvements that are being made in your town or city.*

**To the Student.** *Can you name the six big points in order? Write a detailed outline of this part, sub-dividing the six sub-topics into their details.*

## THRIFT PROBLEMS

(*a*) Read each problem; then look back to the general discussion of *How to Save* to find the section which applies to the problem and the number of the sentence that the problem illustrates.

(*b*) Consider, next, in each problem what facts are given; what you are to find out; what procedure you will follow to solve the problem.

### Remember

In solving a problem, find out:

1. *What essential facts are given.*
2. *What is to be found out*
3. *How to do it*

(*c*) Solve the problems.

**Problem 1.** A family that had been renting a house at $45.00 a month bought a house for $4500. The average yearly expense for taxes was $58.25; for water, $10.00; for fire insurance, $11.25; for repairs, $78.50. The money invested in the house, if left in a bank, would have yielded an income of $15.00 a month. How much expense did the family save each month by owning the house?

**Problem 2.** An electric bell is to be put in a house, connecting the dining-room and the kitchen. The cost of the material is as follows: 75 ft. of insulated wire at 40¢ a pound (1 lb. = 150 ft.); 2 batteries at 25¢; 1 bell at 35¢; 1 pear punch-button at 25¢; 1 box of insulated staples at 15¢. The bell installed by the electric company costs $3.00 complete. How much expense does a boy save his parents by putting in the bell, if they buy the materials?

**Problem 3.** Oranges come by the box and contain commonly, according to the size of the orange, 126, 150, 176, 200, or 216 oranges. How much is saved by buying a box containing 150 oranges for $6.25 instead of buying the oranges by the dozen at 60¢ a dozen?

**Problem 4.** A family were desirous of saving money to pay for the education of the children. By taking a smaller house than the one they had been occupying, they reduced the monthly rent of $32.50 to $25.00, and the cost of fuel from $80.00 a year to $48.00. By careful management, they reduced one fifth the former expense of $24.90 for lighting, and saved $42.40 on incidentals. Find how much was saved during one year.

**Problem 5.** With the price of butter at 60¢ a pound and a good substitute for butter at 38¢ a pound, what is the difference in the cost of a week's supply of 4½ pounds?

**Problem 6.** A crowded city extended its boundaries, and laid out parks and pleasant residential districts. By so doing, the city decreased its annual death rate of 33 persons per thousand to 18 persons per thousand. This meant the saving of how many lives annually, when the population was 270,000? Without counting any increase in population, the number of lives saved in 10 years amounted to how many?

**Problem 7.** A house 18 ft. from the street is set on a building lot with a frontage of 50 ft. Find the cost, at 95¢ a square yard, for two walks, one on the street, made 1½ yards wide, and the other extending 18 ft. from the house to the street and made 1 yard wide.

**Problem 8.** A quart of paint will cover about 9 sq. yds. of a floor in painting the first coat and about 12 sq. yds. in painting the second coat. At 90¢ a quart, what is the approximate cost for 2 coats of paint for a kitchen floor 12 ft. by 9 ft.?

**Problem 9.** By improving the milk supply in a city, the death rate of 40 per thousand among children under five years of age was decreased 60%. This decrease meant the saving of how many lives in a population of 5500 children under the age given?

**To the student.** 1. Bring an arithmetic to class, mark a problem with which you have had difficulty, and see whether you can solve it by using the three rules.

2. Apply the three rules in your next arithmetic lesson.

3. Make up a set of similar problems, but apply each to yourself, your family life, or your community. The class may work as large committees with nine to a committee. Each committee will divide the problems among them.

**Community project.** Organize the class as a Chamber of Commerce, divide into committees, and make a survey of conditions in your community.

# THE ACCIDENT THAT GAVE US WOOD-PULP PAPER

## How a Mighty Modern Industry Owed its Beginning to Gottfried Keller and a Wasp

PARKE F. HANLEY

As you read this article, break it up into its big parts so that you will have a summary of it when you finish it.

[1] ON the day when President Wilson was inaugurated to his second term, this country had its fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of wood-pulp. Were it not for a series of lucky chances that developed into opportunity, this wood-pulp anniversary might have remained for our children's children.

[2] Have you ever given thought to the accidental character of many great discoveries? The element of chance is generally combined with a series of coincidences. Looking back over the developments that led to gigantic contributions to our civilization, one cannot fail to be struck by the coördination of events. Apparently there always has been a conspiracy of natural forces to compel men of thought and resourcefulness to add another asset to progress.

[3] Your earliest school readers have been full of these — for instance, Watt and his steam-kettle, Franklin and his kite. Now the youngsters are reading that the Wrights derived a fundamental principle of aviation — the warping-tip — from the flight of crows. With awe comes the disquieting thought. How far back should we be were it not for these fortuitous circumstances?

[4] Among all the great things that have been given to the world in the last three-quarters of a century, few measure beside the wood-pulp industry. With its related trades and sciences, it is comprised within the ten great activities of mankind. In manufacture and distribution, it employs an army matching in size the Russian battle hordes. Its figures of investment and production are comparable to the debts of the great war.

[5] Yet it remained for a wasp and Gottfried Keller to bring us out of the era of rag paper. Together, they saved us from a retardation of universal thought. Therefore, let us consider the agents.

[6] First, the wasp. She was one of a family of several hundreds, born in the Hartz Mountains in the year 1839. When death claimed most of her relatives at

the end of the season allotted as the life of a wasp, this survivor, a queen wasp, became the foundress of a family of her own. She built her nest of selected wood-fibres, softened them to a pulp with her saliva, and kneaded them into cells for her larvæ. Her family came forth in due course, and their wings bore them out into the world. That nest, having served its purpose was abandoned.

[7] Maeterlinck, who attributes emotions to plants and souls to bees, might wrap a drama of destiny about this insect. She would command a leading place in a cast which included the butterfly which gave silk to the world, the mosquito that helped to prove the germ theory of disease, and the caterpillar that loosed the apple which revealed the law of gravitation to Sir Isaac Newton.

[8] As to Keller, he was a simple German, by trade a paper-maker and by avocation a scientist of sorts. One day in 1840 — and this marks the beginning of the accidents — returning home from his mill, he trod upon the abandoned nest. Had not the tiny dwelling been deserted, he probably would have cherished nothing but bitter reflections about the irascibility of wasps. As it was, he stooped to see the ruin he had wrought.

[9] The crushed nest lay soft in his hand, soft and pliable, and yet tough in texture. It was soft as his own rag-made paper. It was not paper, and yet it was very much like paper. Crumbling it in his fingers, he decided that its material was wood-pulp.

[10] Keller was puzzled to know how so minute a creature had welded wood into a paper-like nest. His state of mind passed to interest, thence to speculation, and finally to investigation. He carried his problem and its possibilities to his friend, Heinrich Voelter, a master mechanic. Together they began experiments. They decided to emulate the wasp. They would have to granulate the wood as she had done. The insect had apparently used spruce; they used spruce under a grindstone. Hot water served as a substitute for the wasp's salivary juices.

[11] Their first attempts gave them a pulp astonishingly similar to that resulting from the choicest rags. They carried the pulp through to manufacture, with a small proportion of rags added — and they had paper. It was good paper, paper that had strength. They found that it possessed an unlooked-for advantage in its quick absorption of printing-ink.

[12] Have you followed the chain of accidents, coincidences, and fortunate circumstances? Suppose the wasp had not left her nest in Keller's path. What if he had been in haste, or had been driven off by the queen's yellow-jacketed soldiers? What if he had no curiosity, if he had not been a paper-maker, if he had not enjoyed acquaintance with Voelter? Wood-pulp might not have been found.

[13] Leaving Gottfried Keller and Voelter in their hour of success, we find, sixteen years afterward, two other Germans, Albrecht and Rudolf Pagenstecher, brothers, in the export trade in New York. They were pioneering in another field. They were shipping petroleum to Europe for those rising young business men, John D. and William Rockefeller. They were seeking commodities for import when their cousin, Alberto Pagenstecher, arrived from the fatherland with an interesting bit of news.

[14] "A few weeks ago, in a paper-mill in the Hartz, I found them using a new process," he said. "They are making paper out of wood. Germany is printing its newspapers on wood-pulp paper."

[15] To his cousins it seemed preposterous that wood could be so converted, but Alberto was convincing. He showed them Voelter's patent grants and pictures of the grinders. The Pagenstechers went to Germany, and when they returned they brought two of the grinders — crude affairs devised for the simple purpose of pressing wood upon a stone. They also brought with them several German mechanics.

[16] A printer in New York, named Strang, had already secured the United States rights of the new process. He was engaged in the manufacture of calendered paper, and, therefore, had no occasion to use wood-pulp; so he was willing to surrender the patents in exchange for a small interest.

[17] The Pagenstechers wanted water-power for their grinders, and they located their first mill beside Stockbridge Bowl, in Curtisville, now Interlaken, Massachusetts. On an outlay of eleven thousand dollars their mill was built and their machinery installed. Two or three trials, with cotton waste added to the ground wood, gave them their paper. Their first product was completed on the 5th of March, 1867.

[18] It was a matter of greater difficulty to dispose of the stock. The trade fought against the innovation. Finally Wellington Smith, of the near-by town of Lee, Massachusetts, was persuaded to try it. Rag-paper had been selling at twenty-four cents a pound. Smith's mill still exhibits the first invoice with the Pagenstechers, which shows the purchase of wood-paper at eleven cents.

[19] The paper was hauled to Lee in the dead of night, for Smith's subordinates wished to spare him from the laughter of his fellow millmen. It was sold, and proved successful, and the Pagenstechers were rushed with orders. They built a second mill in Luzerne, New York, but abandoned it soon afterward for the greater water-power to be obtained at Palmer's Falls, where now stands the second largest mill in the United States.

[20] Manufacturers tumbled over themselves to get the benefit of the new process. The originators in this country held the patent

rights until 1884, letting them out on royalties until that time. With each new plant the price of paper fell, until at one period it sold at one and a half cents a pound.

[21] Trial had proved that spruce was the only suitable wood for the pulp. Until 1891 rags were combined in about one-quarter proportion. Then it was found that other coniferous woods might be used to replace the rags, after being submitted to what is called the sulfite process. In this treatment small cubes of wood, placed in a vat, have their resinous properties extracted, and the wood is disintegrated. A combination of ground and sulfite wood makes the paper now used for news-print.

[22] As has been told, the primary advantage of the wood-pulp paper was its immediate absorption of ink. This made possible much greater speed in printing, and led in turn to the development of the great modern newspaper and magazine presses, fed by huge rolls of paper, which print on both sides simultaneously. These wonderful machines have now reached the double-octuple stage — monsters capable of turning out no less than five thousand eight-page newspapers in a single minute, or three hundred thousand in an hour.

[23] With the evolution from the flat-bed to the web or rotary presses there came further development in typesetting-machines — the linotype, the monotype, and others. With paper and presses brought to such simplification, newspapers have sprouted in every town, almost every village, and the total number of American periodicals is counted by tens of thousands. There are magazines that have a circulation of more than a million copies weekly. The leading daily newspapers in New York print anywhere from one hundred thousand copies to four times as many, and they can put extra editions on the streets at fifteen-minute intervals.

[24] The aggregate circulation of daily newspapers in the United States is close to forty million copies. Weekly newspapers and periodicals reach fifty millions, and monthly publications mount almost to one hundred millions; and all this would be impossible without wood-pulp paper.

[25] The annual production of wood-pulp in the United States and Canada is estimated by Albrecht Pagenstecher, the survivor of the innovators, to be worth nearly five hundred millions of dollars. Take into consideration the hundreds of thousands employed in the mills, the men who cut and bring in the raw product, the countless number in the printing, publishing, and distributing trades. Then hark back to the accident that put the wasp's nest under the toe of Gottfried Keller!

— *Munsey's Magazine*

**Further reading.** Look up more about printing:
**Bachman, F. P.** *Great Inventors*, pp. 187–207.
**Fisher, E. F.** *Resources and Industries of the U.S.*, pp. 194–97.
**Hall, A. N.** *The Boy Craftsman*, pp. 126–52.
**Lamprey, Louise.** *Masters of the Guild.*
**Rocheleau, W. F.** *Great American Industries* (manufactures).
**Tappan, E. M.** *Makers of Many Things*, pp. 25–35.

## BEST WAYS TO PULL

Read this as rapidly as you can, but get the details.

[1] EXPERIMENTS testing the pulling power of men in different positions and relations to the object have been made, and as reported by the *American Review of Reviews* the greatest amount of pull is gained by pulling backward, holding the rope in both hands in front of the body. [2] Pulling with a rope over the shoulder, the end brought forward to the chest, by the hands, gives only about half the power of the backward pull. [3] Next to the backward pull with the hands, pulling backward with the rope around the loins is the most effective. [4] Then comes pulling sideways with the hands, one knee bent. [5] Next is pulling backward with the rope round the shoulders, then walking forward, pulling with the hands behind one; next walking forward with the rope looped around the shoulders, and last, as has been said, with the rope over the shoulder, with its end in the hands.

[6] Another interesting experiment shows that men pulling together do not produce so much power as the total amount of their individual power would be. [7] This is because the concerted action is not exactly simultaneous, and thus something is wasted. [8] This is why sailors sing as they heave the anchor. [9] The rhythm serves to keep the effort more exactly timed.

### Things to do at the Library

**I. Book Reports:** *Workers of the World.* Make a list of ten occupations like the following. Then have a committee of ten find appropriate books at the library.

Crump, Irving: *Boy's Book of Firemen.*
"Vivid accounts of work of a large city fire department. Thrilling tales of famous fires."

Crump, Irving: *Boy's Book of Policemen.*
"Stories of heroic deeds and thrilling rescues."

Crump, Irving: *Boy's Book of Railroads.*

Moffat, Cleveland: *Careers of Danger and Daring.*
"Steeple climber, sea diver, balloonist, pilot, bridge builder, firemen, aerial acrobat, wild beast trainer, dynamite worker, locomotive engineer."

Stevenson, B. E.: *Tommy Remington's Battle.*
"How a lad working in West Virginia coal mines gained an education."

Wallace, Dillon: *Grit-a-plenty.*
"How two plucky boys trapped their father's hunting trail through a Labrador winter."

Zollinger, Gulielma: *Maggie McLanehan.*
"Describes the heroine's successful efforts to take care of herself and little cousin."

**II.** *Things to do and make.* Decide what your hobby is and find a book about it.

Beard, Dan C.: *American Boy's Handy Book.*
"What to do and how to do it."

Collins, A. F.: *Boy's Book of Model Aeroplanes.*
"Very interesting to boys."

Collins, A. F.: *Book of Wireless.*
"Clear description of wireless telegraphy sets and how to make and operate them."

**III. Two-minute talks:** *Boys who became famous.* Divide the following among ten pupils to give reports on each man's great work.

| | |
|---|---|
| Alexander Graham Bell | Cyrus H. McCormack |
| Henry Bessemer | Samuel B. Morse |
| Thomas A. Edison | George Stephenson |
| Robert Fulton | James Watt |
| Charles Goodyear | Eli Whitney |

Bachman, F. P.: *Great Inventors and Inventions.*

Tappan, Eva March: *Heroes of Progress.*

**IV. Program Periods.** Celebrate Labor Day and Invention Day.

## PLEASURE READING

### Stories and Poems


| | Page | | Page |
|---|---|---|---|
| Columbus (*1492*) | *William P. Trent* 263 | Rodney's Ride (*1776*) | *Elbridge Streeter Brooks* 296 |
| Samoset (*1620*) | *Jane G. Austin* 264 | Aftermath (*The Great War*) | *Elliott C. Lincoln* 298 |
| A Combat on the Sands | *Mary Johnston* 276 | Memorial Day | *Abbie Farwell Brown* 301 |
| At a Colonial Party | *Nora Perry* 287 | | |


## COLUMBUS

### William Peterfield Trent

Imagine yourself to be, first, the boy and, then, the old man, and tell what their thoughts might be.

I have two pictures very dear to me;
In all my gallery there are none like these.
One is a boy, a fair-haired Genoese,
Gazing with wistful eye upon the sea
And wondering what the far-off ships may be,
With all the calm, self-poised grace one sees
In children face to face with mysteries.
The other hath as fair a scenery
Of distant palaces and shadowy ships,
And gentle waves, and hard, white curves of sand,
But see the central figure! Bent and bowed
And gray as winter doth an old man stand
And look toward the West — his withered lips
Quiver, methinks, but oh! that eye is proud!

## SAMOSET

JANE G. AUSTIN

(From *Standish of Standish*)

Those who get the greatest delight out of reading have the power to project themselves into the characters and scenes of a story as if they were really present. Do you have that power? Does imagination grip you when you read?

You can learn to read in this way. As you take up this story, now, make yourself see everything that happened, — what the people looked like, how they behaved, — and find out whether you can forget yourself and the life of to-day by building up Captain Standish's world as it seemed to him. There is no limit to the wonderful adventures you can have in strange lands and among strange people, if once you develop this magic power of imagination.

**Remember**

*To enjoy a story most, put yourself in the place of the people in it and live with them as you read.*

*Build up the scenes of their day as if you really saw them.*

*Get their feelings and their thoughts, live their hopes, fight their battles.*

[1] THE freemen of the Plymouth colony were convened in Council around the well-scoured table in the principal room of the Common house, which had become for the nonce a House of Commons. Captain Standish was explaining the scheme he had arranged for organizing his little army, when the solemnity of the meeting was invaded by shrill cries of alarm and anger.

[2] This time, however, it was in a solo rather than chorus, for goodwife Billington having taken the field, her more timid sisters were abashed into silence.

"Thou foul beast, I say begone! Scat! Avaunt! Nay, grin not at me! Wait but till I fetch a bucket of boiling water to throw over thee, thou Cheshire cat! I'll soon see how much of thy nasty color is fast dye" —

[3] "What means this unseemly brawling?" sternly demanded Elder Brewster as Standish ceased speaking, and all eyes turned involuntarily toward the door. "Billington, the voice is that of thy wife. Go, and warn her that we tolerate no common scolds in our midst, and that the ducking-stool and the pillory" —

[4] But the elder's threats and Billington's shamefaced obedience and the wonder of all who had listened to the outbreak were cut short by a startling apparition upon the threshold; the savages had really come at last, or at least one of them.

Here stood, tall and erect, the splendid figure of a man, naked except for a waist-band of buckskin fringe. His skin was of a bright copper color, glistening in the morning sun, and forming a rich background for the varicolored paints with which it was decorated. His coarse, black hair, cut square above the eyebrows, fell upon his shoulders at the back, and was ornamented by three eagle-feathers woven into its tresses. In his hand he carried a bow nearly as tall as himself, and two arrows. A sharp little hatchet, evidently of European make, was thrust into his girdle, but the keenness of its edge was less than that of the glances with which he watched the slightest movement of the armed men who started to their feet at his approach.

[5] The savage was the first to speak, and his utterance has become as classic as Cæsar's "Veni," — for it was — "Welcome!"

As he pronounced it, and looked about him with kindly, if wary eyes, the Pilgrims drew a long breath, and the tense anxiety of the moment lapsed into aspects various as the temperaments of the men.

[6] "What! Do these men speak English then!" exclaimed Allerton bewildered, while Standish muttered, "Look to your side-arms, men. He may mean treachery," and noble Carver, extending his hand, said, —

"Thanks for your courtesy, friend. How know you our language?"

[7] "I am Samoset. I am friend of Englishmen. I come to say welcome."

"Truly 'tis a marvel to hear him speak in our own tongue and so glibly too. Mark you how he chooses his words as one of some dignity himself," said Bradford softly, but the quick ears of the savage caught the substance of his words, and tapping his broad chest lightly with his fingers he proudly replied, —

"Samoset, sachem of Monhegan. Samoset do well to many Englishmen in his own country."

[8] "And where is Monhegan, friend Samoset?" asked Carver pleasantly. "Might it be this place?"

"This place Patuxet. Monhegan nearer to the sunrise," replied Samoset pointing eastward.

"And how far?"

"Suppose walk, five days; big wind in ship, one day."

"And how camest thou, and when?"

"Ship. Three, four moons ago."

[9] "Ah, then it is not an armed assault upon us," said Carver aside and in a tone of relief.

"Nay, these savages are more treacherous than a quicksand. Try him with more questions," suggested Hopkins, the other men murmuring assent, while the

Indian, glancing with his opaque black eyes from one to another, showed not how much he understood of what went on about him.

10 "'In vino veritas,'" suggested Bradford with a smile. "Were it not well to give him something by way of welcome?"

"Samoset like beer. Much talk make throat dry like brook in summer," remarked the guest, but whether in response or not no one could say.

"Thou'rt right, man, and though thy skin's tawny, thy inside is very like a white man's," exclaimed Standish with a laugh. "John Alden, thou knowest the cupboards of this place passing well; find our friend wherewith to fill yon dry brook-bed of a throat; that is, with the governor's permission."

11 "Surely, surely, Captain Standish," replied Carver with gentle alacrity. "Your word is enough. And while Alden finds wherewithal to feed and quench his thirst, John Howland shall bring a mantle or cloak from my house to throw about him."

The cloak was brought, and gracefully accepted by Samoset, who evidently regarded it as a ceremonial robe of state, designed to mark his admittance as an honored guest at the white men's board.

12 Draping the cloak toga-wise across his shoulder, he sat down to a plentiful repast of cold duck, biscuit, butter, cheese, and a kind of sausage called black pudding. To these solids was added a comfortable tankard of spirits and water, from which Samoset at once imbibed a protracted draught.

"Englishmen have better drink than poor Indian," remarked he, placing the tankard close beside his plate, and seizing a leg of the duck in his hands.

"'Tis sure that he has been much with white men," said Bradford, while Winslow muttered in Carver's ear,

"Let not Alden leave the bottle within reach of the savage. Enough will loosen his tongue, but a little more will bind it."

"True," assented the Governor, nodding to Alden, who quietly replaced the bottle in the case whence he had taken it. Samoset followed it with longing eyes, but his own dignity prevented remonstrance except by finishing the flagon and ostentatiously turning it upside down.

[13] After this, the meal was soon finished, and the conversation resumed, partly by signs and inference, partly by Samoset's limited stock of English. By one means and the other the Pilgrims presently learned that Monhegan was a large island near to the mainland in a northeasterly direction, and a great resort of fishing vessels, mostly English, with whose masters Samoset, as sachem of the Indians in those parts, had both traded and feasted, learning their language, their manners, and, what was worse, their habits of strong drink and profanity, neither of which however seemed to have taken any great hold upon him, being reserved rather as accomplishments and proofs that he too had studied men and manners.

The master of one of these fishing craft some few months previously had invited the sachem to accompany him across the bay to Cape Cod, where the sailor wished to traffic with the natives, and Samoset had since remained in this part of the country visiting Massasoit, sachem of the Wampanoags, who with a large party of his warriors was now lying in the forest outside of the settlement, waiting apparently for the result of Samoset's reconnoissance before he should determine on his own line of action.

[14] Further inquiry elicited the fact that the former inhabitants of Plymouth, or Patuxet, a people tributary

to Massasoit, but living under their own sachem, had been totally exterminated by a plague, perhaps small-pox, which had swept over the country two or three years before the landing of the Pilgrims, leaving, so far as Samoset could tell, only one man alive; this man, seeking refuge among the Nausets, the tribe to the east of Patuxet, was one of the victims entrapped by Hunt, escaping from whom he lived a long time in England with a merchant of London named Slaney, who finally sent him in a fishing vessel to Newfoundland, whence he made his way back to his friends on Cape Cod.

"And this man," demanded Winslow eagerly. "Where is he now? Do ye not perceive, friends, that this is an instrument shaped and fitted to our hands by the Providence of God, who hath also sent His plague to sweep away the inhabitants of this spot whither He would lead His chosen people?"

"Of a truth it seemeth so," replied Carver reverently, while Standish muttered in his beard, —

"Pity but the salvages had known 'twas Providence! 'Twould have converted them out of hand."

[15] The elder, who had his own opinion of the soldier's orthodoxy, looked askance at Standish's murmuring, and suddenly demanded, —

"Where, then, is this man? How call you him?"

"Tisquantum he name. English trader across big water call him other fool name. Red man not know it."

"Tisquantum is well enough for a name, but why did he not come hither with you, Samoset?"

"Tisquantum much wise. He like see other fox put his paw in trap first before he try it."

[16] As he thus betrayed his comrade's diplomacy the savage allowed a subtle smile to lighten his eyes, which, with the instinct that in simple mental organizations is so much surer than reason, he fixed upon Winslow, who

laughed outright as he replied, — "Wiser than thou, Samoset, me-seemeth. How is it thou wast so much more daring than thy fellow?"

"Samoset poor fool. He not know enough to be afraid of anything. Not wise like white man and Tisquantum."

And the sachem with a superb smile settled the tomahawk at his girdle, and threw off the folds of his horseman's cloak. But the grim smile upon most of the faces around the board showed that the jest had given no offense to men who knew their own and each other's courage.

[17] The conference presently broke up, the visitor amusing himself by strolling around the village, discreetly wrapped in his cloak, and taking a malicious delight in encountering good-wife Billington, who never failed to greet him with a fusillade of suppressed wrath, to which he listened attentively, as if desirous of storing up some of the objurgations for his own future use.

[18] As night fell, and the guest showed no intention of departure, some of the more cautious settlers suggested that he should be put on board the Mayflower for safe keeping, a plan which met Samoset's ready approval, for as he sententiously remarked, —

"Captain-man, have much strong waters."

But then, as now, he who would navigate Plymouth Harbor must take both wind and tide into account, and when Samoset with Cooke, Browne, and Eaton to row him reached the shallop, they found her high and dry, with a stiff east wind in her teeth.

[19] The next plan was to bestow the dangerous guest safely on shore, and this was finally done in the loft of Stephen Hopkins's house, the veteran host grimly promising that he should not stir so much as a finger-nail but he would know it; and in spite of good-wife

Billington's assurance to her sisters that they should one and all be murdered in their beds before morning, the sun arose upon them in peace and safety, and soon after breakfast the Indian was dismissed with some small gifts, and an agreement that he should come again the next day, bringing Squanto, and such others as desired to trade with the white men, and could offer skins of beaver, martin, or other valuable fur.

[20] "Could not they fetch a few ermine and miniver skins while they are at it," suggested Priscilla. "Methinks in this wilderness we women might at least solace ourselves with the show of royalty, sith we are too far from the throne to have our right disputed."

"Who knows but that we may found a new kingdom here in the New World," replied John Alden playfully. "And where should we find a fitter sovereign than Queen Priscilla?"

[21] But Saturday passed over quietly, and it was not until Sunday morning that the Pilgrims coming out of the Common house after the morning service met Samoset stalking into the village followed by five other tall fellows, powerful but unarmed, Standish having sternly warned Samoset that neither he nor his companions must bring any weapon into the white man's settlement without permission.

[22] All were fully dressed in deerskin robes with leggings fastened to the girdle and disappearing at the ankle within moccasins of a style very familiar to our eyes, although a great marvel to those of the Pilgrims, who, however, soon adopted and enjoyed them highly. Samoset and another savage, who seemed to be his especial associate, also carried each a finely dressed wildcat skin as a sort of shield upon the left arm, and all were profusely decorated with paint, feathers, strings of shells, and one man with the tail of a fox gracefully

draped across his forehead. All wore the hair in the cavalier style, long upon the shoulders and cut square across the brow, and all were comely and dignified-looking warriors.

[23] The governor, elder, captain, with some other of the principal men, stood still in the open space where the King's Highway crossed The Street, and greeted, soberly as befitted the day, yet cordially as befitted charity and hospitality, their guests, who watched with wary eyes every movement of the hosts whom they hardly trusted, while Samoset, stepping forward, unrolled a fine mat, or wrapping-rug, in his arm, and ceremoniously laid two axes and a wedge at the feet of Standish, saying briefly, —

"The white chief has his own again."

"Our tools. Yes, that is as it should be," replied the captain, "although we may not use them to-day."

[24] "Six hungry guests to divide the dinner with us!" exclaimed Priscilla in dismay as she stood at Mistress Brewster's side, her glowing brunette beauty shining out in contrast.

"Ay 'twill put us to our trumps to make ready enough hot victuals for all," replied the elder's wife.

"They shall have none of the marchpane thou didst make yestere'en, Priscilla!" expostulated Desire Minter anxiously. "There is no more than enow for us that be women."

"That will rest as our dear mother says," replied Priscilla smiling into Dame Brewster's face.

"Nay, it needs not the marchpane thou madest so toilsomely to entertain these savages to whom our ship biscuit are a treat," and the elder woman smiled tenderly back into the glowing face so near her own.

[25] So presently the table in the Common house was spread with what to the red men was a feast of the gods,

and they gravely ate enough for twelve men, evidently carrying out the time-honored policy of Dugald Dalgetty and of the camel, to lay in as there is opportunity provision not only for the present, but for the future. Dinner ended, both red and white men assembled in the open space before mentioned, now in Plymouth called the Town Square, and the Indians grouping themselves in the center began what may be called a dance.

[26] From the gravity of their faces and solemnity of their movements the elder was seized with a suspicion that fairly turned him pale.

"Are the heathen creatures practicing their incantations and war-lock work in our very midst, and on the Lord's Day?" demanded he. "Stephen Hopkins, thou knowest their devices, how is it?"

"Nay, Elder," replied Hopkins chuckling in spite of his efforts at Sunday sobriety. "It is a feast-dance, a manner of thanksgiving" —

"A sort of grace after meat," suggested Billington in an aside; but the elder heard him, and turning the current of his wrath in the direction exclaimed, —

"Peace, ribald! Thou are worse than the heathen in making sport of holy things."

"I knew not yon antics were holy things, Elder," retorted the reckless jester; but Standish ranging up alongside of him muttered, —

"One word more and thou'lt deal with me, John Billington," and though the reprobate affected to laugh contemptuously he remained silent.

[27] To the solemn feast-dance succeeded a more lively measure accompanied with barbarous sounds intended for singing, and the performance ended with gestures and pantomime obviously suggesting a treaty of amity and peace, as indeed Samoset presently interpreted it, closing the scene with the offer of such skins as the men

wore upon their arms, and promises of more furs in the near future.

[28] But the Sunday-keeping Pilgrims would not enter even into the semblance of trade upon that day, and, although they could not explain the reason to the Indians, made them understand that their dances, their singing, and their gifts, which were of course to be repaid, were all impossible for them to consider upon that day, and that, in fact the sooner they withdrew from the village the better their hosts would be pleased. Adding, however, the wisdom of the serpent to the guilelessness of the dove, they coupled with this dismissal a very earnest invitation for the savages to return on the morrow and bring more skins, indeed all that they could spare, the white men promising to purchase them at a fair price.

[29] The Indians listened gravely to so much of this harangue as Samoset translated to them, and the five newcomers at once, and with no ceremony of farewell, glided one after the other down the path leading past the spring to Watson's Hill, and were no more seen; but Samoset throwing himself upon the ground pressed his hands upon his stomach moaning loudly and declaring himself in great agony.

"He has a colic from over-feeding. Give him a dose of strong waters and capsicum," said the elder compassionately; and Standish with a grim smile remarked, "Truly the man hath been an apt scholar in the ways of civilization. He minds me of a varlet of mine own, whose colics I effectually cured after a while by mingling a certain drug with the strong waters he craved. 'Twas better than a sea-voyage for clearing his stomach."

"Nay, Captain, we'll not deal so harshly with the poor fellow at the beginning, whatever may come at the end," said the Governor smiling. "Howland, get the

man his dram, and if he will not go, put him to sleep in Hopkins's house and under his ward."

**First reading.** 1. Do you know the people in this story? What are their names? How do they dress? How do they differ from each other? Which persons stand out most clearly to you? Why? In what ways would they seem strange if they appeared on the street to-day? Are the pictures on page 264 accurate?

2. Can you picture the successive scenes? Which ones are painted with most detail by the author? Which would make good moving-pictures?

3. Which parts of the story suggest happenings that you would like to read more about?

**Second rapid reading.** 1. Outline on the board (*1*) the characters, (*2*) the scenes, (*3*) the happenings for a play or a moving-picture. Add a list of quaint expressions that should be worked in, if you decide to give a play.

2. Find the parts that are good to read aloud, either for conversation or for pictures. Practice reading them aloud.

**Further reading.** Get the book *Standish of Standish* from the library and finish the story for yourself.

**Barstow, C. L.** *Explorers and Settlers*, pp. 189–219.

**Dix, B. M.** *Soldier Rigdale.*
"The story of a little boy who sailed in the Mayflower and served Miles Standish. An excellent picture of Plymouth and its hardships."

**Foote, A. E.** and **Skinner, A. W.** *Explorers and Founders of America*, pp. 136–48.
"Brings out clearly the individuality of the characters, showing the effect a strongly marked personality has on a nation's history, and contains some material not easily found elsewhere."

**Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth.** *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*
"A delightful tale of John Alden, Miles Standish, and Priscilla."

READING PROJECTS

I. Make a Class Longfellow Book, with pictures and drawings illustrating different lines of the poem.
II. Plan a series of tableaux and pantomimes to present the story, while selected portions are read aloud to describe each scene.
III. Outline in two columns the customs of (*1*) the Puritans and (*2*) the Indians, as shown in this poem.

**Usher, R. G.** *The Story of the Pilgrims.*
"Incidents in which Bradford, Brewster, Winslow, and Standish played important parts."

## A COMBAT ON THE SANDS

MARY JOHNSTON

(From *To Have and to Hold*, chapters XXI and XXII)

Come with us now back to buccaneering days when pirates infested the Atlantic coast and a man's life frequently hung on his quick wit and skilled sword.

Was this man really Kirby? What other things should you like to know about him? How can you find out?

[1] A FEW minutes later saw me almost upon the party gathered about the grave. The grave had received that which it was to hold until the crack of doom, and was now being rapidly filled with sand. The crew of deep-dyed villains worked or stood or sat in silence, but all looked at the grave, and saw me not. As the last handful of sand made it level with the beach, I walked into their midst, and found myself face to face with the three candidates for the now vacant captaincy.

"Give you good-day, gentlemen," I cried. "Is it your captain that you bury or one of your crew, or is it only pezos and pieces of eight?

"The sun shining on so much bare steel hurts my eyes," I said. "Put up, gentlemen, put up! Cannot one rover attend the funeral of another without all this crowding and display of cutlery? If you will take the trouble to look around you, you will see that I have brought to the obsequies only myself."

[2] One by one cutlass and sword were lowered, and those who had drawn them, falling somewhat back,

spat and swore and laughed. The man in black and silver only smiled gently and sadly. "Did you drop from the blue?" he asked. "Or did you come up from the sea?"

"I came out of it," I said. "My ship went down in the storm yesterday. Your little cockboat yonder was more fortunate." I waved my hand toward that ship of three hundred tons, then twirled my mustaches and stood at gaze.

"Was your ship so large, then?" demanded Paradise, while a murmur of admiration, larded with oaths, ran around the circle.

"She was a very great galleon," I replied, with a sigh for the good ship that was gone.

A moment's silence, during which they all looked at me. "A galleon," then said Paradise softly.

"They that sailed her yesterday are to-day at the bottom of the sea," I continued. "Alackaday! so are one hundred thousand pezos of gold, three thousand bars of silver, ten frails of pearls, jewels uncounted, cloth of gold, and cloth of silver. She was a very rich prize."

The circle sucked in their breath. "All at the bottom of the sea?" queried Red Gil, with gloating eyes fixed upon the smiling water. "Not one pezo left, not one little, little pearl?"

I shook my head and heaved a prodigious sigh.

"The treasure is gone," I said, "and the men with whom I took it are gone. I am a captain with neither ship nor crew. I take you, my friends, for a ship and crew without a captain. The inference is obvious."

[3] The ring gaped with wonder, then strange oaths arose. Red Gil broke into a bellow of angry laughter, while the Spaniard glared like a catamount about to spring. "So you would be our captain?" remarked

Paradise, picking up another shell, and poising it upon a hand as fine and small as a woman's.

"Faith, you might go farther and fare worse," I answered, and began to hum a tune. When I had finished it, "I am Kirby," I said, and waited to see if that shot should go wide or through the hull.

For two minutes the dash of the surf and the cries of the wheeling sea fowl made the only sound in that part of the world; then from those half-clad rapscallions arose a shout of "Kirby!" — a shout in which the three leaders did not join. That one who looked a gentleman rose from the sand and made me a low bow. "Well met, noble captain," he cried in those his honey tones. "You will doubtless remember me who was with you that time at Maracaibo when you sank the galleasses. Five years have passed since then, and yet I see you ten years younger and three inches taller."

"I touched once at the Lucayas, and found the spring de Leon sought," I said. "Sure the waters have a marvelous effect, and if they give not eternal youth at least renew that which we have lost."

"Truly a potent aqua vitæ," he remarked, still with thoughtful melancholy. "I see that it hath changed your eyes from black to gray."

"It hath that peculiar virtue," I said, "that it can make black seem white."

[4] The man with the woman's mantle drawn about him now thrust himself from the rear to the front rank. "That's not Kirby!" he bawled. "He's no more Kirby than I am Kirby! Didn't I sail with Kirby from the Summer Isles to Cartagena and back again? He's a cheat, and I am a-going to cut his heart out!" He was making at me with a long knife, when I whipped out my rapier.

"Am I not Kirby, you dog?" I cried, and ran him through the shoulder.

He dropped, and his fellows surged forward with a yell. "Yet a little patience, my masters!" said Paradise in a raised voice and with genuine amusement in his eyes. "It is true that that Kirby with whom I and our friend there on the ground sailed was somewhat short and swart as a raven, besides having a cut across his face that had taken away part of his lip and the top of his ear, and that this gentleman who announces himself as Kirby hath none of Kirby's marks. But we are fair and generous and open to conviction" —

[5] "He'll have to convince my cutlass!" roared Red Gil.

I turned upon him. "If I do convince it, what then?" I demanded. "If I convince your sword, you of Spain, and yours, Sir Black and Silver?"

The Spaniard stared. "I was the best sword in Lima," he said stiffly. "I and my Toledo will not change our minds."

"Let him try to convince Paradise; he's got no reputation as a swordsman!" cried out the gravedigger with the broken head.

A roar of laughter followed this suggestion, and I gathered from it and from the oaths and allusions to this or that time and place that Paradise was not without reputation.

I turned to him. "If I fight you three, one by one, and win, am I Kirby?"

He regarded the shell with which he was toying with a thoughtful smile, held it up that the light might strike through its rose and pearl, then crushed it to dust between his fingers.

"Aye," he said with an oath. "If you win against the cutlass of Red Gil, the best blade of Lima, and the

sword of Paradise, you may call yourself the devil an you please, and we will all subscribe to it."

[6] I lifted my hand. "I am to have fair play?"

As one man that crew of desperate villains swore that the odds should be only three to one. By this the whole matter had presented itself to them as an entertainment more diverting than bullfight or bear-baiting. They that follow the sea, whether honest men or black-hearted knaves, have in their composition a certain childlikeness that makes them easily turned, easily led, and easily pleased. The wind of their passion shifts quickly from point to point, one moment blowing a hurricane, the next sinking to a happy-go-lucky summer breeze. I have seen a little thing convert a crew on the point of mutiny into a set of rollicking, good-natured souls who — until the wind veered again — would not hurt a fly. So with these. They spread themselves into a circle, squatting or kneeling or standing upon the white sand in the bright sunshine, their sinewy hands that should have been ingrained red clasped over their knees, or, arms akimbo, resting upon their hips, on their scoundrel faces a broad smile, and in their eyes that had looked on nameless horrors a pleasurable expectation as of spectators in a playhouse.

"There is really no good reason why we should gratify your whim," said Paradise, still amused. "But it will serve to pass the time. We will fight you, one by one."

"And if I win?"

He laughed. "Then, on the honor of a gentleman, you are Kirby and our captain. If you lose, we will leave you where you stand for the gulls to bury."

"A bargain," I said, and drew my sword.

[7] "I first!" roared Red Gil. "There will need no second!"

As he spoke he swung his cutlass and made an arc of blue flame. The weapon became in his hands a flail, terrible to look upon, making lightnings and whistling in the air, but in reality not so deadly as it seemed. The fury of his onslaught would have beaten down the guard of any mere swordsman, but that I was not. A man, knowing his weakness and insufficiency in many and many a thing, may yet know his strength in one or two and his modesty take no hurt. I was ever master of my sword, and it did the thing I would have it do. Moreover, as I fought I saw her as I had last seen her, standing against the bank of sand, her dark hair, half braided, drawn over her bosom and hanging to her knees. Her eyes haunted me, and my lips yet felt the touch of her hand. I fought well, — how well the lapsing of oaths and laughter into breathless silence bore witness.

The ruffian against whom I was pitted began to draw his breath in gasps. He was a scoundrel not fit to die, less fit to live, unworthy of a gentleman's steel. I presently ran him through with as little compunction and as great a desire to be quit of a dirty job as if he had been a mad dog. He fell, and a little later, while I was engaged with the Spaniard, his soul went to that hell which had long gaped for it. To those his companions his death was as slight a thing as would theirs have been to him. In the eyes of the two remaining would-be leaders he was a stumbling-block removed, and to the squatting, open-mouthed commonalty his taking off weighed not a feather against the solid entertainment I was affording them. I was now a better man than Red Gil, — that was all.

[8] The Spaniard was a more formidable antagonist. The best blade of Lima was by no means to be despised: but Lima is a small place, and its blades can be

numbered. The sword that for three years had been counted the best in all the Low Countries was its better. But I fought fasting and for the second time that morning, so maybe the odds were not so great. I wounded him slightly, and presently succeeded in disarming him. "Am I Kirby?" I demanded, with my point at his breast.

"Kirby, of course, señor," he answered with a sour smile, his eyes upon the gleaming blade.

I lowered my point and we bowed to each other, after which he sat down upon the sand and applied himself to stanching the bleeding from his wound. The pirate ring gave him no attention, but stared at me instead. I was now a better man than the Spaniard.

[9] The man in black and silver rose and removed his doublet, folding it very carefully, inside out, that the sand might not injure the velvet, then drew his rapier, looked at it lovingly, made it bend until point and hilt well-nigh met, and faced me with a bow.

"You have fought twice, and must be weary," he said. "Will you not take breath before we engage, or will your long rest afterward suffice you?"

"I will rest aboard my ship," I made reply. "And as I am in a hurry to be gone we won't delay."

Our blades had no sooner crossed than I knew that in this last encounter I should need every whit of my skill, all my wit, audacity, and strength. I had met my equal, and he came to it fresh and I jaded. I clenched my teeth and prayed with all my heart; I set her face before me, and thought if I should fail her to what ghastly fate she might come, and I fought as I had never fought before. The sound of the surf became a roar in my ears, the sunshine an intolerable blaze of light; the blue above and around seemed suddenly beneath my feet as well. We were fighting high in the air,

and had fought thus for ages. I knew that he made no thrust I did not parry, no feint I could not interpret. I knew that my eye was more quick to see, my brain to conceive, and my hand to execute than ever before; but it was as though I held that knowledge of some other, and I myself was far away, at Weyanoke, in the minister's garden, in the haunted woods, anywhere save on that barren islet. I heard him swear under his breath, and in the face I had set before me the eyes brightened. As if she had loved me I fought for her with all my powers of body and mind. He swore again, and my heart laughed within me. The sea now roared less loudly, and I felt the good earth beneath my feet. Slowly but surely I wore him out. His breath came short, the sweat stood upon his forehead, and still I deferred my attack. He made the thrust of a boy of fifteen, and I smiled as I put it by.

"Why don't you end it?" he breathed. "Finish and be hanged to you!"

For answer I sent his sword flying over the nearest hillock of sand. "Am I Kirby?" I said. He fell back against the heaped-up sand and leaned there, panting, with his hand to his side. "Kirby or devil," he replied. "Have it your own way."

[10] I turned to the now highly excited rabble. "Shove the boats off, half a dozen of you!" I ordered. "Some of you others take up that carrion there and throw it into the sea. The gold upon it is for your pains. You there with the wounded shoulder you have no great hurt. I'll salve it with ten pieces of eight from the captain's own share, the next prize we take."

A shout of acclamation arose that scared the sea fowl. They who so short a time before had been ready to tear me limb from limb now with the greatest apparent delight hailed me as captain. How soon they might revert

to their former mood was a question that I found not worth while to propound to myself.

By this the man in black and silver had recovered his breath and his equanimity. "Have you no commission with which to honor me, noble captain?" he asked in gently reproachful tones. "Have you forgot how often you were wont to employ me in those sweet days when your eyes were black?"

"By no means, Master Paradise," I said courteously. "I desire your company and that of the gentleman from Lima. You will go with me to bring up the rest of my party. The three gentlemen of the broken head, the bushy ruff, which I protest is vastly becoming, and the wounded shoulder will escort us."

"The rest of your party?" said Paradise softly.

"Ay," I answered nonchalantly. "They are down the beach and around the point warming themselves by a fire which this piled-up sand hides from you. Despite the sunshine it is a biting air. Let us be going! This island wearies me, and I am anxious to be on board ship and away."

"So small an escort scarce befits so great a captain," he said. "We will all attend you." One and all started forward.

I called to mind and gave utterance to all the oaths I had heard in the wars. "I entertain you for my subordinate whom I command, and not who commands me!" I cried, when my memory failed me. "As for you, you dogs, who would question your captain and his doings, stay where you are, if you would not be lessoned in earnest!"

Sheer audacity is at times the surest steed a man can bestride. Now at least it did me good service. With oaths and grunts of admiration the pirates stayed where they were, and went about their business of launching

the boats and stripping the body of Red Gil, while the man in black and silver, the Spaniard, the two gravediggers, the knave with the wounded shoulder, and myself walked briskly up the beach.

[12] With these five at my heels I strode up to the dying fire and to those who had sprung to their feet at our approach. "Sparrow," I said easily, "luck being with us as usual, I have fallen in with a party of rovers. I have told them who I am, — that Kirby, to wit, whom an injurious world calls the blackest pirate unhanged, — and I have recounted to them how the great galleon which I took some months ago went down yesterday with all on board, you and I with these others being the sole survivors. By dint of a little persuasion they have elected me their captain, and we will go on board directly and set sail for the Indies, a hunting ground which we never should have left. You need not look so blank; you shall be my mate and right hand still." I turned to the five who formed my escort. "This, gentlemen, is my mate, Jeremy Sparrow by name, who hath a taste for divinity that in no wise interferes with his taste for a galleon or a guarda costa. This man, Diccon Demon by name, was of my crew. The gentleman without a sword is my prisoner, taken by me from the last ship I sank. How he, an Englishman, came to be upon a Spanish bark I have not found leisure to inquire. The lady is my prisoner, also."

"Sure by right she should be gaoler and hold all men's hearts in ward," said Paradise, with a low bow to my unfortunate captive.

[13] While he spoke a most remarkable transformation was going on. The minister's grave, rugged, and deeply lined face smoothed itself and shed ten years at least; in the eyes that I had seen wet with noble tears a laughter now lurked.

"Odsbodikins, captain!" he cried. "Kirby's luck! — 'twill pass into a saw! Adzooks! and so you're captain once more, and I'm mate once more, and we've a ship once more, and we're off once more

To sail the Spanish Main,
And give the Spaniard pain,
Heave ho, bully boy, heave ho!"

**First reading.** Checking up on the Introduction. What pictures do you have of Kirby and the hero? Are they alike? What was the hero's purpose in representing himself to be Kirby? Was his ruse justifiable?

What qualities helped the hero to master a difficult situation?

**Discussion.** 1. In what way does the author make these characters very real to you? 2. If you were writing a pirate story, which expressions and descriptions would be good to use? List them.

3. Why did Jeremy Sparrow's face look *blank* (section 12)?

4. Have you ever read any other stories in which quick wit played a big part? Tell about them.

5. Find a connection between this story and the first story in the Reader.

**Oral reading.** Form two squads, thirteen pupils each, and practice reading the story aloud. Take the sections in order by number, have a contestant from each squad read it aloud and the class vote for the better. The winners (thirteen in number) will then read the story at assembly.

**Further reading.**

**Bennett, John.** *Barnaby Lee.*
"A story of pirates and of the Dutch of New Amsterdam, which gives a vivid picture of Peter Stuyvesant."

**Dix, B. M.** *Merrylips.*
"A little maid held as hostage by the Roundheads escapes to the army of the Cavaliers, disguised as a boy. Excellent in atmosphere."

**Ingersoll, Ernest.** *Book of the Ocean*, pp. 171–85.

**Johnston, Mary.** *To Have and to Hold.* (Finish the story.)

**Lang, Andrew.** *True Story Book.*
"A collection of remarkable adventures, escapes, explorations, and expeditions by master story tellers."

**Noyes, Alfred A.** *Sir Francis Drake.*

**Classification project.** Look over the list of selections you have read in this book. Select the historical selections and arrange these in a bibliography, following the order of time.

## AT A COLONIAL PARTY

NORA PERRY

This story will take you back to the days when our country was a colony of England. It will help you to see conditions of these revolutionary times in quite a different way from the brief descriptions given in your history textbooks. Because they make these far-off times alive for us, the historical novel and story can be of great value.

What things in this story are quite different from to-day?

[1] DOROTHY was going to her first party. She was dressed in a fine white muslin, which had rather a short, scant skirt, with a little three-inch ruffle round the bottom. It had also a short waist and short, puffy sleeves, with frills of lace that fell softly against the young, girlish arms with a very pretty effect. About the waist a sash of rose-colored lutestring was tied in a great bow. The fringed ends fell almost to the hem of the three-inch ruffle, and seemed to point to the white kid slippers, with their diamond buckles, that were plainly visible beneath the short skirt.

[2] As she stood before the glass she made a very pretty picture, — a pretty picture and a quaint one, for the costume was of the Revolutionary period. As I set her thus before you, you think you are regarding a young girl of to-day perhaps, decked out for some fancy-dress party in this old-time dress; but Dorothy belonged to the time of her dress.

[3] She was the daughter of Mr. Richard Merridew of Boston, a gentleman who from the first had ranged himself with those who protested against the exactions of the British crown. A gentleman of fortune, his acquaintance was largely with the aristocracy of the country, who were mostly Tories. Dorothy's natural associates, therefore, were the sons and daughters of these Tories.

[4] Only a week ago, when the invitation had come for her to attend this fine party on the birthday of Mr. Robert Jennifer's eldest daughter, she had heard a conversation between her father and mother that had made a strong impression upon her mind. This conversation was now brought forward again, as her father turned and said to his wife, —

"I feel like half a traitor to my beliefs, Mother, as I see our girl decked out like this, and on her way to those king-loving Jennifers. I didn't like it from the first. I wish I had not given my consent, for at the best it is inconsistent with my principles."

[5] The sounds of the harp and violin proclaimed that the dancers were in full swing when Dorothy alighted at the Jennifers' door, and a little feeling of fright seized her as she discovered that, after all her quickness in dressing, she was a little late. But a cordial greeting from her hostess, and a pleasant and admiring nod here and there from one and another of the guests, soon relieved this fear, and very soon she found herself dancing with the best of them.

[6] In those days dancing was not the only amusement that young people indulged in at an evening party. Games were greatly the fashion, and after the dance, little Betty Jennifer proposed that they should play "King George's Troops."

[7] Do young people still play this game, I wonder?

It is a pretty game, with its procession that passes along under the arch of two of the company's clasped and lifted hands, these two singing, —

"Open the gates as high as the sky
To let King George's troops pass by."

There is a forfeit to pay by those whom the keepers of the gate succeed in catching with a sudden downward swoop of the hands as they pass under, and great amusement ensues when some captive is set to performing some droll penance or ridiculous task.

[8] Dorothy had played the game hundreds of times, and was very expert in evading and eluding the most wary of keepers. Her dexterity was soon apparent to the young people about her at the Jennifers', especially to Carroll Jennifer and Jervis Langton, who were the gate-keepers on this occasion. They felt a little chagrined to be thus repeatedly beaten, and at last, put on their mettle, determined to conquer before the game was over.

[9] At length, a heedless misstep on the part of the one who preceded Dorothy brought a moment of delay, and swoop! there she was, caught and held fast!

There was a general shout of victory, then a general rushing forward to see this hard-won captive, and know her forfeit-fate.

"Ah-ha, my little soldier!" cried Carroll Jennifer, with a gay laugh. "You see that when King George's officers stand at the gate, they stand there to win. All his troops must obey his commanding officers."

[10] Suddenly across Dorothy's mind flashed the conversation she had heard at home, and her father's words, —

"Don't let these king-loving folk make you disloyal to the cause of liberty and justice." And she wanted to cry out, —

"I'm not one of King George's loyal troops! I'm a rebel!"

But a feeling of shyness came over her, and she thought, "How foolish for me to say a thing of that kind in the midst of a play like this!"

[11] Somebody else, however, was not held back by this shyness, for a voice cried, — it was a girl's voice, that of Judith Myles, Dorothy's neighbor, —

"Ah! but Mistress Dorothy has been taught to flout at King George and his officers, and even though she be one of his soldiers, I dare say she is in secret a little rebel, who has been planning and plotting to escape you."

[12] Carroll Jennifer and the Langtons had but just returned from a long visit abroad, and were not very knowing about the individual loyalty of the family's friends and acquaintances. They only felt and saw that their pretty captive was blushing with a troubled distress, and they came to her rescue, Carroll looking down with the kindest smiles and exclaiming, —

"Mistress Dorothy couldn't be a rebel in my father's house."

[13] The bright color fled from Dorothy's cheeks as quickly as it had come, and she felt for the moment like a little traitor for being where she was. Then Jervis Langton took up Mr. Carroll Jennifer's words, and went on in such a glowing and eloquent fashion about keeping faith, and being true to one's old home, and the king being father of his subjects, that Dorothy was quite bewildered.

She had never heard just this kind of young glowing talk on the other side, — the king's side. The only really eloquent voice she had ever listened to was that of her father, and he was on the people's side. As young Langton talked, he seemed to affect all those

about him. The whole atmosphere was entirely new to Dorothy. She was made to feel that these king-loving folk had a high enthusiastic sense of king and country, and what they owed to both.

[14] In the midst of all this new excitement the pretty play and the forfeit had well-nigh been forgotten. Carroll Jennifer, suddenly glancing at Dorothy's upturned listening face, recalled both the play and his character and duty as host, and breaking in upon the talk, said smilingly, —

"But the forfeit, Mistress Dorothy, let us see to that. Ah, by the king's realm, I have it! You shall repeat after me the renunciation of all rebellious thoughts, and swear from this night forth to be loyal to the king and his crown."

[15] Young Jennifer, as I have said, had little knowledge of the individual differences that had sprung up in Boston, and had no idea that Judith Myles's words hinted at more than a little foolish girlish bravado. So, still smiling down upon Dorothy, he began lightly —

"Now repeat after me, — 'I renounce from this night forth all seditious and rebellious thoughts against his most gracious majesty King George the Third, and swear to be his most faithful subject' — but I go too fast; I will begin again — now, — 'I renounce from this night forth'" — he paused, glancing at Dorothy with smiling invitation.

[16] Dorothy heard again her father, saying, "Don't let these king-loving folk make you disloyal to the cause of liberty and justice."

[17] "Come, Dorothy, here is a chance for you to forswear the company of the common herd, — the tinkers and trades-folk, and take your place where you belong," broke in Judith Myles.

[18] At these words, "tinkers and trades-folk," Dorothy recalled what her father had said one day of these tinkers and trades-folk, how high-minded and self-sacrificing and intelligent they were, and the difficulty with which they had met this redoubled taxation, and fed and clothed their families. Were these rough or boorish or grasping men?

The wax lights of the great candelabra sent a thousand shimmering rays upon the satin waistcoats and glittering knee-buckles and jeweled seals before her.

[19] "Come, Dorothy, Master Jennifer is waiting," said Judith.

"Come, Mistress Dorothy," Master Jennifer began again, "'I renounce from this night forth'" —

[20] She looked up into the kind, admiring eyes that were bent upon her, and around the splendid room at the faces that were now full of pleasant looks for her, — but she must not delay longer; she must take her place where she belonged, as Judith had said. With her color deepening, her voice faltering, she repeated, "'I renounce from this night forth'" —

"'All seditious and rebellious thoughts'" —

"'All seditious and rebellious thoughts'" —

"'Against his most gracious majesty King George the Third'" —

[21] "'Against'" — Dorothy paused; a mist passed before her eyes, a shudder of horror thrilled her, then with a sudden uplifting of her head, a sudden and new emphasis to her voice, she cried, —

"Against, *not* his most gracious majesty King George the Third, but his sorely tried and oppressed people, who are weighed down with the burden of unjust taxes."

[22] "Dorothy, how dare you under Master Jennifer's loyal roof! Are you not ashamed?" cried out Judith.

Carroll Jennifer looked from one to another with an awakening sense of the true situation.

"Mistress Dorothy," he presently exclaimed, "have these rebels and malcontents frightened you into this?"

"No! — no, I have only been frightened by my own poor spirit just now into disloyalty to the cause of liberty and justice," she replied.

"There is but one cause, and that is the crown's, and but one disloyalty, and that is to the king," cried Jervis Langton.

The clamor of voices arose on every hand. It was a storm of Tory talk. In the center of it stood Dorothy. She had ceased turning red and white. With her head slightly bent, her arms drooping, and her hands clasped together, she looked like a wind-blown lily, bruised and beaten, but not overthrown.

[23] All at once Carroll Jennifer seemed to realize Dorothy's defenseless position. He could not defend her avowed principles, but she was his guest and he was a gentleman; so he put up his hand, with a "Come, come, we have had enough of this discussion to-night."

A nod to the musicians, and the strains of the harp and violin broke in upon the clamor of tongues.

At another signal a door was flung open, and beyond could be seen a bountifully spread supper-table, gay with lights and the shine of silver and glass. Young Mr. Jennifer bowed low, as was the fashion of the time, before Dorothy. He was not going to treat his guest with anything but his finest manners; so, bowing, he said with airy grace, —

"Will my enemy consent to let a wicked Tory serve her?"

[24] Dorothy was not so grown up out of her childhood as she looked, and the thought that she must sit at a

table with those whose clamor of speech had just assailed her was unbearable, and she shrank back with so dismayed a face that both Carroll and his sister Cynthia felt touched with pity.

"We have been making too much of this," said Cynthia in an undertone to her brother. "She is a child, after all, who has been showing off a little, and does not know the full meaning of what she has said. You see she is sorry enough for it now."

Low as this was spoken, it reached Dorothy's ears.

[25] Perhaps if she had been older, she would have been content to let it pass, satisfied that she had defined her position sufficiently; but her sensitive conscience still stung her for her momentary wavering, and her father's words haunted her.

She must be true to the very last, or her truth was worth nothing, she reasoned, and lifting up her head, began to speak again. Oh, how hard it was, — how much harder than at first, before she knew how sharp could be tongues that had so late been friendly.

[26] "No, no," she cried clearly and distinctly, — for they must all hear, — "I did not say what I did to show off. I spoke because I wanted to be true and honest. I was ashamed at first of — of my friends — of our cause; I was afraid to speak at first — and then, after, I was ashamed of *that* — of my cowardice. Oh! I know what I say, I know what I say. You must not take me for what I am not; I am a little rebel to the king's cause; I believe in the people's rights, and not in the crown's, and I ought not to have come here, — I ought not to have come."

The clear voice faltered and fell, and the next moment poor Dorothy felt that she had disgraced herself forever before them all, as she burst into a flood of uncontrollable tears.

[27] Then it was that a new voice was heard, — a deeper, older voice. It was low-toned, yet very distinct, and there was an odd thrill, a sort of quiver of emotion to it, as it said, —

"Come, Mistress Dorothy, rebel or no rebel, you have shown a courage that we may all doff our hats to. I only hope that every king's soldier may prove his truth and loyalty to the king's cause as bravely, if he should be beset by temptation. And you, my fine young Tories," turning to the young men of the company, "I hope that you will always be able to give your meed of admiration and respect to such kind of courage, however you find it. Come, Mistress Dorothy, let us go and be served with some of these dainties that are prepared for us. You are a little rebel and mine enemy, for I am one of the king's stanchest defenders; but I am proud to have such a rebel for my guest to-night."

And Mr. Jennifer bent down his powdered head in a fine bow as he offered Dorothy his arm.

**Introduction.** In how many ways is this story different?

**Discussion.** 1. Whom do you admire the most, — Cynthia Jennifer, Judith Myles, or Dorothy Merridew? Why?

2. Show that Carroll Jennifer was also tested.

3. What situations might arise to-day, in which a boy or a girl would be tested as Dorothy was?

4. Show how you can turn this story into a fine play.

**Something to do.** Present the story as a play with two scenes.

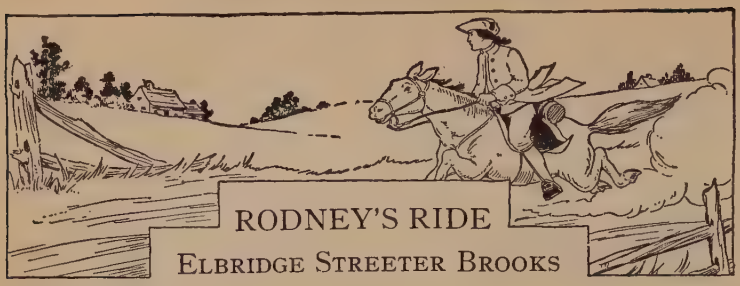
**Further reading.** Look up the facts about the relations between England and her colonies in order to hold a debate between Mr. Robert Jennifer and Mr. Richard Merridew.

**Thwaites and Kendall.** *History of the U.S.* Chapter XIII, pp. 136–48. Excellent history textbook.

**Barstow, C. L.** *The Colonists and the Revolution.*
"Excellent articles from *St. Nicholas.* Much source material."

**Knipe and Knipe.** *Lucky Sixpence.*
"An English girl's adventure in coming to America during the Revolution. The heroine's rôle is overdrawn, but the book has value as a story of adventure and for its historical interest."

**Moore, N. H.** *Deeds of Daring Done by Girls.*



## RODNEY'S RIDE

ELBRIDGE STREETER BROOKS

Find another poem on a Famous Ride and compare it with this. Which do you prefer?

[1] In that soft mid-land where the breezes bear
The North and the South on the genial air,
Through the county of Kent, on affairs of state,
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

[2] Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat and coat of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English State,
Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

[3] Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew, from his anxious face,
It was matter grave that brought him there,
To the counties three on the Delaware.

[4] "Money and men we must have," he said,
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead;
Give us both and the King shall not work his will.
We are men, since the blood of Bunker Hill!"

[5] Comes a rider swift on a panting bay:
"Ho, Rodney, ho! you must save the day,
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate."

[6] Answered Rodney then: "I will ride with speed;
It is Liberty's stress; it is Freedom's need.
When stands it?" "To-night. Not a moment to spare,
But ride like the wind from the Delaware."

[7] "Ho, saddle the black! I've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away —
And I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face."

[8] He is up; he is off! and the black horse flies
On the northward road ere the "God-speed" dies;
It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering mile-stones move a-rear.

[9] It is two of the clock; and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldboro's dust with a clang and a cling;
It is three; and he gallops with slack rein where
The road winds down to the Delaware.

[10] Four; and he spurs into New Castle town,
From his panting steed he gets him down —
"A fresh one, quick! not a moment's wait!"
And off speeds Rodney, the delegate.

[11] It is five; and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington gold and dun;
Six; and the dust of Chester Street
Flies back in a cloud from the courser's feet.

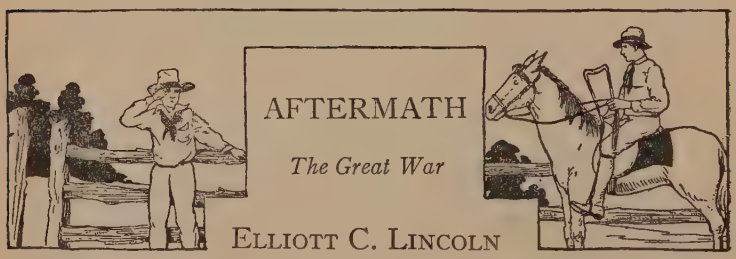
[12] It is seven; the horse-boat broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream —
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock,
He flings his reins to the tavern jock.

13 The Congress is met; the debate's begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one —
When into the hall, not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

14 Not a moment late! and that half day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride;
For the act was passed; ere the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

15 At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung;
"We are free!" all the bells through the colonies rung.
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The day of Delegate Rodney's ride.

**Discussion.** 1. Group the stanzas into five sections to bring out the big parts of the story. 2. Compete in reading them aloud in relay, five pupils for the poem.




In what way is Blue Dan of this poem like Old Jim in the poem on page 183?

1 "KILL me? I tell you, dad, I'd rather die
Than crawl around on sticks year after year!
We're riding folks. I'm not afraid of Dan.
Why, even mother had to laugh, last night,
At your suggestion I could have old Bess.
Here, hold my crutches, dad, and watch us go."

2 Slowly the Old Man nodded, gray-faced, grim:
"I guess you've got to do it. Good luck, Joe."
And took the crutches.

3 Then we led up Blue Dan,
Sweat-streaked on loin and shoulder, shivering,
The outlaw roan that none of us could ride
Until Joe broke him just before the War;
Taught him the cattle game, and gentled him,
Made him a one-man horse. And then Joe left
For training camp, and Dan had run to grass
Almost three years. Only two days ago
We'd saddled him and tried to ride him out.
No luck! He spilled us just as sweet and clean
As though he'd never felt a cinch in all his life.

4 We held his head now, till Joe clamped his hands
Around the horn, swung his good leg across,
Caught by the stump, clung, and took the reins.

5 "Let go, boys!" and we saw the blue-roan crouch,
Saw the wet muscles knot for one great bound
To break and kill this thing upon his back.
And then Joe spoke again: "Steady there, Dan.
Go easy, kid. Take all the time you want."

6 Five-ten — the seconds passed. Afraid to move,
Afraid to breathe, almost afraid to think,
We watched the miracle; saw flattened ears
Prick forward, and the fine head slowly turn
To nose the rider's foot. Round the corral,
Sensing the message of a slackened rein,
The blue-roan tiptoed, questioning the cause
Of all this baby work; as carefully
As if the sun-baked earth were rotten ice, —

A velvet pace without a slip or jar.
Then out they went through the wide open gate
Into the bright, warm hills, adventuring.

7 And every day since then they get the mail —
Two long hours for the seven miles to town —
Holding the same slow, gentle, easy walk
That wouldn't crack an egg. O, but it's hard
Never to feel the sweep of winds in your face,
Nor the lift of a running stride, nor the splendid thrill
Of good stiff horse work, in where the rocks are rough.
It's hard for young things.

8 Well, that's why we run
To open gates, and those of us who know
Give them our best old over-seas salute,
That's half for Joe, and, maybe, half for Dan.

**Discussion.** 1. Why is this poem called "Aftermath"? Look up the word in the dictionary. What are other bad results of war?
2. What does the poem tell you about this family and their experiences?
3. What kind of boy had Joe been?
4. Did they do right to let him ride Blue Dan?

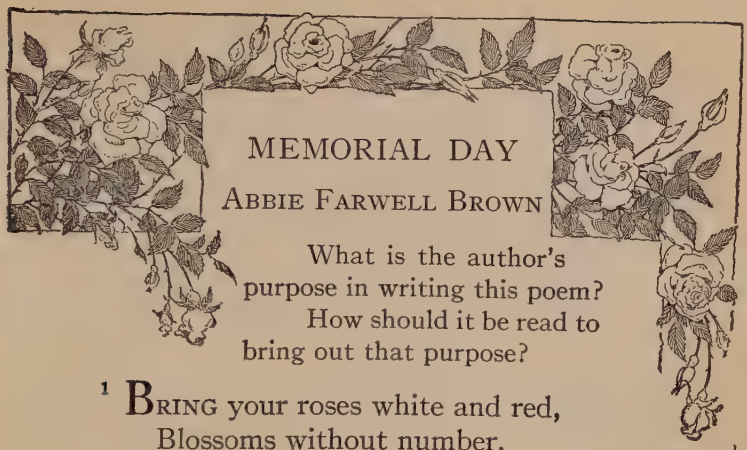
**Further reading.** You will like the following books:

**Altsheler, J. A.** *Young Trailers.*
"A boy's life in the early days in Kentucky. He hunts, fights Indians, is captured and released, and in the end saves the settlement from massacre. The first in a series that includes Forest Runners, Free Rangers, and Riflemen of the Ohio."

**Barbour, R. H.** *The Crimson Sweater.*
"Various adventures and misadventures of the Ferry Hill boys and especially of the boy in the crimson sweater, whose touchdown brought victory to the school."

**Bush, R. E.** *A Prairie Rose.*
"Rose is a pioneer girl who goes with her older brother in a prairie schooner to Iowa where they make a new home for themselves."

**Hale, Edward Everett.** *The Man without a Country.*
CLASS DEBATES: (1) Was Philip Nolan justly punished?
(2) Could such a punishment be carried out to-day?



## MEMORIAL DAY

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

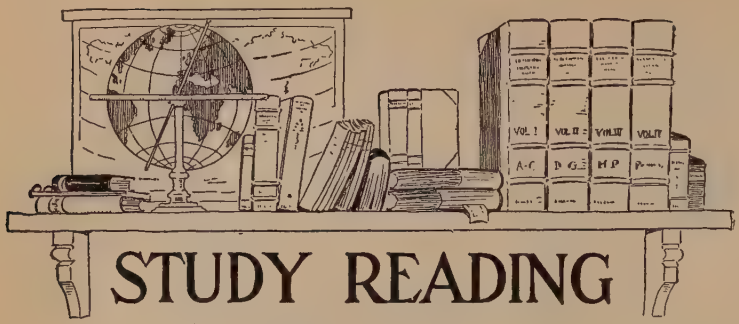
What is the author's purpose in writing this poem? How should it be read to bring out that purpose?

[1] BRING your roses white and red,
Blossoms without number,
Strew them o'er the quiet bed
Where the heroes slumber.
Bring your laurel wreaths and bay,
Green that will not wither,
Bring the Flag and set it there,
Let it proudly wave in air
O'er the grassy hillock where
The sleeping heroes stay.

[2] Sound they rest, the silent brave,
Safe in Honor's keeping;
While the Flag they died to save
Guards their sacred sleeping.

[3] O Flag! O glorious Flag!
Your story is not ended.
O Dead! Ye glorious Dead!
You call to duty splendid.
O Heroes, you give us strength,
We long to strive, to come at length
Where you have wended.

Have a Memorial Day Program (Manual).



# STUDY READING

LEARNING TO ENJOY

## Essays, Declamations, and Textbook Articles


Colonial Life and Conditions in 1750 — *Reuben G. Thwaites and C. N. Kendall* — Page 302
The Travels of the Declaration of Independence — *John C. Fitzpatrick* — 319
A Brotherhood of Long Ago (Lafayette) — *Fannie E. Coe* — 332
On Guard (Civil War) — *Harry M. Kieffer* — 334
DECLAMATIONS:
The North American Indian — *Charles Sprague* — 337
The Declaration of Independence — *John Witherspoon* — 340
On the Father of Our Country — *Abraham Lincoln* — 340
Abraham Lincoln — *Theodore Roosevelt* — 341
To the Army (The Great War) — *King Albert of Belgium* — 343
Fairhaven (International relations) — *Calvin Coolidge* — 344
An Address on the Flag — *Charles E. Hughes* — 346
Things to do at the Library — 348


## COLONIAL LIFE AND CONDITIONS IN 1750

REUBEN G. THWAITES AND C. N. KENDALL

This is a chapter from a well-known textbook in history. Its facts have been ascertained by careful investigation and study of sources, records, documents, etc. Thus it has the historical accuracy that is necessary in such writing.

What means do the authors take to make you feel acquainted with these far-off colonial times? Glance rapidly through the chapter and note the purpose of each of the following textbook aids:

Headings
Numbered sections
Pictures
Footnotes
Questions and Suggestions
Composition Subjects
Chapter Outline

To prepare a history lesson so that you not only understand it but also remember the facts, it is well to do the following:

1. Get a preliminary bird's-eye view by scanning it rapidly, and noting the topics in heavy type.
2. Read by topics, pausing after each topic to sum the heading up in a sentence.
3. Recall these topic statements frequently as you continue reading, in order thus to fix in mind the big points.
4. Re-read the chapter carefully to get the details that contribute to each topic.
5. Observe the pictures, footnotes, and other helps carefully to see how they illumine the text.
6. Review constantly.

As you read this chapter, sum up each topic in a sentence; as,

> Topic 108 — "The three groups of colonies were somewhat alike, but differed in geography, climate, manners, customs, and occupations."

The more briefly but accurately you can state the sentence, the easier it is to remember it.

Then group the topics by numbers under big heads.

## CHAPTER XI

**108. Three groups of colonies.** In many ways colonial life was the same both North and South, but there were marked differences between the geography and climate of the Southern, New England or Northern, and Middle Colonies; and their people also differed much in manners, customs, and occupations.

**109. Southern society.** The planters were the upper class in the South. They were well educated, had stately manners, were hospitable to strangers, wore fine clothing, and kept numerous black servants. Many planters spent their leisure in the study of politics, and were fond of military life. From this class came Washington and other Southern leaders of the Revolution; indeed, for a long time after the Revolution, the young nation found in the South, particularly in Virginia, some

*Courtesy, United States National Museum*

A TOBACCO ROLLER

A hogshead was filled with tobacco; then an axle was run through it, a frame attached, and oxen drew it from the field to the planter's wharf

of its best soldiers and statesmen.

The English were the most numerous; but there were also many French, Germans, Swiss, and Scotch-Irish.

**110. Southern occupations and commerce.** Virginia's one great crop was tobacco; but in the Carolinas, rice, indigo, tar, and turpentine were nearly as important, and there were also raised much corn, cotton, and beef. Commerce was carried on with sister colonies to the north, as well as with the West Indies and England.

The fur traders of Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland frequently ventured with their packhorses over the passes of the Allegheny Mountains and down into the valley of the Ohio River — where dwelt some of the most warlike tribes.

**111. New England society.** Even the poorest New Englander stood stoutly for his rights, as Englishmen have always done, but the wealthy were in their manner quite as aristocratic as any Southern gentleman. At church the rich sat in the front pews, beside the colonial officials who had been sent out by the King. Behind them, in the order named, came farmers, merchants, and mechanics.[1]

[1] At Harvard College the students were seated in chapel in the order of their social rank.

Practically all of the immigrants who came to New England in colonial days were English, so that for a century and a half its people were almost wholly of that one race.

**112. New England occupations and commerce.** As farming in that thin soil was not very profitable, there were in New England very few large landed estates. Men of the highest class and best ability held public office, or followed such professions as the law, the ministry, and medicine. There also grew up an aristocratic merchant class, who took a prominent part in public affairs and were highly respected by everybody. Indeed, no one was idle in the North. There were but few slaves; this was not because in colonial days New Englanders opposed slavery, for they did not; but because they did not think it profitable, on their small farms or in their other industries, to keep servants who had to be driven to labor, under overseers.

Unlike the people of the South, New Englanders made for themselves, chiefly in their own houses, almost all the manufactured goods they wanted, and mechanics, millers, and the like were plentiful in every New England town.

Large numbers of those who lived along the coast obtained a good share of their living from the sea, as fishermen and sailors. Hundreds of stout little sailing ships, made and owned by New Englanders, not only plied up and down the entire American coast, but made voyages to Europe, Africa, and the West Indies.[1] Outgoing cargoes consisted of the products of their farms, lumber camps, and factories, which were bartered in all parts of the world for the products of other lands, and even for African slaves.

[1] Boston alone employed six hundred ships in her foreign trade, and over a thousand in coast trade and the fisheries.

**113. Society in the Middle Colonies.** In this favored region dwelt many nationalities, Dutch, French, Germans, Swedes, Finns, Welsh, and Scotch-Irish, as well as English, thus bringing together a great variety of speech, customs, and ways of thinking. In New Jersey, and in Philadelphia itself, however, the people were chiefly English. Along the Hudson the Dutch patroons held trade and free labor in high favor, but often owned large numbers of both black and white house servants. The rich Quakers in Pennsylvania were rather aristocratic in their ideas; but on the whole there was more democracy in that province than either in New England or the South.

**114. Occupations in the Middle Colonies.** Farming was of course the chief industry, but there was some mining of coal and iron, and a few small factories were also operated. As in the South there grew up in New York and Pennsylvania an extensive fur trade with the Indians to the north and west. Ships from the Middle Colonies traded with other colonies both north and south, and even carried cargoes to and from the West Indies, Madeira Islands, Portugal, and England.

**115. Navigation laws and smuggling.** All nations having seacoasts prefer that their ocean commerce shall be carried on in vessels built, or at least owned, by their own citizens; a country does not feel independent of others, in case of war, unless its ships are its own. A hundred years before the voyage of Columbus, England had laws making it an offense "to ship merchandise out of or into the realm" except in English vessels. At first the colonists were not compelled to obey these laws. But it was soon seen that enterprising Dutch sailors were taking a large part of the colonial trade in their ships, and making a great deal of money from it. The English Government, therefore, in the middle of the

seventeenth century passed severe laws compelling the colonists to help build up English commerce. These laws were of three classes: —

(*a*) Nobody was allowed to ship any goods into, or from, or between the colonies, except in English-built or colonial-built ships, with English or colonial crews.

(*b*) Certain exports, among them tobacco, indigo, copper, and furs, must be sent only to England. Some exports, such as lumber, provisions, and salt fish, were allowed to go to other countries.

(*c*) An American merchant was not permitted to import goods directly from the continent of Europe; he must first have them shipped to London, where an English duty was collected on them; there they were reloaded and sent on to America, where still another duty must be paid. This was a very slow and costly method of importation.

It was difficult, however, to enforce the two last-named regulations, because there were not enough officers in America to search every ship that sailed from or came to our shores, to see if the laws had been obeyed. The Northern Colonies, especially, paid little attention to such laws, and there was a great deal of smuggling — a practice then common also on the coast of Europe.

**116. Domestic manufactures.** In addition to these Navigation Acts, as they were called, there were laws practically forbidding American factories to make anything that might be made in England.[1]

[1] Under these rules iron mined in America might be made here into crude bars (or "pigs"), but must be sent to England to be manufactured into useful articles. The making of hats in America was declared by one law to be "an evil practice." It was forbidden to ship either wool or woolen fabrics outside of the colony where grown and made. New England was particularly hurt by the "Sugar Act," prohibiting the importation into the colonies of any non-English sugar, molasses, or rum — this was in order to help the sugar industry in the British West Indies.

Similar regulations governed the colonies of all other European countries. In fact, the English acts were less severe than those of France or Spain.

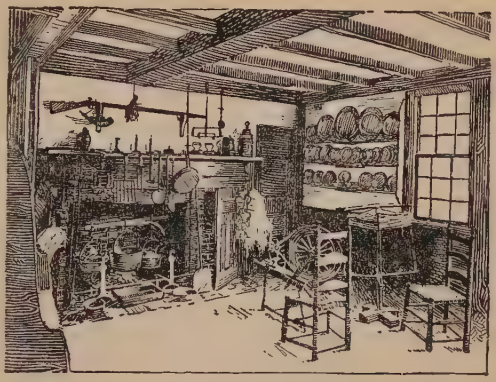
It was found to be as difficult to get the Americans to obey these oppressive manufacturing laws as it was to force the Navigation Acts upon them. If they could have been enforced, then almost all manufacturing and business interests in the colonies would have been ruined. As it was, the laws were broken every day — many small colonial industries managed to thrive, and a great deal of profitable commerce was carried on between the colonies. Farmers' wives and daughters dressed flax and carded wool, spun these into thread and yarn, and wove and crudely dyed "homespun" cloth, from which they made clothing for the family. Mittens and socks were also knitted in the homes, and sold in large quantities throughout the colonies. Many straw hats and bonnets were made, but cloth or felt hats were imported from England. A few iron-working mills were to be found, flour- and grist-mills were numerous, ships were built in every colony, and carpenters, rope-makers, and sailmakers found abundant employment.

**117. Houses.** Up to the opening of the Revolution, most of the smaller country houses were still made of logs — which were either left round or roughly squared by the axe or adze. After sawmills were established the best dwellings were of milled lumber, and, so far as lumber can imitate stone and brick, patterned after the country houses then fashionable in England — square, with stately porches, and often with columns in front.[1]

In the earliest times, when Indians were liable to attack the settlers, there was at least one log "blockhouse" in each village. This was made as strong as possible, with openings in the sides through which to fire at the enemy. Sometimes a group of blockhouses would be surrounded by a palisade of logs set on end, with heavy

[1] In the North, doors and windows were few; but in the South there were wide halls for free ventilation, and broad porches on which members of the household could, during the hottest weather, sit in the shade.

gates; this made a strong fort, into which the people of the neighborhood might retreat in time of danger.



*Copyright, Essex Institute*

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN

Notice the spinning-wheel, the flax-reel, the pewter plates on the shelves, the lanterns and candles on the mantel, the cooking utensils, and the rifle and powderhorn

**118. Furniture and interiors.** Most of the furniture used in colonial houses was homemade, and some of it was very crude; but well-to-do people imported their best pieces from England. In Dutch farmhouses great rafters showed in the ceilings, the big fireplaces were framed with pictured tiles, wooden and pewter dishes stood in racks along the kitchen walls, and the floors were spotless, for the tidy Dutch housewives scrubbed and sanded them daily. Fireplaces were long the only means of heating or cooking;[1] in Northern homes the fireside was often, in winter, an uncomfortable place, because of cold drafts. Homemade tallow candles, or flickering lamps burning whale oil, furnished the only artificial light; and in many a household the children were obliged to read and study at night solely by the light of the fire, which must have been bad for their eyes.

**119. Clothing.** In the early years of every colony, and always upon the outer edges of the settlements, deerskins, tanned as soft as cloth, were much used for men's clothing. The smock, or hunting-shirt, which reached nearly down to the knees, was tightly belted

[1] The Germans of Pennsylvania were the first to use stoves and air-drums. In 1742 Benjamin Franklin invented the "Franklin stove."

around the waist, so that the upper part might be used for carrying provisions and game, like a large pocket or sack. The moccasins were often stuffed with leaves or dry moss, to protect the wearer's feet when walking on rough ground.[1] In more thickly settled parts, "home-spun" was commonly worn. But the well-to-do, if English, had their clothes made in the mother country, according to the latest London fashions — this meant ruffled shirts, high neckcloths, shoes with large and expensive buckles, tall hats of beaver-skin, and knee-breeches, cloaks, and coats of fine cloth. If Dutch, rich and poor were often clad in the quaint old costumes of Holland.

**120. Churches.** In New England everybody was obliged to go to church, and at times this was also true of most of the other colonies. But the churches were often extremely uncomfortable — especially in New England, in winter-time, for they were without heat; the sermon was apt to be several hours long, the high-sided pews were uncushioned, and the people frequently came to stay all day, attending both morning and afternoon services. Many brought with them little foot-warming stoves, heated with charcoal, and these served also to warm the sleighs in which they rode. The minister spoke from a high pulpit; in front of him, in elevated pews, sat the deacons or other church officers. In many parts of New England, if a person fell asleep during service, he was tapped on the head by a long stick in the hands of one of these watchful officers, and made to wake up and pay attention to the preacher.

---

[1] Usually the outer seams of the trousers and of the smock, and the top of the moccasins, were decorated with narrow fringes of the skin.

The settlers borrowed the idea of the moccasin from the Indians; to whom also they were indebted for the useful snowshoe, by the aid of which they could travel in winter through the deepest snow. The ski was brought to America at a much later date, by our Norwegian settlers.

**121. Education.** Many Southern planters sent their boys to be educated in England, and others kept tutors for them at their homes. For the poor in the South there was a church school in every parish, kept by the minister, who taught the children how to read and write. In Philadelphia there were public schools supported, as ours are, by public taxation; and New Jersey had county schools maintained in the same way. The Dutch established similar public schools in New York; but after the English came into power, they were not so well managed. In New England, nearly every town had a good public school, and even the smallest places made some provision for popular education. Colleges were to be found in nearly all the Middle and Northern Colonies; but in the South only Virginia supported such an institution.[1]

Public libraries were practically unknown, and the few books or pamphlets printed in America were chiefly on religious or political subjects, and not entertaining reading for the young. Weekly newspapers were published in all the leading towns, but they were very small affairs compared with the great dailies of our time.[2]

**122. Amusements and sports.** The people of New England and the Middle Colonies enjoyed many simple sports. Old and young in a country neighborhood would gather in each other's houses, and help at paring and cutting up apples to be dried for later use, husking corn, spinning wool, and building, or "raising," new log houses or barns. These meetings for work were called

[1] Several colleges were founded in colonial days: Harvard, 1636; William and Mary, 1693; Yale, 1701; University of Pennsylvania, 1740; Princeton, 1746; Washington and Lee, 1749; Columbia (then King's), 1754; Brown, 1764; Rutgers, 1766; Dartmouth, 1769.

[2] The first public journal in America was the *Boston News Letter*, begun in 1704. The early papers did not give much attention to local news; their editors thought that only events at a distance were worth mentioning.

"bees," and were the occasion for much boisterous fun. Women and girls held "bees" for making quilts or helping with other family sewing.

In those days Indians were apt to make trouble, and a good share of the food was wild game; for these two reasons, every man must know how to handle his rifle or musket with skill. This weapon was generally as long as the tallest frontiersman, and was fired by means of a flint lock. To encourage marksmanship, shooting-matches were frequently held, at which prizes were offered. Some of the men and boys became so skillful with the rifle that they could at long distances snuff a candle without extinguishing the flame, safely put a bullet hole through a tin cup placed on another man's head, or pierce a small object held between a person's thumb and forefinger, and do other astonishing and often dangerous feats that made them heroes of the shooting-match. It is no wonder that during the Revolution our colonists were declared to be among the best marksmen in the world.[1]

In the cities and villages, quiet people attended balls, picnics, out-of-door tea-parties, and tavern-parties; while at horse-racing, cricket, club-ball, somewhat resembling our baseball, football, and such field sports, there gathered large and noisy crowds. Sleighing and skating parties, dancing parties, and singing schools were popular winter festivities in the North, as was also story-telling around the enormous fireplaces, during which nuts and cider were passed. The Dutch were extremely fond of bowls, a game played at tavern gardens

[1] To prepare the men to defend their homes when necessary, there were held each year certain "training days," on which a military officer taught the settlers how to march and act together under orders. "Training days" were looked forward to by both men and boys with great glee; for after the military exercises on the town "green," there were athletic sports open to everybody, such as running, jumping, boxing, and wrestling for prizes.

or on a smooth public lawn, or "green."[1] In the South, where the rich planters lived like English country gentlemen, fox hunting was practiced, and they were fond of "house-parties," at which guests stayed for a week or more.[2]

To the PUBLIC.

THE FLYING MACHINE, kept by John Mercereau, at the New-Blazing-Star Ferry, near New-York, ſets off from Powles Hook every Monday, Wedneſday, and Friday Mornings, for Philadelphia, and performs the Journey in a Day and a Half, for the Summer Seaſon, till the 1ſt of November, from that Time to go twice a Week till the firſt of May, when they again perform it three Times a Week. When the Stages go only twice a Week, they ſet off Mondays and Thurſdays. The Waggons in Philadelphia ſet out from the Sign of the George, in Second-ſtreet, the ſame Morning. The Paſſengers are deſired to croſs the Ferry the Evening before, as the Stages muſt ſet off early the next Morning. The Price for each Paſſenger is *Twenty Shillings*, Proc. and Goods as uſual. Paſſengers going Part of the Way to pay in Proportion.

As the Proprietor has made ſuch Improvements upon the Machines, one of which is in Imitation of a Coach, he hopes to merit the Favour of the Publick.

JOHN MERCEREAU

AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE NEW YORK GAZETTE, 1771

**123. Roads, travel, and taverns.** Roads were bad, almost everywhere in the colonies.[3] In the South wagons were seldom used, for nearly everybody rode horseback or in boats. There were few bridges, so a horseman would either ford a river or be carried over in a boat by the ferry-keeper, while his animal swam.

The taverns south of the Mason and Dixon line were few and poor, for only now and then was a traveler seen, and he was eagerly welcomed as a guest at the plantations. Inns were, however, quite common in the North, and those of New England were thought to be good; but on much-used roads, or "pikes," leading to and

[1] Bowling Green, in the heart of lower New York, is where the Dutch of New Amsterdam used to play this game on summer nights.

[2] Many Southern planters liked to spend a part of each year, when the legislatures met, at the capitals of their colonies. Their entire families were taken along, with the household servants, and the season went rapidly in a gay round of dancing, card-playing, formal dinners, and governors' receptions. The gayest of these capitals was Charleston, where many of the Carolina rice-planters lived throughout the year.

[3] In the Middle Colonies and New England, roads began to be improved long before the Revolution. The best were called "turnpikes," or "pikes," on these a small fee, or "toll," was collected from travelers, to help meet the cost of keeping up the road. There were also many toll-bridges.

from the largest towns, these houses of "entertainment for man and beast" were sometimes so crowded at night that travelers must be thankful if allowed to lie on rude straw mattresses on the floors of hallways or public rooms.

We read of a stage-coach running between Boston and the Rhode Island towns as early as 1718, and after that such coaches were seen in New England rather frequently. But it was over forty years later than this (1759) before the first line of stages ran between New York and Philadelphia; these made the journey in about three days.[1]

**124. Crimes and punishments.** In most of the colonies punishments were made as public as possible. Each town kept in plain sight its gallows or its gibbet, each of them chiefly used for the execution of pirates, also the whipping-post and other devices for correcting evil-doers.[2] The inhabitants were invited to witness these shocking spectacles by the "town crier," an officer who went about with bell or horn, loudly proclaiming official notices and all manner of news. Great crowds would collect and jeer the offenders, and even pelt them with stones and other missiles.

Pirates swarmed in great numbers along the colonial coast, especially in Narragansett Bay and on the sea-islands off the Carolinas. They were the terror not only

[1] Not until late in colonial days were many private carriages kept — indeed, in 1761, there were but thirty-eight in Philadelphia, although Bostonians owned many more.

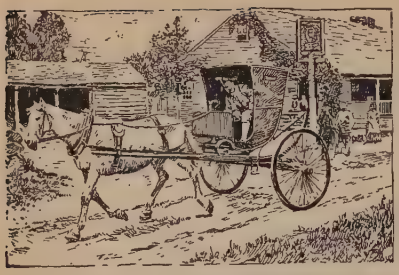
[2] For vagrancy, drunkenness, or small thieving, men were fastened by their feet into stocks, set up in the market place. Scolding women were placed in a ducking-stool, and half drowned in river or pond. Disorderly men and wife-beaters were punished at the whipping-post. For several serious offenses there was a pillory, a frame into which both head and hands were fastened. Some kinds of criminals might have branded into their faces or hands, with red-hot irons, the first letter of the name of their crime; or they might be compelled to wear a large letter of this sort, in colored cloth, conspicuously attached to their clothing.

of sailors, whom they murdered to get their ships and cargoes, but of many small seaside towns, which they sometimes looted. After the Revolution, however, there was organized a national coast police, and then these murdering freebooters ceased to be a serious annoyance to American shipping.[1]

**125. "In good old colony days."** We can best understand how people lived in what are often mistakenly called "good old colony days," by making a few comparisons between those days and our own.

Our colonial ancestors had no daily newspaper, steamboat, railroad, electric trolley line, telegraph, cable, telephone, bicycle, motor car, elevator, typewriter, envelope, or postcard — means of communication which we consider absolutely necessary to our comfort. There were then no gas, electric light, kerosene, gasoline, or furnaces. Factories and mills ran only by water or wind power, for steam and electricity had not yet been harnessed for the service of man. Ether and chloroform were unknown, and surgical operations were horrible experiences. Even friction matches and hundreds of other small inventions that we use every day, without thinking of their importance, had not been brought into the world. Many articles of food now seen on the poorest tables could not then be had. Only the rich could buy the few oranges or bananas occasionally offered for sale; cauliflower, egg-plant, and tomatoes were unknown, and even the native fruits, apples, pears, cherries, raspberries, and strawberries, were poor, wizened things compared with those which we know. During hot

[1] One of the most daring of the sea-robbers was Captain William Kidd, who for several years made miserable the life of our American sailors, especially in Northern seas. Another infamous pirate was Blackbeard. He used to hide in the many deep inlets along the North Carolina shore, and like a great spider jump out and attack every passing vessel that seemed an easy prey. At last both of these desperadoes were hunted down and hanged.



*Painting by Howard Pyle*

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHAISE

weather, ice was a luxury for the few, for there were no ice companies; and canned meats, fruits, and vegetables were unknown.

Mails were carried between the chief towns by postmen riding ponies that could travel only thirty miles a day, a distance now made by our fastest mail trains in half an hour. The people of the colonies eagerly read in their little weekly papers news from Europe that was three and four months old. Trips across the Atlantic were made in small, uncomfortable, ill-smelling sailing ships, and it took a good part of the summer to make the voyage. A steerage passenger in the smallest and poorest of our ocean-going steamships ordinarily spends no more than twelve days in passing from ports in northern Europe to America, and does not suffer a twentieth part of the discomfort felt by first-cabin passengers a hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago.

It is difficult for us to imagine how it would feel to be without the hundreds of conveniences, necessities, and pleasures that come into our daily life. But our colonial forefathers, having never known or even dreamed of these things, of course did not miss them. Whether, on the whole, they were as happy as we of this generation, it is impossible for us to say. Certain it is that their lives were narrow and often uncomfortable, and that in conquering the wilderness they faced obstacles such as few people in our time have ever known. The simple pleasures that came to them, however, were no doubt enjoyed quite as heartily as any that are offered to us in such wonderful profusion.

## QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS

1. In general, what conditions in the Old World made people dissatisfied there, and why was America attractive to them?
2. How did it happen that England contributed the largest number of colonists?
3. Why was there little or no manufacturing in the South? How far is this true now?
4. What conditions in New England promoted the growth of seafaring?
5. Was manual or industrial training as necessary in the schools in colonial times as at present? Give the reasons for your answer.
6. In what way or ways was necessary work in colonial days turned into amusement?
7. State two reasons why boys learned to shoot well. Note whether this was of any advantage later.
8. How did the absence of newspapers and magazines affect the home life of the people?
9. Trace on the map a journey in colonial times from Maine to Florida and state what languages one would have heard in the successive colonies or regions.
10. Name the different means of travel in colonial days. Why were the roads better in the North than in the South?
11. How did it come about that the Southern plantation owner was so hospitable?
12. Imagine yourself to have been living in England in the early days of the colonies. You desired to emigrate to America. Which colony would you have chosen for your new home, and why?
13. What is the origin of the name of your town or city, county, and state?
14. To what country or countries do you trace your ancestry?
15. Make a list of inventions and conveniences common with us but unknown in colonial days.
16. In what respects are we better off to-day than the colonists were? In what respects, if any, were they better off than we?
17. Prove, if you can, that life in colonial times was a happy one.
18. Make at home a small chart of the eastern coast of the United States from Maine to Florida. Show on this chart (*a*) each of the thirteen colonies; (*b*) the nativity of the first settlers of each colony; (*c*) the motive of colonization of each; (*d*) the name or names of one or two men associated prominently with the colonization of each; (*e*) the name of some interesting event or events; (*f*) locate the largest town in each.
19. Complete the table of comparisons of the three groups of colonies, given on page 318: —

| | North | Middle | South |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Climate | | | |
| 2. Soil | | | |
| 3. Occupations | | | |
| 4. Commerce | | | |
| 5. Society | | | |
| 6. Educational facilities | | | |
| 7. General character of people | | | |

## COMPOSITION SUBJECTS

1. Describe a log-rolling, house-raising, or quilting-bee on the frontier of any of the colonies. Let the conversation and conduct of your people show plainly whether they are in Massachusetts, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia, or Virginia.
2. Imagine yourself in a stage-coach riding (in 1760) on the route between New York and Philadelphia. Relate the experiences of the trip.
3. *The Crossing* by Winston Churchill has many descriptions of colonial life. Rewrite the one which seems to you most interesting.

## CHAPTER OUTLINE

1. Three groups of colonies.
2. Southern colonies: (*a*) Character of the people. (*b*) Industries.
3. New England colonies: (*a*) Character of the people. (*b*) Industries.
4. The Middle colonies: (*a*) Character of the people. (*b*) Industries.
5. Conditions common to all three groups: (*a*) Restrictions on trade and manufacturing. (*b*) Home manufactures. (*c*) Colonial houses. (*d*) Dress. (*e*) Worship. (*f*) Schools and colleges. (*g*) Recreations. (*h*) Conditions of travel. (*i*) Punishments. (*j*) General conditions.

# THE TRAVELS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

JOHN C. FITZPATRICK

Historical writing is based upon Truth. Therefore it demands extensive consultation of original sources, records, or documents, in order to have these facts accurate. It is only when facts are traced out patiently and carefully verified that an historical writer is justified in drawing conclusions from them.

Here is a fascinating account of the travels of the Declaration of Independence. To prepare it the author must have done much painstaking research to ascertain the facts.

What different kinds of sources do you suppose he consulted to find this information about happenings of long ago?

A [1] FOR one hundred years after the Declaration of Independence had been given to the world, that immortal document was without a permanent home. [2] It moved through ten different cities and towns, scattered hither and yon through five different States. [3] Three times it was hurriedly carried off to escape capture, or destruction, at the hands of the troopers of the king of the country against whom its thunder was and had been directed, and once, at least, its transfer to other quarters saved it from flames that completely gutted the supposedly fireproof Government building in which it had been stored. [4] In its wanderings it has rested for periods ranging from a few hours to several years, and the longest times it has been in any one place have been thirty-six and forty-four years, respectively. [5] Both of these lengthy periods were spent in Washington, D.C., the first in the United States Patent Office and the

second in the present building of the Department of State. [6] The cities and towns which have had the honor of harboring the Declaration are: Philadelphia, Lancaster, and York, Pennsylvania; Trenton and Princeton, New Jersey; New York City; Annapolis and Baltimore, Maryland; Leesburg, Virginia, and Washington, D.C.

[2] The Declaration has been out of the Government's hands but twice since 1776; once by force of circumstances and once by favor. It did not possess a real, permanent home until one hundred and one years after its birth, and this home was the huge granite building in the Capital of the Nation, just west of the White House which is known to Washingtonians as the State, War and Navy Building. In the library of the Department of State section of this structure the Declaration remained undisturbed for a longer period of time than it had ever before experienced. From here it went upon what will probably be its last journey when it was transferred in 1921 to the Library of Congress by special order of the President of the United States.

**To the student.** *Pause here and recall what various statements are made, based on the author's investigations. Look back and see whether you recalled the summaries correctly.*

B [3] The travels of the Declaration since July, 1776, are interesting in many ways; they are typical of the early, unsettled state of our democratic experiment in government, and the latter portion of those wanderings exemplify a mistaken idea in government economy in not making proper provision for preserving the important records of our past.

[4] The first journey of the Declaration was from Philadelphia to Baltimore, in the same year that saw the signing of that historical parchment. After the Declaration was engrossed and signed, it was filed in the office

of Charles Thomson, the Secretary of the Continental Congress, whose office was in the building where the Congress sat, the Pennsylvania State House, later to be known as Independence Hall. Like all parchment documents it was rolled up (there is no indication that the Declaration was ever folded) and rested undisturbed in Thomson's file, except when brought out to be signed by different delegates, until the near approach of the British, closely pursuing Washington, forced the Commander-in-Chief across the Delaware River. Congress hastily adjourned from Philadelphia, December 12th, to reconvene in Baltimore, eight days later. The papers and records, including the Declaration, were packed into two light wagons, which Congress had purchased for its own use in October, and carried to the Maryland city. It was here that the Declaration was published, in printed form, for the second time, by order of Congress, and, in this publication, the names of the signers were made public for the first time. Washington's brilliant victories at Trenton and Princeton forced the British out of West Jersey, and early in March, 1777, Congress returned to Philadelphia. After a short visit of a little over two months the Declaration returned to its first home.

[5] In September, 1777, came another alarm. This time the British moved by water to the head of Chesapeake Bay, to march overland against Philadelphia from the south. Brandywine, where Washington shook the British confidence; Red Bank, where the Hessians under Count Donop suffered a bloody repulse; Fort Island, in the Delaware, that withstood terrific bombardment and destroyed two fine British ships, and Washington's excellent maneuvering held Howe in check for a time; but the end was inevitable. Congress adjourned to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, when it

became apparent that Philadelphia could not be saved. It was offered quarters in the court-house where the Pennsylvania Legislature was then sitting; this was not to its taste so it removed to York. The Declaration of Independence remained in the York court-house until the news came that the British had evacuated Philadelphia. The papers and records were again packed in wagons and jolted down the old York road into Philadelphia. On July 2, 1778, the Declaration was home once more in Philadelphia.

[6] In the year 1777, the first anniversary of the Declaration passed unnoticed. The situation then was depressing. Burgoyne was advancing from Canada and Schuyler was retreating before him; Howe had sailed from New York and the entire coast from Massachusetts to the Carolinas was in dread; Congress was distraught with the difficulties that pressed in upon all sides. But in June, 1778, matters had improved greatly. Lafayette and De Kalb had come and France had definitely promised aid; the British had fled from Philadelphia and been severely mauled in their retreat across Jersey; confidence had replaced doubt. Congress ordered July 4th to be celebrated as a holiday, and our annual national celebrations date from this year of 1778. The army, then at Brunswick Landing, fired a salute of thirteen guns, the troops paraded and fired a musketry *feu de joie*,[1] a running discharge along the entire front, and gave three cheers for the "Perpetual and Undisturbed Independence of the United States of America." The men adorned their hats with "green boughs," and a double allowance of rum was served in honor of the day.

[7] The Declaration remained in the State House, Philadelphia, from July, 1778, to June, 1783, when the

[1] French for salute, meaning literally, "fire of joy."

mutinous conduct of soldiers of the Pennsylvania Line brought about an adjournment to Princeton, New Jersey. This move again started the Declaration on its wanderings for, once away from Philadelphia, it seemed easy for Congress to change to a new location, and each of the next two succeeding years saw it in a new place. At Annapolis, in Maryland, in November, 1783; in Trenton, New Jersey, a year later, and in New York City in June, 1785. Here it stayed until the Continental Congress faded out of existence to be replaced by a Congress of the United States under the new Constitution in 1789.

[8] In New York, the Declaration and the Congress occupied the second story of the old City Hall building, then at the northeast corner of Wall and Nassau Streets. When the first Congress under the Constitution convened, the venerable Charles Thomson formally turned over to President George Washington all the papers and records of the Continental Congress, including, of course, the Declaration. These papers were given into the custody of the newly created Department of State, and so remained in New York until December, 1790, when Congress met in Philadelphia. Once again the Declaration was in the city of its birth; but this time it was not deposited in Independence Hall, but in the various buildings which were occupied by the United States Department of State; first on Market Street, at Arch and Sixth, and next at Fifth and Chestnut.

*Before reading further, try to recall the journeys described in ¶¶ 4 to 9. Can you tell where, when, and why each was made? If not, read it again. Take out a history textbook and verify the history given in the article.*

C [9] In 1800, the transfer of the Capital of the United States was made to its agreed upon permanent site, the District of Columbia, and when the records and papers reached the Potomac the only building far enough

advanced to offer them protection was the one intended for the use of the Treasury; in this the Secretary of State, his office, and records were forced to take shelter. After two months of this crowded hospitality the Department of State and its archives moved to Nineteenth and Pennsylvania Avenue, into a group of structures, then just finished and called the "Seven Buildings." Less than a year later the Declaration and other papers were transferred to the old War Office Building, then on Seventeenth Street, where the west front of the present State, War and Navy Building now stands. Here the Declaration remained undisturbed until the War of 1812 again involved it in sudden and precipitate movement which started another period of traveling that did not end for over sixty years.

[10] In August, 1814, a British expedition sailed up the Chesapeake Bay and marched overland from the Patuxent against Washington. After a skirmish at Bladensburg, the British troops entered the city, and, with wanton torch, gave the Government buildings to the flames. The official report of the British officer in command stated that his troops were fired upon from the houses and the Capitol building itself; but no citizen nor soldier was captured as a result, and none were court-martialed or executed for such indefensible conduct; with exemplary military restraint the Capitol and other Government buildings were burned only in retaliation.

[11] To the good judgment of Secretary of State, James Monroe, and the activity and energy of three Department of State employees, Chief Clerk John Graham, Josiah King, and Stephen Pleasanton, we are indebted for the saving of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and other priceless records of our country. Monroe sent orders from

Benedict, Maryland, whither he had gone to reconnoiter the British movement, to pack and remove the records of the Department at once. Bags had already been prepared and the three clerks set to work with a will. Into these coarse linen sacks all the papers of the Department were packed. The Declaration, the Constitution, Washington's commission as Commander-in-Chief, and treaties between the United States and foreign powers, among them treaties with the very nation from whose soldiers those selfsame treaties had to be protected. The work done by these three Government clerks was thorough and complete. Some volumes of the early printed laws and miscellaneous correspondence had to be left behind, and were destroyed by the British, but Secretary Monroe's report, after the war, stated the belief that all the papers and records of the old Congress and those of the Department itself, except the above-mentioned laws and papers, were saved.

[12] There was considerable difficulty in obtaining wagons, but a sufficient number were finally secured and Pleasanton traveled with them. They left the city by way of old Georgetown, and crossed into Virginia by way of the Chain Bridge. Pleasanton stored the records in Edgar Patterson's barn, about two miles above Chain Bridge; but, the next day, fearing the British might send a raiding party to destroy a cannon foundry near by, he obtained new teams from the country folk and made a long and dusty trip of about thirty-five miles to Leesburg. Here he stored the papers in the house of the Reverend Mr. Littlejohn, locked them up securely, and turned into bed a completely exhausted man. That night the British put Washington to the flames, and the next day Pleasanton learned that many Leesburg folk had seen a dull, angry glow in the east that told of the burning of the Capital.

13 But the Declaration was safe. Pleasanton returned to Washington two days later to find the President's house and other buildings still smouldering. The papers he had saved were not brought back to the city for some weeks, when all danger of the return of the British had disappeared. When the Declaration and the other papers were brought back from Leesburg, they were placed in a building on the south side of G Street, near Eighteenth, until the destruction wrought by the British could be repaired. In 1820, the Department of State with documents moved into a Government building, then erected on the site of the present Treasury Department.

*Verify the facts about the War of* 1812 *from a history textbook.*

D 14 In 1841, the white marble Patent Office, still standing at Seventh and F Streets, was finished. Substantial in appearance and built with the best of care, as care in building was then understood, it was supposed to be fireproof and, as the Patent Office was then under the control and was a bureau of the Department of State, the valuable and interesting historical papers and relics were transferred to it and placed on exhibition in its Hall of Models. The Declaration of Independence and Washington's commission as Commander-in-Chief were among the things sent, and these two parchments were placed in a single frame and hung up to public view. For thirty-five years these two precious American documents hung exposed to the light, and it was this long exposure, unprotected in any way from chill of winter and the glare and heat of summer, that has caused both the Declaration and the Commission to fade out to a uniform dimness. While the Declaration has faded greatly, the entire text is still legible; it is the signatures that have suffered the most, and these from other causes than exposure to light alone.

[15] From 1842 to 1876, the Declaration of Independence slowly faded in the Patent Office exhibition hall, and it might have continued there until the damage became total had not the Centennial year of 1876 stirred up a new interest in matters historical. In that year a great exposition was planned in Philadelphia, the first of the great national and international expositions that have been held in the United States since then. The managers of this exposition applied for the loan of the Declaration as a feature of the centennial celebration. They wished to display it in Independence Hall, as a more fitting place than in the grounds of the exposition itself, and they had prepared a special, fireproof safe, with a heavy glass door, behind which the parchment could be viewed. They offered to lock this door, turn the key over to the Government, and let the Department of State seal the lock. The Government had, however, already decided to send the Declaration to Philadelphia as a part of its own exhibit in the United States building there, but the exposition managers wanted it in Independence Hall. After some argument in which the Philadelphians used George W. Childs as an influence, President Grant directed that the Declaration be deposited in Independence Hall. The parchment was taken to Philadelphia by Alonzo Bell, chief clerk of the Patent Office, and the newspaper notices of the day noted the fact that the Declaration had greatly faded.

[16-1] Secretary of State Richard Rush is on record as noting, as early as the year 1817, that the signatures then showed the effects of time, so that the reasons for the present condition of the Declaration, both as to text and signatures, must be sought in more than one place and in more than one period. [2] The Declaration, evidently, was subjected to careless or improper handling for years prior to 1841. [3] Until it was framed by

the Patent Office for exhibition purposes it had been kept rolled up, a method of storing parchments that has been used from time immemorial. [4] It had been rolled and unrolled hundreds of times, and the many creases and cracks in the surface of the parchment, caused by this rolling being done carelessly, is the reason for the damage to the signatures. [5] The text of the Declaration was engrossed by a professional penman, a man who was careful of the quality of his ink, and the rolling and unrolling of the parchment has not affected his work, except in the large lettered heading, where the ink was laid on extra thick. [6] Ink does not bite into parchment as it does into paper; it lies more on the surface, dries on the surface and scales off more readily than it does when laid on paper. [7] The large printed heading of the Declaration shows this scaling off in the same manner, but not to such a pitiful extent as do the signatures. [8] The curl of the parchment shows that it was the custom to roll it up with the writing on the inside, and its condition indicates that the rolling commenced at the top of the Declaration; the signatures of the Signers, therefore, were the first and the last to be handled in unrolling and rolling up the parchment. [9] They received the maximum amount of rubbing. [10] The ink with which the signatures were written varied in quality. [11] The Declaration was not signed by all the delegates on the same day; there was, consequently, different ink used during the period of time in which the signing was done — the record shows that this signing stretched over a period of several months. [12] Ink, in Revolutionary times, was made from a powder; the bottled liquid known to us was unknown to our Revolutionary Fathers, who mixed their own writing fluid by adding water to this prepared powder. [13] None of the ink, thus made on different days, appeared to have the biting quality of the carefully

prepared ink in which the text of the Declaration was engrossed. [14] The signatures were thus more easily scaled off, and they did scale off, more than they faded, while the text itself merely faded out in an almost uniform degree. [15] Nowhere in the text does the writing show the slightest evidence of scaling; the only place where such an effect is discernible is in the large decorative letters in the caption heading, where the ink, as before stated, was laid on extra thick. [16] The worst creases and cracks in the parchment run vertically through the three middle columns of signatures, and the signatures in these particular columns are the ones that have suffered the most damage.

[17] The comment aroused by the appearance of the Declaration in 1876 resulted in the passage of a joint resolution of Congress, directing the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and the Librarian of Congress to take steps to restore the Declaration, a typical example of governmental method in caring for its priceless records; the horse had been stolen, so the stable door was to be officially locked; but it was not until four years later that the door was even closed. In 1880, the Secretary of the Interior called this committee together, and the conclusion reached was to summon a committee of the American Academy of Science to look into the matter. This Academy committee reported that "press copies had been taken from the original so that part of the ink had been removed from the parchment," thus continuing the questionable tradition for which not the slightest evidence now seems to be available. Fortunately, it was decided best to make no attempt to restore the Declaration, and all that the Government can do from now on is to hold the parchment in the exact condition it is at present. All of the present legibility of the

parchment can be held and sustained, and further fading can be almost entirely prevented, or at least held against every enemy except time itself.

[18] The exhibition of the Declaration at Philadelphia in 1876, in Independence Hall, which was a long distance from the exposition grounds, probably inspired several publishers and business firms to issue facsimiles that could be distributed, or disposed of in the grounds themselves. The exact degree of influence exercised by this cannot be shown, of course, but, at any rate, a wave of patriotism swept over the country at the time of the Centennial, and on the crest of it came a flood of facsimiles. Since then the output of replicas of the Declaration has been so consistently steady that it now has been reproduced a greater number of times than any other document of American history.

*Recall the author's line of reasoning about the fading of the document.*

E [19] When the exposition was over, the citizens of Philadelphia tried to obtain permission to hold the Declaration permanently in Independence Hall, but the Government was not acquiescent. Philadelphia did manage to retain possession for a short time: But finally the Department of State requisitioned the Department of the Interior, under which the Patent Office then functioned, and the Department of the Interior requested the return of the Declaration from Independence Hall, and the Declaration was returned through precisely this same process, only reversed.

[20] Along with the Declaration, the Interior Department returned Washington's commission, Franklin's cane, Washington's camp chest, and all the other relics that had been in the custody of the Patent Office. This was in March, 1877, and this transfer probably saved the Declaration and these other memorials from destruction, for, a few months later, the supposedly fireproof

Patent Office caught fire and two wings of the building were completely gutted before the flames could be controlled.

[21] The Declaration, when received by the Department of State from the Interior Department, was placed on exhibition in the Library of the present building (the State, War and Navy Building), which had then just been completed, and here it remained for nearly a score of years, until its condition appeared to have become so desperate that it was withdrawn from public view. About 1894 it was placed, along with the Constitution, in a specially constructed steel safe, in the library of the Department, and was not shown thereafter except on special order of the Secretary of State himself.

[22] In 1921, twenty-seven years later, both Declaration and Constitution were removed from this safe by order of the President of the United States and transferred to the Library of Congress for their better preservation and exhibition to the public under proper safeguards. This last removal of the Declaration had nothing of glamour or romance about it; but was accomplished with fitting democratic simplicity. The Secretary of State and the Librarian of Congress were present when the safe containing the Declaration and the Constitution was opened; both documents were carried by Library of Congress employees to the Library's mail wagon, and, resting upon a pile of leather United States mail sacks for a cushion, guarded by three young Americans who were fully conscious of the unexpected honor that had fallen to their lot, the Declaration whirled down the rain-washed asphalt of Pennsylvania Avenue, unnoticed and unheeded amid the crowded traffic of a September afternoon, to the gold-domed, granite Library building, in front of the United States Capitol. Here, along with the Constitution, in a special marble

and bronze shrine, under artificial light, in which the damage-causing actinic ray has been carefully neutralized, these charters of American liberty and government are displayed to the public. Under the plans worked out no further fading from this exposure is possible, and this exhibition was installed at the direction of the President of the United States "to satisfy," as President Harding fittingly expressed it, "the laudable wish of patriotic Americans to have an opportunity to see the original fundamental documents upon which rest their independence and their Government."

**Further reading.** You will find interesting material in these:
**Barstow, C. L.** *Colonists and the Revolution*, pp. 157–78.
**Fiske, John.** *The War of Independence.*
**McSpadden, J. W.** *Book of Holidays*, pp. 187–200.
**Olcott, F. J.** *Good Stories for Great Holidays*, pp. 159–75.

## A BROTHERHOOD OF LONG AGO

FANNY E. COE

Read the following account as rapidly as you can, but try to see exactly what happened.

A [1] OVER one hundred and fifty years ago, when our country was fighting against England, there came to help us a young French nobleman named Lafayette. [2] Although only a boy of nineteen years, he had run away from his country because he longed to fight for liberty. [3] He said that he came to learn, not to teach, and, from the first, he took George Washington for an ideal.

[4] Lafayette and Washington became life-long friends. [5] Lafayette named his son for Washington and, on his return to America in 1787, he paid a visit to Washington at Mount Vernon. [6] He promised soon to return, but almost forty years passed by before he kept his word.

B 7 He came at last, in 1824, a bent old man, with a heart loyal as ever to his adopted country. 8 He visited every State and Territory in the Union and was welcomed everywhere with the warmest enthusiasm. 9 Receptions, dinner parties, and balls followed each other in brilliant succession, always with Lafayette the chief figure. 10 The welcome of the people was voiced in a song of the time: —

"We bow not the neck,
We bend not the knee,
But our hearts, Lafayette,
We surrender to thee."

C 11 The incident that I am to relate occurred during the visit of 1824.

12 A brilliant reception was under way. 13 A slowly moving line of stately guests passed by the noble old marquis, who greeted each with courtly grace. 14 Presently there approached an old soldier clad in a worn Continental uniform. 15 In his hand was an ancient musket, and across his shoulder was thrown a small blanket, or rather a piece of blanket. 16 On reaching the marquis, the veteran drew himself up in the stiff fashion of the old-time drill and gave the military salute. 17 As Lafayette returned the salute, tears sprang to his eyes. 18 The tattered uniform, the ancient flintlock, the silver-haired veteran, even older than himself, recalled the dear past.

19 "Do you know me?" asked the soldier. Lafayette's manner had led him to think himself personally remembered.

"Indeed, I cannot say that I do," was the frank reply.

"Do you remember the frosts and snows of Valley Forge?"

"I shall never forget them," answered Lafayette.

D 20 "One bitter night, General Lafayette, you were going the rounds at Valley Forge. 21 You came upon a sentry in thin clothing and without stockings. 22 He was slowly freezing to death. 23 You took his musket, saying, 'Go to my hut. 24 There you will find stockings, a blanket, and a fire. 25 After warming yourself, bring the blanket to me. 26 Meanwhile I will keep guard.'

27 "The soldier obeyed directions. 28 When he returned to his post, you, General Lafayette, cut the blanket in two. 29 One half you kept, the other you presented to the sentry. 30 Here, General, is one half of that blanket, for I am the sentry whose life you saved."

**Outlining.** Outline; then compare with numbered sections.

**Problem.** How does this suggest Hawthorne's *Great Stone Face?*

**Other reading.** **Brooks, E. S.** *True Story of Lafayette.* "The stirring story of the gallant Frenchman who was connected with two hemispheres and with two generations."

**Hart, A. B. and others.** *Camps and Firesides of the Revolution.* "Valuable extracts from contemporary sources."

**Nicolay, Helen.** *Boy's Life of Lafayette.* Entertaining biography.

## ON GUARD

### Harry M. Kieffer

One of the best sources of historical information about details of distant times is diaries, letters, reminiscences, etc., in which people who lived at that time give personal experiences.

The following incident is from the Civil War period. It is written by a man who enlisted as a drummer boy in the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment of the Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Put yourself in his place as you read, for he was very little older than you.

1 About the middle of May, 1864, I wearily trudged along the road, in the neighborhood of Spottsylvania

Court House, in search of my regiment. I had lost the regiment early in the day, for I was so sick and weak when we started in the morning that it was scarcely possible for me to drag one foot after the other, much less keep up at the lively pace the men were marching. Thus it had happened that I had been left behind. As I lay there, with half closed eyes, feverishly wondering where in the world I was, and heartily wishing for the sight of some one wearing a bucktail on his cap, I heard a well-known voice talking with some one out in the road, and leaning upon my elbow, called out eagerly —

"Harter! Hello! Harter! Harter!"

"Hello! Who are you?" replied the sergeant, peering in amongst the trees and bushes. "Why, Harry, is that you? And where in the world is the regiment?"

"That's just what I'd like to know," answered I.

[2] We concluded to put up a shelter, or rather, I should say, Harter did so; for I was too sick and weak to think of anything but sleep and rest, and lay there at full length on a bed of soft pine needles, dreamily watching the sergeant's preparations for the night. Throwing off his knapsack, haversack, and accoutrements, he took out his hatchet, trimmed away the lower branches of two pine saplings which stood some six feet apart, cut a straight pole, and laid it across from one to the other of these saplings, buttoned together two shelters and threw them across the ridgepole, staked them down at the corners, and throwing in his traps, exclaimed —

"There you are, 'as snug as a bug in a rug.' And now for water, fire, and a supper."

[3] A fire was soon and easily built, for dry wood was plenty; and soon the flames were crackling, and lighting up the dusky woods. Taking our two canteens, Harter started off in search of water, leaving me to

stretch myself out in the tent, and — heartily wish myself at home.

[4] Shortly the sergeant returned.

[5] "I tell you, Harry," said he suddenly, as he stepped into the circle of light in front of our little tent, and flung down his canteens, "there isn't anything like military discipline. I went down the road here about a quarter of a mile, and came out near General Grant's headquarters, in a clearing. Down at the foot of a hill, right in front of his headquarters, is a spring; but it seems that the surgeon of some hospital near by had got there before the general, and had placed a guard on the spring, to keep the water for the wounded. As I came up, I heard the guard say to a darky, who had come to the spring for water, with a bucket, —

"'Get out of that, you black rascal; you can't have any water here.'

"'Guess I kin,' said the darky. 'I want dis yere water for Gen'l Grant; an' ain't he a commandin' dis yere army, or am you?'

"'You touch that water, and I'll run my bayonet through you,' said the guard. 'General Grant can't have any of the water at this spring till my orders are changed.'

"The darky, saying that he'd 'see 'bout dat mighty quick,' went up the hill to headquarters, and returned in a few moments declaring that —

"'Gen'l Grant said dat you got to gib me water outen dis yere spring.'

"'You go back and tell General Grant, for me,' said the corporal of the guard, who came up at the moment, 'that neither he nor any other general in the Army of the Potomac can get water at this spring till my orders are changed.'

[6] "Now, you see," continued Harter, as he gave me a tin cup on a stick to hold over the fire for coffee, while he cut a slice of pork, "there's something mighty fine in the idea of a man standing to his post though the heavens fall, and obeying the orders given him when he is put on guard, so that even though the greatest generals in the army send down contrary orders to him, he'll die before he'll give in. A man is mighty strong when he is on guard and obeys orders. Though he's only a corporal, or even a private, he can command the general commanding the army. But I don't believe General Grant sent that darky for water a second time."

**Discussion.** 1. Did the Corporal do right in the stand he took? Give reasons. 2. Use this incident as basis for a talk that a Boy or Girl Scout might give.

**Further reading.** Find other interesting incidents to tell the class.

*Civil War Stories; retold from St. Nicholas.*

**Goss.** *A Life of Grant for Boys.*

**Hart, A. B. and others.** *Romance of the Civil War.*
"Valuable extracts from contemporary sources."

**Kieffer, H. M.** *Recollections of a Drummer-boy.* (Civil War)
"A fascinating account of experiences of a drummer-boy."

**Page, Thomas Nelson.** *Two Little Confederates.*
"Two boys who are left at home on a plantation during the war, have all sorts of adventures with Confederate and Union soldiers."

## THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN

### Charles Sprague

A *declamation* or an oration is intended to be spoken to an audience. Therefore, one of the strongest means of appeal is through the ear.

The orator long ago learned that he could influence his listeners by the way he spoke as well as by what he spoke. For instance, in the selection on page 338 observe how he uses two means of making his words impressive:

1. *Use of repetition*
2. *Use of contrast*

After you have read through the selection carefully, practice reading it aloud to bring out the repetition and the contrast.

A [1] Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled by all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. [2] Here lived and loved another race of beings. [3] Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer. [4] Gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

B [5] Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. [6] Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. [7] Here they warred. [8] The echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here. [9] And when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

C [10] Here, too, they worshiped, and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. [11] He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. [12] The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

**Discussion.** 1. What is the big topic of each paragraph? 2. How do the sentences develop it?

3. Should this be read fast or slowly? Why? What would regulate the speed of a declamation?

**Memory work.** Work out key words for the sentences, and memorize the declamation, entire, or three pupils in relay.

**Reference reading.** Find the chief religious beliefs of the Indians.

## An Indian Library Project

**Further reading.** Select one of the following books to get at the library and read. Prepare to tell something about it for an Indian Day Program:

Brady, C. G.: *Indian Fights and Fighters.*
"History of the struggle between the United States army and the Western Indians since the Civil War."

Brooks, E. S.: *Master of the Strong Hearts.*
"Stirring tale of Custer's last rally in the valley of the Little Big Horn and his defeat by Sitting Bull."

Brooks, E. S.: *Story of the American Indian.*
"His manners and customs, his home life, and his struggles with the conquering white man."

Catlin, George: *The Boy's Catlin: My Life among the Indians.*
"The most interesting parts of Catlin's famous book about the North American Indians and their habits and customs in war, peace, and hunting."

Eastman, C. A.: *Indian Boyhood.*
"Dr. Eastman, who is a full-blooded Sioux Indian, lived until fifteen years of age with his tribe on the plains of the Northwest. He tells of Indian customs and legends, Indian life and adventure."

Grinnell, G. B.: *Story of the Indian.*
"Life of the red man; how he ate and slept, hunted and fought, and what he believed."

Howard, O. T.: *Famous Indian Chiefs I Have Known.*
"Incidents told from the author's personal experience. Valuable for its presentation of Indian character and the Indian problem."

Pendelton, L. B.: *In the Camp of the Creeks.*
"The capture of a young girl by the Creek Indians, and the attempt of two young men to rescue her. In the time of the war of 1836 with the Creeks. Brings out tribal customs."

Schultz, J. W.: *With the Indians in the Rockies.*
"The perilous experiences of two boys, one an Indian, who are forced to spend a winter in the Rockies with only such food and shelter as they can obtain by their own efforts."

Schultz, J. W.: *The Quest of the Fish-dog Skin.*
"Continues the adventures of the boys in 'With the Indians in the Rockies.' The quest of sealskins takes them over 700 miles to the Pacific Coast."

Stoddard, W. O.: *Talking Leaves; an Indian story*
" A young girl's captivity among the Apaches and her escape."

Wilson, E. N. and Driggs, H. R.: *The White Indian Boy.*
"Does not the title arouse your curiosity? How can an Indian boy be *white?*"

## THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

### John Witherspoon

This speech was made by the president of Princeton College in 1776. Explain it, sentence by sentence.

[1] There is a tide in the affairs of men, a nick of time. [2] We perceive it now before us. [3] That noble instrument upon your table, which insures immortality to its author, should be subscribed to this very morning by every pen in the house. [4] He who will not strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions is unworthy the name of a freeman. [5] Although these gray hairs must soon descend into the sepulcher, I would infinitely rather they would descend thither by the hand of the public executioner, than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country.

Memorize the declamation.

## ON THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY

### Abraham Lincoln

That Lincoln admired Washington intensely is shown by this speech. How should it be delivered to be impressive?

[1] This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birth of Washington. [2] We are met to celebrate this day. [3] Washington is the mightiest name on earth — long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in liberal reformation. [4] On that name no eulogy is expected. [5] It cannot be. [6] To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. [7] Let none attempt it. [8] In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathlike splendor leave it shining on.

**Discussion.** 1. Practice giving the speech. 2. Ascertain the date of the speech. 3. Find what Lincoln was doing that year.

**Further reading.**

**Brooks, E. S.** *True Story of George Washington.*

**Hill, F. T.** *On the Trail of Washington.*

**Scudder, Horace.** *George Washington.*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

### Theodore Roosevelt

It is always interesting to get one great man's opinion of another, frankly given. Roosevelt admired Lincoln greatly. What four big points does he make in this selection?

A[1] Lincoln to me has always been a living person, an inspiration and a help. [2] I have always felt that if I could do as he would have done were he in my place, I would not be far from right. [3] And at times when I have been troubled by some public question, I have tried to imagine Lincoln in my position and to do as he would have done.

B[4] I do not understand why some persons like to portray Lincoln as rude and uncouth — to suggest that he was a lineal descendant of the Pithecanthropus, always telling funny stories. [5] It is as bad as the refining process Washington has gone through. [6] Lincoln was not a handsome man but he was by no means first cousin to the cave man in appearance any more than he was always slapping strangers on the back and telling them funny stories. [7] He did have the saving grace of humor, but he was no clown.

C[8] In my office in the White House there was a splendid portrait of Lincoln. [9] Ofttimes, when I had some matter to decide, something involved and difficult to dispose of, where there were conflicting rights and all that sort of thing, I would look up at

that splendid face, try to imagine him in my place, and try to figure out what he would do in the circumstances.

[10] It may sound odd to you, but, frankly, it seemed to make my troubles easier of solution. [11] Yes, to me, Lincoln has ever been a living person, an inspiration and a help. [12] If I ever envied any man, it was John Hay, who had the wonderful privilege of knowing Lincoln so intimately.

[D 13] Lincoln must be — will be always — a living thing to our people, an inspiration and a landmark, to the living and to those yet to live. [14] Our danger lies in the fact that at times our public men are inclined to stray from the path he blazed.

**Further reading.**

**Barstow, C. L.** *A New Nation*, pp. 166–80, 186–98.
**Brooks, E. S.** *The True Story of Abraham Lincoln.*
**Gordy, W. F.** *Abraham Lincoln.*
**Moores, C. W.** *The Life of Abraham Lincoln.*

## TO THE ARMY!

### King Albert of Belgium

This fine speech was made by the King of the Belgians to his army, when the German army invaded Belgium at the beginning of the Great War.

What means does he take to inspire his men?

[A 1] Soldiers:

[2] Without the least provocation on our part, a neighbor, glorying in his power, has torn into shreds the treaties that bear his signature and violated the territory of our fathers.

[3] Because we have been worthy of ourselves, because we have refused to forfeit our honor, he has

attacked us. [4] But the whole world is amazed at our loyal stand. [5] May its respect and its esteem sustain you in this supreme moment!

B [6] Seeing its freedom menaced, the nation has been deeply moved and her children have hurried to her frontiers. [7] Valiant soldiers of a sacred cause, I have confidence in your tenacious bravery, and I salute you in the name of Belgium. [8] Your citizens are proud of you. [9] You will triumph, for yours is the might that serves the right.

[10] Cæsar said of your ancestors: "Of all the peoples of Gaul the Belgians are the bravest."

[11] Hail to you, army of the Belgian people! [12] In the face of the enemy, remember that you are fighting for liberty and for your menaced hearths. [13] Remember, men of Flanders, the Battle of the Golden Spurs *; and you, Walloons, who now stand on your honor, remember the six hundred Franchimontois.†

[14] Soldiers! I leave Brussels to put myself at your head.

ALBERT

**Further reading.**

**Parkman, M. R.** *Fighters for Peace*, pp. 1–24.

**Perkins, Lucy Fitch.** *The Belgian Twins.*
"Gives an idea of manners and customs in Belgium before the War."

**Perkins, Lucy Fitch.** *The French Twins.*
"Story of an escape from shell-riddled Rheims."

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* A battle in 1302 between the French and the men of Flanders, in which the French were so badly beaten that over 4000 gilt spurs were left on the battlefield. These were hung up in a cathedral as trophies.

† The people of Liège expelled Louis de Bourbon (the Bishop) and declared war on Philip V of Burgundy. Philip's son, Charles the Bold, conquered the city of Liège in 1467, and razed the walls of the town. In 1468 the citizens again revolted, and Charles was again successful; but the 600 Franchimontois fought until they were all killed.

## FAIRHAVEN

*July* 4, 1918

CALVIN COOLIDGE

All over this Country whenever a great holiday occurs, like Washington's Birthday or the Fourth of July, speeches are made by prominent men fostering ideals that will lead our Country, through the men and women, and the boys and girls listening in the audience, to finer things. When Calvin Coolidge was Governor of Massachusetts he made a Fourth of July speech that boys and girls will find of great interest. This speech was made at the little town of Fairhaven in Massachusetts.

**Working by committees.** Before you read this speech, divide the class into two big committees, one to plan the scenes that preceded the speech, and the other to plan the scene at Fairhaven in 1918. These committees will read carefully through the speech to get all the information they can about the two scenes. Perhaps they can find out something more about certain people mentioned so that they can picture them more truly.

Each group will then act the scene that it has been investigating.

A [1] WE have met on this anniversary of American Independence to assess the dimensions of a kind deed. [2] Nearly four score years ago the master of a whaling vessel sailing from this port rescued from a barren rock in the China Sea some Japanese fishermen. [3] Among them was a young boy whom he brought home with him to Fairhaven, where he was given the advantages of New England life and sent to school with the boys and girls of the neighborhood, where he excelled in his studies. [4] But as he grew up he was filled with a longing to see Japan and his aged mother. [5] He knew that the duty of filial

piety lay upon him according to the teachings of his race, and he was determined to meet that obligation.

B 6 I think that is one of the lessons of this day. 7 Here was a youth who determined to pursue the course which he had been taught was right. 8 He braved the dangers of the voyage and the greater dangers that awaited an absentee from his country under the then existing laws, to perform his duty to his mother and to his native land. 9 In making that return I think we are entitled to say that he was the first Ambassador of America to the Court of Japan, for his extraordinary experience soon brought him into the association of the highest officials of his country, and his presence there prepared the way for the friendly reception which was given to Commodore Perry when he was sent to Japan to open relations between that Government and the Government of America.

C 10 We see, then, how out of the kind deed of Captain Whitefield, the friendly relations which have existed for many years between the people of Japan and the people of America were encouraged and made possible. 11 And it is in recognition of that event that we have here to-day this great concourse of people, this martial array, and the representative of the Japanese people — a people who have never failed to respond to an act of kindness.

D 12 It was with special pleasure that I came here representing the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to extend an official welcome to His Excellency Viscount Ishii, who comes here to present to the town of Fairhaven a Samurai sword on behalf of the sons of that boy who was rescued long ago.

E [13] This sword was once the emblem of place and caste and arbitrary rank. [14] It has taken on a new significance because Captain Whitefield was true to the call of humanity, because a Japanese boy was true to his call of duty. [15] This emblem will hereafter be a token not only of a friendship that exists between two nations but a token of liberty, of freedom, and of the recognition by the Government of both these nations of the rights of the people. [16] Let it remain here as a mutual pledge, — by the giver and the receiver, — of their determination that the motive which inspired the representatives of each race to do right is to be a motive which is to govern the people of the earth.

**Discussion.** 1. Where was the speech made, by whom, and on what occasion? 2. Who are the important persons present at the giving of the speech or referred to in it?

3. Explain the meaning of *Samurai sword.*

4. If you wanted to find out something more about Commodore Perry or Viscount Ishii where would you look? Find three facts about each.

5. What is the big thought of the speech in Coolidge's mind? Why is it important that the United States and Japan should continue the same relationship?

6. What feelings dominated Captain Whitefield, the Japanese fishermen, the Japanese boy, Viscount Ishii, and Coolidge?

**Further reading. Barnes, James.** *The Hero of Erie.*
"Life of Commodore Perry, his adventures as a boy on the frigate General Greene, and as the hero of the exciting scenes of the battle of Lake Erie."

## AN ADDRESS ON THE FLAG

### Charles E. Hughes

The address on the next page was made by Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes in presenting a flag to the honor members of a graduating class at the National Cathedral School in Washington, D.C., on June 5, 1916.

Outline the speech: (*1*) by paragraphs; (*2*) by sentences.

A 1 THIS flag means more than association and reward. 2 It is the symbol of our national unity, our national endeavor, our national aspiration. 3 It tells you of the struggle for independence, of union preserved, of liberty and union one and inseparable, of the sacrifices of brave men and women to whom the ideals and honor of this Nation have been dearer than life.

B 4 It means America first; it means an undivided allegiance. 5 It means America united, strong and efficient, equal to her tasks. 6 It means that you cannot be saved by the valor and devotion of your ancestors; that to each generation comes its patriotic duty; and that upon your willingness to sacrifice and endure, as those before you have sacrificed and endured, rests the national hope.

C 7 It speaks of equal rights; of the inspiration of free institutions exemplified and vindicated; of liberty under law intelligently conceived and impartially administered.

D 8 There is not a thread in it but scorns self-indulgence, weakness, and rapacity. 9 It is eloquent of our common interests, outweighing all divergences of opinion, and of our common destiny.

E 10 Given as a prize to those who have the highest standing, it happily enforces the lesson that intelligence and zeal must go together, that discipline must accompany emotion, and that we must ultimately rely upon enlightened opinion.

**Further reading.** Find out different things about the flag.

**Holden, E. S.** *Our Country's Flag and Flags of Foreign Countries.* "Explains symbolism, weather signals, uses of flags at sea, salutes, signaling, etc."

**Tappan, E. M.** *The Little Book of the Flag.* "A history of American flags; also how to behave towards the flag."

**Flag Day Entertainment.** Have a program in a class period.

THINGS TO DO AT THE LIBRARY

**I. Reference Books.** The following are interesting history reading. Divide them, or similar books, among the class and have a Book Day for one-minute talks on the books.

### 1. Where We Came From

BOURNE, H. E., and BENTON, E. J.: *Introductory American History.*
———————: *History of the United States.*
GORDY, W. F.: *American Beginnings in Europe.*
TAPPAN, EVA MARCH: *Our European Ancestors.*

### 2. Discovery, Exploration, and Pioneering

BALDWIN, JAMES: *Conquest of the Old Northwest.*
BARSTOW, C. L.: *Explorers and Settlers.*
BROOKS, NOAH: *First Across the Continent.* (Lewis and Clark)
FOOTE, A. E. and SKINNER, A. W.: *Explorers and Founders of America.*
HAZARD, B. E. and DUTTON, S. T.: *Indians and Pioneers.*
LIGHTON, WILLIAM R.: *Lewis and Clark.*
MCMURRY, C. A.: *Pioneers of the Rocky Mountains and the West.*
MOORES, C. W.: *Life of Christopher Columbus.*
THWAITES, REUBEN G.: *Daniel Boone.*

### 3. Colonial Days

BARSTOW, C. L.: *Colonists and the Revolution.*
*Colonial Stories.* Retold from St. Nicholas.
COOKE, J. E.: *Stories of the Old Dominion.*
GORDY, W. F.: *Colonial Days.*
HART, A. B. and others: *Colonial Children.* (Source reader)
———————: *How Our Grandfathers Lived.* (Sources)
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL: *Grandfather's Chair.*
NEWTON, CAROLINE C.: *Once Upon a Time in Connecticut.*
PERKINS, LUCY FITCH: *Colonial Twins of Virginia. Puritan Twins.*

### 4. Revolutionary War

BEMIS, HOLTZ, and SMITH: *The Patriotic Reader.*
FISKE, JOHN: *The War of Independence.*
FOOTE, A. E. and SKINNER, A. W.: *Makers and Defenders of America.*
HART, A. B.: *Camps and Firesides of the Revolution.*
HASBROUCK, L. S.: *Israel Putnam.*
THWAITES, REUBEN G. and KENDALL, C. N.: *History of the U. S.*
TRUE, J. P.: *Scouting for Washington. Morgan's Men. On Guard against Tory and Tarleton.*

**II. Program Periods.** Celebrate Columbus Day, Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays, Memorial and Flag Days.

# TRAVEL IN OTHER LANDS

## PLEASURE READING

### Poems and Stories


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Poetry from Japan . . *Curtis H. Page* | 349 |
| I. Late Snow Flakes | 349 |
| II. Illusion | 350 |
| III. Hoar Frost | 350 |
| IV. Wave Crests | 350 |
| V. Noon-tide | 350 |
| VI. Waiting | 350 |
| VII. Shadows | 350 |
| VIII. Fragments | 351 |
| Hafed Ben Hafed (Persia) . . . . . *Waitman Barbe* | 352 |
| Alexander Taming Bucephalus (Greece) . . . . . *Park Benjamin* | 355 |
| The Elephants that Struck (India) . . . . . *Samuel White Baker* | 358 |
| The Lion Path . . *Charlotte P. Gilman* | 363 |
| Capturing an Alligator (South America) . . *Oswald Kendall* | 364 |


## JAPANESE POETRY

*Translated by* CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

These poems are all tiny like so many things the Japanese enjoy making.

Which three poems do you like the best? Learn them.

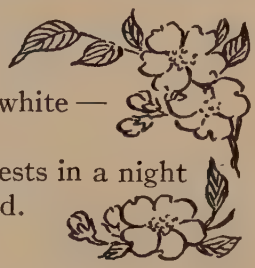
### LATE SNOW-FLAKES

Down through the wintry air
In crowds come fluttering
Flowers white beyond compare.
Back of these clouds somewhere
Surely there must be Spring.

### ILLUSION

The trees are heavy with thick-falling snow —
How can the nightingale still triumph so?
She sees, in her impassioned carolling,
The trees thick-hung with blossoms of the Spring,
The ground all strewn with plum-flowers in the spring.

### HOAR FROST



The autumn dews are silvery white —
And I would fain be told
How they can paint whole forests in a night
Brown, scarlet, crimson, gold.

### WAVE CRESTS

When Autumn comes, each flower and shrub and tree
Changes to colours new.
Only the wind-blown flowers of the sea
Forever keep unchanged their snow-white hue.

### NOONTIDE

The noontide was too perfect: there the sheaves
Of rice-straw stood; the breathless trees
Folded their shadows up into their sleeves . . .
Stilled even the sleepy hum of autumn bees . . .
Some miracle, I knew, must come to birth . . .
An apple dropped to earth.

### WAITING

The trees stand hushed, on tip-toe for the sight
Of moon-rise, that shall glorify the night.

### SHADOWS

The moon is risen, and without a sound
They write their welcome-songs along the ground.

## FRAGMENTS

1 If I should come no more,
Plum-tree, beside my door,
Forget not thou the Spring,
Faithfully blossoming.

2 Pluck the moon from out the sky,
Add a stick to hold it by —
Lo! what a pretty fan!

3 Our dish of water for the tea,
While it waited for us, see! —
Of itself, and in a trice
Has made itself a lid — of ice.

4 There is a trinity of loveliest things:
Moon, flowers — and now. . . .
To find the third. . . .

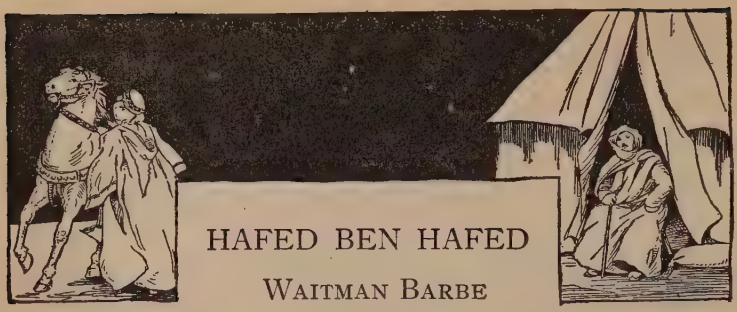
5 Whatever be our lot,
In marble palace, or in hut of straw,
We long for what is not.

6 Retreat? I tell you no!
The Samurai is like an arrow, shot
Clean from the bow,
That on its destined course returneth not!

7 Three things in this world never stay
To wait man's pleasure — fading flowers,
Rivers that seaward take their way,
And passing hours.

**Discussion.** 1. Do you think the titles are well chosen? Why? Make up titles for the seven fragments.

2. Take each poem and give it in your own words, telling what you see in each line. 3. Find lines that suggest Japan.



# HAFED BEN HAFED

WAITMAN BARBE

What do you think was the author's purpose in writing this beautiful tale? Was it to present in story form a vital truth that has a lesson for everybody? Or was it to make you see the country of Persia and its people?

[1] IT was in the reign of Malik Shah — may Allah[1] rejoice his soul — that a mysterious rider, on a white horse, galloped across the salt sands from Naishàpùr in Khorassan[2] to the tent of Hafed Ben Hafed. The stranger sat by the door of the tent, silent, till the sun went down. Then mounting his horse, he said:

"Hafed Ben Hafed, art thou content?"

And he rode away like an arrow into the night.

[2] Hafed Ben Hafed sat in his tent and pondered the words of the mysterious messenger, till the morning broke. Then he said to himself:

"No, I cannot be content until I shall have slain mine enemy and the enemy of my clan."

And he arose and went into the mountains of Khorassan. When he returned to his tent there was one less enemy of Allah and his Prophet.[3]

---

[1] **Allah** (ăl′ *à*), the Supreme Being; — the name in use among the Arabs and the Mohammedans generally.

[2] **Khorassan** (kō′ räs-sän′), a province in N.E. Persia.

[3] **Prophet,** refers to Mohammed (mō-hăm′ ĕd), Arabian prophet, founder of the Mohammedan religion.

[3] Again the mysterious rider galloped across the salt sands of Naishàpùr and stopped by the door of Hafed Ben Hafed's tent till the sun went down. Then mounting his horse, he said:

"Hafed Ben Hafed, art thou content?"

And he rode away like an arrow into the night.

[4] Hafed Ben Hafed sat in his tent and pondered the words of the mysterious messenger, till the morning broke. Then he said to himself:

"No, I cannot be content until I shall have become the ruler of the province."

And he arose and went towards the north and organized a band of soldiers. And when he returned to his tent he was accompanied by shoutings of triumph. But he refused to give up his tent on the edge of the desert for a palace in the city.

And he continued to rule over the province and became a great favorite with Malik Shah.

[5] Again the mysterious rider came across the salt sand and sat beside Hafed Ben Hafed's door till the sun went down. Then mounting his horse, he said:

"Hafed Ben Hafed, art thou content?"

And he rode away like an arrow into the night.

[6] Hafed Ben Hafed sat in his tent and pondered the words of the mysterious messenger till the morning broke. Then he said to himself:

"No, I cannot be content until I shall have founded a dynasty and planted a throne for my descendants."

Then he arose and went to Teheran.[1] . . .

When the white roses began to bloom again, and the nightingales to sing in the gardens of Persepolis,[2] the people saluted Hafed Ben Hafed as ruler and king.

[1] **Teheran** (tĕ-h'rän'), the capital of Persia, about seventy miles south of Caspian Sea.—Webster, in Pronouncing Gazetteer at end of Dictionary.

[2] **Persepolis.** Look this up in the Pronouncing Gazetteer at the end of Webster's Dictionary.

But he continued to live in his tent by the edge of the salt desert, with the door opening towards the rising sun.

[7] Again the mysterious rider galloped across the salt sands from Naishàpùr, and sat before the door of Hafed Ben Hafed till the sun went down. Then mounting his horse, he said:

"Hafed Ben Hafed, art thou content?"

And he rode away like an arrow into the night.

[8] Hafed Ben Hafed sat in his tent and pondered the words of the mysterious messenger, till the morning broke. Then he arose and went to the door of his tent, and there he found a poor child of the desert, son of the enemy of his youth, whom he had slain with all his clan, in the mountains of Khorassan.

Hafed Ben Hafed took the child into his tent and gave him dates and pomegranates and choice wine, and said unto him:

"Thou son of mine ancient enemy, thou shalt be in future mine own son."

[9] And the child of the desert went and fetched a white rose and gave it to his benefactor. And Hafed Ben Hafed said:

"Now I am content. For every drop of blood that I have shed, there shall be planted a white rose tree throughout the land of my kingdom."

[10] From that day Persia has been called the land of the white rose and the nightingale. And the mysterious rider from across the salt sands stopped no more before the door of Hafed Ben Hafed's tent.

**Discussion.** 1. Decide what you think the author's purpose was and outline your reasons. 2. How do you know that Hafed was affected by the stranger's question? 3. Which words or expressions give the local color of Persia?

4. What successive ambitions did the stranger arouse in Hafed? How did these ambitions differ? Compare with Hawthorne's *Great Stone Face.*

**Oral reading.** Have groups of ten pupils compete in reading the ten sections aloud in relay.

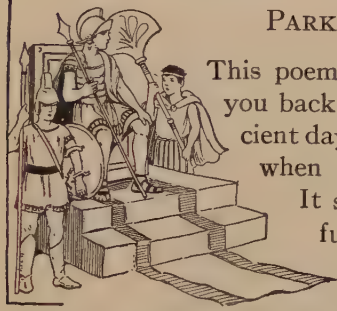
**Further reading.** **Leigh Hunt's** "Abou Ben Adhem." (Riverside Seventh Reader, p. 46.)

**Renninger, E. D.** *The Story of Rustum*, and other Persian Heroes.

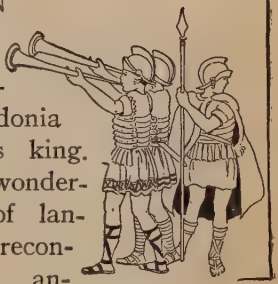
**French, H. W.** *The Lance of Kanana.*

## ALEXANDER TAMING BUCEPHALUS

PARK BENJAMIN



This poem will carry you back to the ancient days of Macedonia when Philip was king. It shows the wonderful power of language in reconstructing another age, with its strange costumes and setting.



Those with vivid imaginations will build up this whole scene before them as they read, — Philip, Philonicus, Bucephalus, Alexander —; hear the sharp commands and the hoarse applause of the armed hosts, see the royal boy Alexander brave death, — but why tell! Read for yourself:

[1] "BRING forth the steed!" — It was a level plain
Broad and unbroken as the mighty sea,
When in their prison caves the winds lie chained.
There Philip sat, pavilioned from the sun;
There, all around, thronged Macedonia's hosts,
Bannered and plumed and armed — a vast array.
There too among an undistinguished crowd,
Distinguished not himself by pomp, or dress,
Or any royal sign, save that he wore
A god-like aspect like Olympian Jove,
And perfect grace and dignity, — a youth, —

A simple youth scarce sixteen summers old,
With swift impatient step walked to and fro.
E'en from their monarch's throne, they turned to view —
Those countless congregations, — that young form;
And when he cried again, "Bring forth the steed!"
Like thunder rolled the multitudinous shout
Along the heavens, — "Live, Alexander!"

2 Then Philip waved his sceptre, — silence fell
O'er all the plain. — 'Twas but a moment's pause,
While every gleaming banner, helm, and spear
Sank down like ocean billows, when the breeze
First sweeps along and bends their silvery crests.
Ten thousand trumpets rung amid the hail
Of armies, as in victory, — "Live the King!"
And Philonicus, the Pharsalian, kneeled:
From famous Thessaly a horse he brought,
A matchless horse. Vigor and beauty strove
Like rival sculptors carving the same stone
To win the mastery; and both prevailed.
His hoofs were shod with swiftness; where he ran
Glided the ground like water; in his eye
Flashed the strange fire of spirits still untamed,
As when the desert owned him for its lord.
Mars! What a noble creature did he seem!
Too noble for a subject to bestride,
Worth gold in talents; chosen for a prince,
The most renowned and generous on earth.

3 "Obey my son, Pharsalian! Bring the steed!"
The Monarch spoke. A signal to the grooms,
And on the plain they led Bucephalus.
"Mount, vassal, mount! Why pales thy cheek with fear?

Mount — ha! art slain? Another! mount again!"
'Twas all in vain. — No hand could curb a neck
Clothed with such might and grandeur to the rein:
No thong or spur could make his fury yield. —
Now bounds he from the earth; and now he rears,
Now madly plunges, strives to rush away,
Like that strong bird — his fellow, king of air!

"Quick, take him hence," cried Philip; "he is wild!"
"Stay, father, stay! — lose not this gallant steed,
For that base grooms cannot control his ire!
Give me the bridle!" Alexander threw
His light cloak from his shoulders, and drew nigh.
The brave steed was no courtier: prince and groom
Bore the same mien to him. — He started back,
But with firm grasp the youth retained and turned
His fierce eyes from his shadow to the sun.
Then with that hand, in after years which hurled
The bolts of war among embattled hosts —
Conquered all Greece, and over Persia swayed
Imperial command, — which on Fame's Temple
Graved: "*Alexander, Victor of the World!*" —
With that same hand he smoothed the flowing mane,
Patted the glossy skin with soft caress,
Soothingly speaking in low voice the while
Lightly he vaulted to his first great strife.
How like a Centaur looked the youth and steed!
Firmly the hero sat; his glowing cheek
Flushed with the rare excitement; his high brow
Pale with a stern resolve; his glance as calm.
Untutored to obey, how raves the steed!
Champing the bit, and tossing the white foam,
And struggling to get free, that he might dart,
Swift as an arrow from the shivering bow!
The rein is loosened. "Now, Bucephalus!"

Away — away! he flies; away — away!
The multitude stood hushed in breathless awe,
And gazed into the distance. . . . Lo! a speck, —

[5] A darksome speck on the horizon! 'Tis —
'Tis he! Now it enlarges: now are seen
The horse and rider; now, with ordered pace,
The horse approaches, and the rider leaps
Down to the earth and bends his rapid pace
Unto the King's pavilion. — The wild steed,
Unled, uncalled, is following his subduer.

[6] Philip wept tears of joy: "My son, go seek
A larger empire; for so vast a soul,
Too small is Macedonia!"

**Discussion.** 1. Explain the following words: *pavilioned*,[1] *helm*,[1] *talents*,[2] *vassal*,[3] *thong*,[3] *Centaur*.[4]

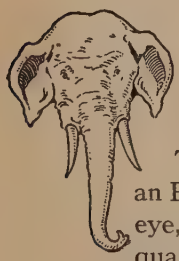
2. Briefly outline scene, characters, and chief events.

3. What is the author's purpose in writing this poem?

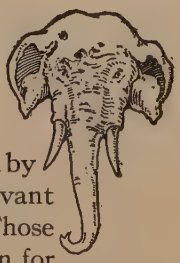
**Reference reading.** Look up Philip of Macedon and Alexander the Great in an encyclopædia or history. Find when they lived and their other adventures.

**Haaren and Poland.** *Famous Men of Greece*, pp. 210–26.

**Plutarch.** *Boys' and Girls' Plutarch*, ed. by T. S. White, pp. 420–44.



## THE ELEPHANTS THAT STRUCK



SAMUEL WHITE BAKER

The following story was written by an Englishman who had an observant eye, and was quite a traveler. Those qualities make a fine combination for a true story.

Read it now to enjoy it thoroughly:

[A 1] I REMEMBER an occasion, many years ago, when in Ceylon, I, in connection with my brother, had

organized a scheme for the development of a mountain sanitarium at Newera Ellia. We had a couple of tame elephants employed in various works; but it was necessary to obtain the assistance of the government stables for the transport of very heavy machinery, which could not be conveyed in the ordinary native carts. There were accordingly a large number of elephant wagons drawn by their colossal teams, some of which required four elephants.

[2] It was the wet season upon the mountains. Our settlement was 6,200 feet above the sea, and the zigzag pass from Ramboddê at the base of the steep ascent, was fifteen miles in length. The crest of the pass was 7,000 feet in altitude, from which we descended 800 feet to the Newera Ellia plain.

[3] The elephant wagons, having arrived at Ramboddê from Colombo, about 100 miles distant, commenced the heavy uphill journey. The rain was unceasing, the roads were soft, and the heavily laden wagons sank deeply in the ruts; but the elephants were mighty beasts, and, laying their weight against the work, they slowly dragged the vehicles up the yielding and narrow way.

[4] The abrupt zigzags bothered the long wagons and their still longer teams. The bridges over dangerous chasms entailed the necessity of unloading the heavier carts, and caused great delay. Day after day passed away; but although the ascent was slow, the wagons still moved upwards, and the region of everlasting mist (at that season) was reached. Dense forests clothed the mountain sides; the roar of waterfalls resounded in the depths of black ravines; tangled bamboo grass crept upwards from the wet soil into the lower branches of the moss-covered trees, and formed a green curtain impenetrable to sight.

B 5 The thermometer fell daily as the altitude increased. The elephants began to sicken; two fine animals died. There was plenty of food, as the bamboo grass was the natural provender, and in the carts was a good supply of paddy; but the elephants' intelligence was acting against them — they had reasoned, and had become despondent.

6 For nine or ten days they had been exposed to ceaseless wet and cold, dragging their unmanageable wagons up a road that even in dry weather was insufficient to sustain the weight. The wheels sank deep below the metal foundation, and became hopelessly imbedded. Again and again the wagons had to be emptied of their contents, and extra elephants were taken from the other carts and harnessed to the empty wagons, which were by sheer weight of animals dragged from the deep mire.

7 Thus the time had passed, and the elephants had evidently reasoned upon the situation, and had concluded that there was no summit to the mountain, and no end to the steep and horrible ascent; it would be, therefore, useless to persevere in unavailing efforts. They determined, under these heart-breaking circumstances, to strike work; — and they did strike.

C 8 One morning a couple of the elephant drivers appeared at my house in Newera Ellia, and described the situation. They declared that it was absolutely impossible to induce the elephants to work; they had given it up as a bad job!

9 I immediately mounted my horse and rode up the pass, and then descended the road upon the other side, timing the distance by my watch. Rather under two miles from the summit I found the road completely blocked with elephant carts and wagons; the animals were grazing upon bamboo grass in the thick forest; the rain was drizzling, and a thick mist increased the misery

of the scene. I ordered four elephants to be harnessed to a cart intended for only one animal. This was quickly effected, and the drivers were soon astride the animals' necks, and prodded them with the persuasive iron hooks. Not an elephant would exert itself to draw. In vain the drivers, with relentless cruelty, drove the iron points deep into the poor brutes' necks and heads, and used every threat of their vocabulary; the only response was a kind of "marking time" on the part of the elephants, which simply moved their legs mechanically up and down, and swung their trunks to and fro; but none would pull or exert the slightest power, neither did they move forward a single inch!

10 I never saw such an instance of passive and determined obstinacy; the case was hopeless.

D 11 An idea struck me. I ordered the drivers to detach the four elephants from the harness, and to ride them thus unfettered up the pass, following behind my horse. It appeared to me that if the elephants were heartbroken, and in despair at the apparently interminable mountain pass, it would be advisable to let them know the actual truth, by showing them that they were hardly two miles from the summit, where they would exchange their uphill labor for a descent into Newera Ellia; they should then have an extra feed, with plenty of jaggery (a coarse brown sugar). If they passed an agreeable night, with the best food and warm quarters, they would possibly return on the following day to their work, and with lighter hearts would put their shoulders to the wheel, instead of yielding to a dogged attitude of despair.

12 The success of this ruse was perfect. The elephants accompanied me to Newera Ellia; and were well fed and cared for. On the following day we returned to the heavy work, and I myself witnessed their start with

the hitherto unyielding wagon. Not only did they exert their full powers, and drag the lumbering load straight up the fatiguing hill without the slightest hesitation, but their example, or some unaccountable communication between them, appeared to give general encouragement. I employed the most willing elephants as extras to each wagon, which they drew to the summit of the pass, and then returned to assist the others, — thus completing what had been pronounced by the drivers as utterly impossible. There can be no doubt that the elephants had at once perceived the situation, and in consequence recovered their lost courage.

**Discussion.** 1. Have you ever noticed that people who observe carefully and have traveled much are interesting to listen to in conversation? Why? 2. Could a person travel and yet not be an interesting conversationalist? What qualities are needed to make a person interesting in conversation?

3. Which would you rather have — an observant eye or a ready tongue? Why?

4. What point of resemblance is there between this story and the poem, "The Lion Path," on page 363?

**Supervised speed drills.** The whole class will begin reading at the same time to find the details given in a lettered section, when your teacher announces the letter and the question:

*First rapid scanning*

**A.** Find all the difficulties.
**B.** Find the elephants' reasoning and what they did.
**C.** Find everything that was done to break the strike.
**D.** Find all the details telling how the strike was broken.

*Second rapid scanning* (written)

**A–D.** Find the words or expressions that give local color.

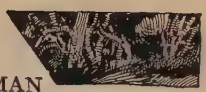
**Reference reading.** (*a*) The intelligence and work of elephants; (*b*) India, — its climate, typography, and industries.

**Further reading.** **Kipling's** *Jungle Book*, pp. 217–61.

**Duncan, S. J.** *Story of Sonny Sahib.*

"An English boy rescued from the Cawnpore massacre is brought up at a native court in North India. Excellent story and picture of life in the East."

## THE LION PATH



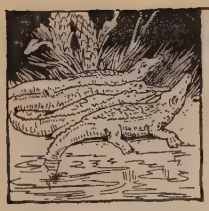
CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

Which person would be worth knowing? Why?

1 I DARE not! —
Look! the road is very dark —
The trees stir softly and the bushes shake,
The long grass rustles, and the darkness moves
Here! there! beyond —!
There's something crept across the road just now!
And you would have me go —?
Go *there*, through that live darkness, hideous
With stir of crouching forms that wait to kill?
Ah, *look!* See there! and there! and there again!
Great yellow, glassy eyes, close to the ground!
Look! Now the clouds are lighter I can see
The long slow lashing of the sinewy tails,
And the set quiver of strong jaws that wait —!
Go there? Not I! Who dares to go who sees
So perfectly the lions in the path?

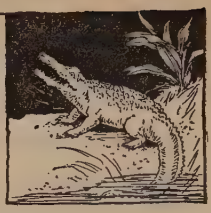
2 Comes one who dares.
Afraid at first, yet bound
On such high errand as no fear could stay.
Forth goes he, with lions in his path.
And then —? He dared a death of agony —
Outnumbered battle with the king of beasts —
Long struggles in the horror of the night —
Dared, and went forth to meet — O ye who fear!
Finding an empty road, and nothing there —
A wide, bare, common road, with homely fields,
And fences, and the dusty roadside trees —
Some spitting kittens, maybe, in the grass.

Read Sill's "Opportunity" and tell how it is like this poem.



# CAPTURING AN ALLIGATOR

OSWALD KENDALL



This story is an incident from the book, *The Romance of the Martin Connor*, the pages of which swarm with adventures even more thrilling than this one on the Amazon River. You will find as you read the story that the characters stand out with a good deal of distinctness — certainly their actions do!

[1] THERE was a marked increase in the number of alligators, and the forest sounds at night were louder and more insistent. Strips of sandy beach would sometimes line the bank, and upon these were invariably to be seen one or more alligators — or crocodiles, we did not know which — looking for all the world like tree-trunks. Wilfred was devising an angling apparatus for catching one of these *saurian monstrosities;* and he gave forth the astonishing information that an alligator's eye-teeth, when ground to powder and applied as *a hot compress*, were *an infallible cure* for rheumatism; whereat Mr. McLushley affirmed that an alligator's eye-teeth, when not ground to powder but in full working order, were an infallible cure for all the ills that man is heir to. In speaking of these creatures do not think that I mean anything like the *caymans of Florida.* The Amazon edition is in strict proportion with the size and ferocity of the country, and once hooked would need a *steam winch* and *a wire warp* to shift him. They were the most repulsive-looking objects, and they existed in such swarms as to make the river bank a place of great

danger. The Indians, with whom we were in frequent contact, went in continual dread of the monsters, which, according to them, knew no fear. It was their fearless reputation, I think, that inspired Wilfred with his idea. For it was not the little cook's intention to kill an alligator; he proposed to capture one alive and take it home with us in a cage on deck. The scheme was ambitious.

[2] "Do you mean that you want one as a sort of pet?" inquired Captain Hawks with a grin.

The captain and Wilfred and myself happened to be alone on the bridge, so we dropped back to the familiar attitude toward one another born of long friendship.

"Well, I don't suppose I'll be able to lead 'im round with a string like a Fido dorg," said Wilfred, "but we could fix 'im up in a cage on the harfter main-deck — once we'd got 'im."

"And how do you mean to get him?" asked Captain Hawks, — "put salt on his tail or just whistle?"

"You let me 'ave the use of a few men, a boat, one of them there arfter shore-lines and a winch and Hi will get 'im aboard," answered Wilfred with emphasis.

"All right, I will," replied the captain, "just to see how you will do it!" And he grinned down at the little Englishman with the affection of long intimacy.

[3] As a matter of fact, my commander's reasons for giving his permission were three-fold. He wanted to oblige Wilfred, for whom he entertained a sincere respect; he wanted, out of curiosity, to see how Wilfred would manage it; and none knew better than he the necessity for some recreation among a community of hard-working men penned up in a ship in a murderous climate.

[4] So a cage capable of retaining a mad elephant was forthwith constructed upon the after main-deck by the

carpenter and 'Arry Ketchold, Wilfred giving shrill advice. Then a running noose was fashioned in a stout manila line which, in turn, was bent to a short strip composed of a hundred strands of the best hemp cord, not twisted together, but placed in juxtaposition, and bound at intervals of a few feet. These thin lines would thus — so it was thought — slip between the alligator's teeth when he tried to bite the line. The thin lines in turn were bent to a ring to which was made fast the sister-hooks at the end of a long wire cable running to one of the cargo derricks. The appliance was sailor-like and efficient and would have lifted fifty alligators once it was attached to them

[5] The affair was strictly Wilfred's. He was in command of the operation, and the entire ship trembled with excited expectation. There was no difficulty in finding an alligator; the difficulty was, once we started, to prevent the alligator finding us. Within a hundred yards of the ship at anchor was a sandbank upon which four large alligators lay prone and half regarding us with the unfearing insolence of savage wild animals that have only regarded the infrequent men they have encountered as possible food and not as worthy enemies; for the Indians had no weapons capable of really dealing with such creatures. This, of course, does not refer to the Blowgun Indians; but we were many miles from the Blowgun Indians' country.

[6] A boat put off quietly from the ship containing Wilfred in the bows, in command, and with his lariat paid out astern alongside the boat and attached by the sister-hooks to the wire, the weight and pull of the latter being taken without effort by 'Arry Ketchold. Timothy Hanks steered, while I stood by Wilfred's side with a rifle for defensive purposes in case anything miscarried. Softly and slowly we drifted down to the alligators,

Wilfred signing his commands to the gravely smiling Timothy Hanks. He picked out one that was reposing, or rather just awakening, some forty yards from the others, and which was lying at an angle, thus allowing us to approach and avoid his tail as much as possible. Hardly a man in the boat drew breath, and the four men at the oars were ready to go full astern with all the strength of eight muscular arms. We came so silently and so imperceptibly that the alligator either did not see, or did not consider us worthy of his attention; for it must be recollected that in that game-swarming country man is at a discount. Suddenly, however, the alligator realised how close we were, and the large ship's boat may have appeared suddenly formidable to him then, for he whisked round amid a great upheaval of sand and water and presented an open mouth that was a shock to behold. Then he came for us.

"Full astern and 'ard a-port!" yelled Wilfred, and the boat slid round. "'Old 'er!" he added in a screech of delighted excitement.

[7] The alligator was now within three feet of our bows, but our sudden change of position disconcerted him, and he snapped together his gigantic jaws with a crack like the shutting of steel doors. It was at that precise moment that Wilfred positively drew — not threw — the noose over the beast's head, and he would have toppled over had I not dropped my rifle and snatched him back by the slack of his patched pants. As he fell back into the boat he clapped the whistle to his mouth and blew, while I yelled to our men to go astern for our lives.

The boat shot backwards, and the waiting donkeyman on board the ship started his winch the very second the whistle sounded, and the line came tight round the alligator's neck and just abaft the eight great lumps he carries there for some mysterious purpose of his own.

[8] He was both an astonished and a very angry alligator, and to put it precisely, we had to get out of the way. If you have ever seen a really large alligator really angry and thoroughly surprised, you will appreciate what I say when I explain that we literally fled to the ship while the most extraordinary commotion commenced in the water. If you can imagine a torpedo miraculously imbued with intelligence and filled with appalled and devastating rage, you will imagine a little of what we saw. The river Amazon was not half big enough for that alligator. He went for the sandbank and the wire brought him up with what must have been a nasty jar, and the winch drawing him backwards raised him high on his after legs for a moment. Then he cast himself sideways, like a falling tree, and quite illogically he went for his friends. But again the wire brought him up sharp, and the slack being now gathered in, he was drawn with a sudden jerk off the sandbank and into the river toward the ship. He darted upstream, then down-stream, and in a sudden mania of rage fell to rolling round and round snapping powerfully at the rope. But he could get no hold on the hundred strands of twine, and whatever he did the inexorable winch drew him swiftly to the ship.

[9] Meanwhile the evening air was filled with the yells, shouts, and whistles of every man present, punctuated by the heavy reports of the alligator's tail hitting the water. Provided that the noose held and did not slip, he was ours, or rather Wilfred's, and Wilfred whooped and coughed, and cackled and crowed and danced in the bows of our boat. As the inevitable wire drew the alligator, rolling and plunging and lashing, to the ship, our excitement grew positively painful. Then, for an indescribable space of time, the alligator was in the air, rising sky-wards, and doubling and twisting in a manner

that made him fearful to behold. The derrick came clanking round with the same blind precision that would have marked its exact action had the alligator been a grand piano or half a ton of hay; and with the skilled neatness of long practice the donkeyman deposited that raging alligator in the roofless cage which had been prepared for its reception.

[10] We, in the boat, went aboard like monkeys, and every man in the ship crowded round the cage, while a man poised above unshackled the sister-hooks and endeavored to disengage the noose from the reptile below him. Our captive had not too much room, but we had given him as much space as we could afford, and he filled that space completely and almost simultaneously in mad rushes to get at us, snapping his terrific jaws and pounding the iron deck with his prodigious after parts in great ringing thuds. He did not know what fear was, that alligator; and the trying experience he had just gone through and the surrounding number of his enemies in no way dismayed him.

[11] Wilfred went dancing round, butting into all indiscriminately, extolling the virtues and beauties of his pet in the high shrill whoops of great exhilaration. He flung a large lump of pork into the cage, but the alligator was not looking for food; his spirit and his body demanded red revenge; and his implacable, unconquerable ferocity gained, not only our respect, but almost our affection. All through the night the alligator snapped his jaws and refused even to look at food that was offered him. On one side of the cage was a wooden trough just deep enough for him to lie in, while a short strip of hose from a deck hydrant enabled Wilfred to keep his pet in a healthy state of dampness. The reptile was, of course, a great source of interest to us all, and its refusal to take food at first caused much anxiety

throughout the ship, and a genuine sigh of relief went up when Wilfred announced, two days later:

"Percy is able to sit up and take a little nourishment. 'E's eaten sixty-two pounds of fresh manatee!"

[12] "We are coming on," said Captain Hawks to me. "We gathered in a dog at Para, then an Indian minus one leg, and now a very well-equipped alligator — or crocodile; don't know which. We should be a full ship's company by the end of the cruise at this rate."

**First reading.** 1. Tell how they captured the alligator. 2. How do you know that Wilfred, the Englishman, was uneducated? 3. Has the author a sense of humor? How do you know?

**Rapid scanning.** Find topics for sections 1–3, 4–5, 6–9, 10–11, and 12.

**Reference reading.** (*a*) How alligators, crocodiles, and caymans differ; (*b*) Brazil — its typography and industries.

**Further reading.** Get Kendall's *Romance of the Martin Connor* from the library and read it to find what the captain referred to in section 12.

**A personal preference project:** *Making an outline* (10th month.)

I. *Selection of ten favorites.* On the following pages you will find lists of articles, essays, etc. — all kinds of informational reading:

Home and Community..... page 37
Outdoor Life..... page 107
The World of Work..... page 211
Our History in Literature..... page 302
Travel in Other Lands..... page 371

(*a*) For each of the five lists select the two titles that you have liked the best. Arrange them as sub-topics under their main topic. Use the title of the section as the main topic. Always put the selection that you like best in a section as No. I.

(*b*) Expand your outline by adding under each title two good reasons why you liked the selection. Letter these sub-points *a* and *b*.

I. Home and Community.

(title of selection)

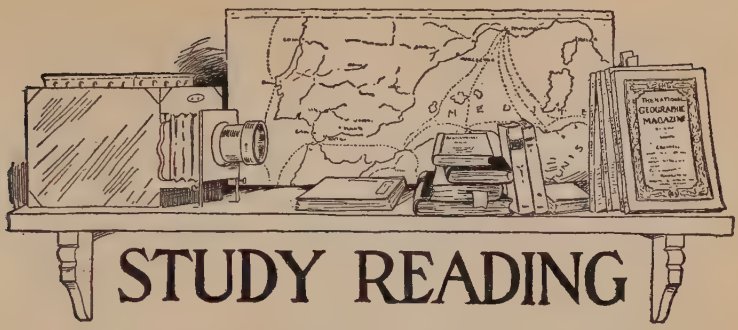
I. .....

(reason)

*a*. .....

(reason)

*b*. .....




# STUDY READING

LEARNING TO ENJOY

**Essays, Test, and Reference Articles**


| | Page | | Page |
|---|---|---|---|
| The Feast of Dolls (Japan) | *Alice M. Bacon* 371 | Finding One's Way in the Arctic | *Vilhjalmur Stefansson* 384 |
| Murillo's Boys (Spain) | *Estelle M. Hurll* 376 | Ants (Japan) | *Lafcadio Hearn* 386 |
| The River of Doubt (South America) | *William Roscoe Thayer* 380 | The Wonders of the World | *The Scrap Book* 388 |
| | | Things to do at the Library | 391 |


## THE FEAST OF DOLLS

ALICE M. BACON

**Reference lesson before reading.** Look up the following topics in an encyclopedia or other reference books. Then you will be better able to appreciate the customs described in this article.

1. Japanese customs: dress, food, feasts, visiting
2. Dolls of different countries

As you read, notice the words that are peculiar to Japan. These give what we call *local color*. You can frequently guess what they mean from the sentences where they are used. If you cannot guess, how could you find their meaning?

What do you think were the most interesting things seen on this visit?

[1] OUR vacation began on Wednesday, and in the morning Miné and I went out to see Yuki at her

country house, where she was spending a day or two. She and her husband with servants and children moved back and forth between city and country houses in the most surprising and independent manner. The house is entirely finished now, though as yet only partly furnished, and its master takes great delight in it, and spends all his holidays there with his wife and children. He roams about the place, overseeing the workmen who are laying out the grounds, and Yuki takes walks with the children, and enjoys the freedom from the restraint that her social position entails upon her in the city. When we reached the gate, we found her at the head of a train of children and nurses, just starting for a walk. A very picturesque sight they were, Yuki so bright and pretty in her soft-colored Japanese garments, and the five little ones, in their many-hued, quaint, wide-sleeved robes, dancing back and forth and around her like so many butterflies. They were tumbling over each other and their mother like five unruly puppies, and were enjoying themselves in the most uproarious manner. We found that they were on their way down into the fields to gather a plant that is used here to mix into a kind of cake, so Miné and I joined the company and wandered about, talking with Yuki and watching the children, who were very busy grubbing up all sorts of plants and bringing them to their mother to pronounce judgment upon. Bot'chan had the services of a policeman (his father's bodyguard), who carried him over the ditches and helped him to find the plants, while the little girls were attended by their nurses, so we had nothing to do but enjoy ourselves.

[2] Miné stayed to lunch, but as I was on horseback, I was obliged to go home and change my dress and come out again in my *kuruma*, for we were going that afternoon to see the feast of dolls at the house of one of the

Tokugawa *daimios*. Miné has an aunt who is one of the ladies in waiting in the house, and through her Miné secured permission to bring me to see the ancestral dolls when the feast came around to that house.

[3] Most of Japan celebrated the feast a month ago, but at this Tokugawa Yashiki they are so conservative that they do not keep the national feasts by the new calendar, but begin their year just when the rest of Japan would be beginning it now, if Commodore Perry had never put them into communication with the outside world; and their feasts come trailing along a month or two after the same celebration in more modernized houses. In this house, more than in almost any other in Tokyo, one finds the old-time etiquette kept up, and so little have the recent changes affected the lives of the dwellers within this quiet place, that many of the ladies in the house have probably never seen a foreigner in their lives until the day when I called upon them. Miné gave me a little instruction in the art of getting down on my knees and putting my forehead on the floor, but the present style of American dress makes it very hard to do the thing gracefully, and my joints are a good deal too stiff to allow me to be comfortable during the process. However, I did it after a fashion, and felt very much like a fool in doing it, but it seemed necessary for me to show my appreciation of the kindness that had been shown me by being polite in some manner that my entertainers could recognize. Our good manners are so undemonstrative that only a very much foreignized Japanese can discover that we have any at all, and the usual result of an effort here in Japan to copy foreign manners is a complete disregard of all rules of politeness, whether Japanese or foreign.

[4] Well, to go back to our feast of dolls — after much groveling and doubling up to the many waiting women

who came to the door to receive us, we were ushered into the room where the dolls were set out. There were five or six red-covered shelves, arranged like a flight of steps, running the whole length of the long room — about twenty feet I should think — and these were completely filled with dolls and their belongings, some of them hundreds of years old. The dolls were, for the most part, effigies of the Emperor and Empress, and the five court musicians, though there were some of lower rank, but they were not as interesting to me as the delightful little dishes and utensils illustrating perfectly all the furnishings of Japanese homes. Many of the things were of solid silver, most delicately wrought; others were of beautiful lacquer, with the Tokugawa crest upon them. There was a lacquered *norimono*, such as great people always used until the overthrow of the *shogunate* and the introduction of the foreign style of coach, and a lacquered bullock cart, the Emperor's private conveyance in early times. Such a collection of toys would be a delightful thing to take to America, for it is historical, and has been making for hundreds of years, and illustrates ancient as well as recent Japanese life.

[5] Before each Emperor and Empress was set a fine Japanese dinner on tiny lacquered trays, with cups, bowls, chopsticks, and plates, all complete, and each dish containing its proper food. There was the little *saké* pot, filled with the sweet, white *saké* that is brewed especially for this feast; there was the big rice bowl with its spoon beside it, and everything ready for their majesties to step down and eat. The food is renewed three times a day for three days, and then the feast of dolls is over, and the dolls and their belongings are carefully packed and put away in the fireproof storehouses where all valuables are kept.

[6] When we had finished looking at the dolls and had partaken first of coffee and then of tea, because we were afraid that it would not be polite to refuse either beverage, word was sent that the master and mistress of the house would like to see us. We were conducted to a waiting room, where fortunately there were chairs, so I felt more at home than I had when sitting on the floor, and there we waited for some time. By Miné's advice I had brought with me a present for the master of the house, of American photographs, some of them views of the city of Washington, and others of Colorado scenery, and these we had sent in upon our arrival. While we were waiting for my lord and my lady to appear, domestics served us with tea and *sushi* or rice sandwiches, and the year-old baby was brought in and exhibited. At last there was a rustle of silken garments in the long corridor, and the *daimio*, a young man of about twenty, in Japanese costume, appeared, with his wife, who looked very much like a child herself. She is, by the way, the younger daughter of the last of the Shoguns. The young man spoke a little English, and made an effort at conversation. I do not try my Japanese yet with great people, as I am afraid that I shall not be polite enough, though I can get along pretty well now with servants and shopkeepers.

[7] At last the *daimio* wished to know whether I had brought my dog, and when I said that he was without the honorable gate, or rather when Miné had said it for me, the party adjourned to the porch to watch him while I threw sticks for him and made him beg for sponge cake. The little wife was so pleased that she seized the astonished Bruce about the neck and embraced him, entirely regardless of her elegant crape dress, and then we went off, Bruce trotting behind my *kuruma*, fairly covered with glory. Miné's aunt had been much pleased

with Bruce when she saw him go through his tricks in my parlor, and I think I owe my invitation to visit at that house to her glowing accounts of my wonderful dog.

[8] I was given, in return for my photographs, a baby doll creeping on all fours, dressed in crape; a black and white puppy with raw-silk hair; a silk-covered box; and a chopstick case of silk. The doll is an uncommonly nice one, of Kyoto workmanship, and quite old. All the *sushi* that I had been unable to eat were sent out to my *kuruma*, neatly done up in white paper.

**Further reading.** **Bacon, Alice M.** *Japanese Girls and Women.*

**Johnston, L. E.** *China and Japan.*
"Devoted largely to everyday life, especially games and stories of children."

**Murai, Gensai.** *Kibun Daizen.*
"Story of a beggar lad who became the leading merchant of Japan. Based on the life of a popular Japanese hero and written by a Japanese."

## MURILLO'S BOYS — SPAIN

ESTELLE M. HURLL

When you read a travel article, you will usually find interesting accounts of people, places, and things all mixed up together. While this article is really a little talk on art, it gives such a pleasing picture gallery of Spain that it is like a travel article.

Read through the article; then outline all you remember under five heads. Tell which interested you most.

| *Places in Spain* | *People in Spain* | *Murillo* | *Murillo's picture — the boy in the window* | *Art — in general* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | |

[1] THE country of Spain has in former times contributed much that is beautiful to the art and literature of the world. Some of our great men of letters, like Washington Irving, Longfellow, and Lowell, have drawn inspiration from its storied past. The most celebrated Spanish painters lived in the seventeenth century, and among them was Murillo, of whose picture "The Boy at the Window" we are going to read.

[2] Murillo passed the most of his life in his native city of Seville, which is at the southern end of Spain. In his time, the city was called "the glory of the Spanish realms." Great nobles and rich merchants lived there, and from its ports trade was carried on with all parts of the world. It was adorned with splendid buildings and public squares, and surrounded by beautiful gardens.

[3] Now the public buildings of this time were not only fine to look upon on the outside, but they were made glorious within by the paintings on the walls. This was especially the case with churches, monasteries, and hospitals, and there was a great demand for pictures of religious subjects suitable to adorn such buildings. Most of Murillo's works were pictures of this kind. They were not only great works of art, but they were also full of religious feeling.

[4] Nearly all the orders which Murillo received for paintings were, as we have seen, for religious pictures to decorate churches and monasteries. There was, however, another class of pictures which he painted apparently for his own pleasure, and as a means of improvement in his art. These were studies of street children and beggars. Such works are known as *genre*[1] pictures, because they reproduce directly the scenes of common life, just as they are found by the artist.

[1] Pronounced zhäN'r'. Applied to paintings of scenes from everyday life.

[5] The city of Seville, where Murillo lived, was full of picturesque scenes at every turn. In southern Spain the common people spend much of their time in the open air, chatting in street and market-place, and lounging in doorways and windows. They are a rather indolent race, good-natured, full of fun, and easily pleased. They are a handsome people too, with rich olive skins, brilliant dark eyes, and glossy black hair. The bright colors which they love set off their charms.

[6] Murillo was a keen observer of people and things. As he came and went through the streets, his quick eye caught here a smiling face, there a stalwart figure, yonder an effective sash or shawl: the city was full of life and color.

[7] It was no doubt during some of his strolls about the city that he chanced to see this jolly little boy leaning on a window ledge. There was something going on in the street which amused the little fellow mightily, and a broad grin appeared on the round face. Quite unconsciously he made a charming picture, and in a single glance the painter took in the scene and resolved to put it on canvas.

[8] Nowadays a boy leaning out of a window is pretty sure to be caught by the snap-shot of some camera. Something of the same sort befell the boy of our story on this day, long before the invention of photography. The painter's eye could take a snap-shot almost as quickly as a camera, and the picture was photographed on his memory. When he actually began to paint it, no doubt the boy himself was called in, that the artist might study the face more carefully.

[9] He is a happy-go-lucky little fellow with nothing to do all day but to laugh and grow fat. There are no lessons to puzzle his brain and no schoolmaster's floggings to fear. There was no "compulsory edu-

cation" in these long-ago days. Life is one long holiday, and if he is sometimes hungry he is not the boy to cry for a little thing like that. Something is sure to turn up by and by. In the mean time there are plenty of ways to amuse one's self. One might even stay all day at the window and find something to see.

[10] Little donkeys patter by over the cobblestones, laden with huge panniers of straw or charcoal. A guitar-player strolls along, thrumming the strings of his instrument to accompany the love song which he sings. Fruit-venders pass, bearing their heaped-up baskets and calling aloud their wares. Perhaps a nobleman may chance to come this way and will toss him a coin.

[11] Such are some of the figures which we may imagine passing by the face at the window. It is a round little face, lighted by dancing black eyes which are full of innocent mischief. The boy has a snub nose and a large mouth. His parted lips show a gleaming row of teeth. The Spanish are noted for their fine white teeth, and a witty traveler has said, "They are quite capable of laughing on purpose to show them." The child's black hair is so glossy that the light is reflected from it as from a polished surface. His blouse is slipping down on one side, and we see his plump neck and shoulders. In this warm climate the poor people go about half clad.

[12] We like to think that the boy and the painter grew to be friends. As there are other pictures of the same child, we feel sure he must have been a frequent visitor at the studio. An open-hearted, confiding little fellow like this could not fail to win the heart of the genial Murillo, whom everybody loved. A useful little friend, too, the boy proved to be; it was good practice for the painter to study the well-shaped head and plump neck and shoulders. An artist can teach himself a great deal by painting the same model in different positions.

[13] Such *genre* pictures as this were very helpful to Murillo as preparatory studies for his great historical pictures. In some of these he had large companies of people to paint. Now when an artist paints a crowd he can make it more natural and life-like if he puts in people he has actually seen. So with Murillo. When he painted the large companies in his historical pictures, he filled in with the same figures he had already painted from life in his *genre* studies. There is, for instance, a large painting of the Israelites at the rock of Horeb,[1] in which you can easily make out a boy in the crowd much like this Boy at the Window. Thus the painter knew how to adapt the material which lay around him to the various purposes of his art.

**Further reading.** Look up Murillo in the *encyclopedia*.

**Bacon, Mrs. D. M.** *Pictures Every Child Should Know.* "Lives of 43 painters, with reproductions of their works."

**Hurll, Estelle M.** *Riverside Art Series* (No. 6 — Murillo). "Fifteen pictures, with a description of each."

## THE RIVER OF DOUBT

### William Roscoe Thayer

**Outlining.** Arrange the following account of Roosevelt's discovery of the River of Doubt in an outline with topics and sub-points.

[1] Roosevelt decided to make one more trip for hunting and exploration. As he could not go to the North Pole, he said, because that would be poaching on Peary's field, he selected South America.

[2] He had long wished to visit the Southern Continent, and invitations to speak at Rio Janeiro and at Buenos Aires, gave him an excuse for setting out.

[1] This is the large painting in the Hospital of Charity, Seville, usually called Moses Striking the Rock. The figure referred to is a boy at the extreme right end drinking from the vessel which is held to his lips.

[3] He started with the distinct purpose of collecting animal and botanical specimens, this time for the American Museum of Natural History in New York, which provided two trained naturalists to accompany him. His son Kermit, toughened by the previous adventure, went also.

[4] Having paid his visits and seen the civilized parts of Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, he ascended the Paraguay River, and then struck across the plateau which divides its watershed from that of the tributaries of the Amazon. For he proposed to make his way through an unexplored region in Central Brazil, and to reach the outposts of civilization on the Great River.

[5] The Brazilian Government had informed him that by the route he had chosen, he would meet a large river — the River of Doubt — by which he could descend to the Amazon.

[6] There were some twenty persons, including a dozen or fifteen native rowers and pack-bearers, in his party. They had canoes and dugouts, supplies of food for about forty days, and a carefully chosen outfit.

[7] With high hopes, they put their craft into the water and moved down stream. But on the fourth day, they found rapids ahead. And from that time on, they were constantly obliged to land and carry their dugouts and stores round a cataract.

[8] The peril of being swept over the falls was always imminent, and as the trail, which constituted their portages, had to be cut through the matted forest, their labors were increased. In the first eleven days, they progressed only sixty miles. No one knew the distance they would have to traverse, nor how long the river would be broken by falls and cataracts, before it came down into the plain of the Amazon.

[9] Some of their canoes were smashed on the rocks. Two of the natives were drowned. They watched their provisions shrink. Contrary to their expectations, the forest had almost no animals. If they could shoot a monkey or a monster lizard, they rejoiced at having a little fresh meat.

[10] Tropical insects bit them day and night and caused inflammation and even infection. Man-eating fish lived in the river, making it dangerous for the men when they tried to cool their inflamed bodies by a swim.

[11] Most of the party had malaria, and could be kept going only by large doses of quinine. Roosevelt, while in the water, wounded his leg on a rock; inflammation set in, and prevented him from walking, so that he had to be carried across the portages.

[12] The physical strength of the party, sapped by sickness and fatigue, was visibly waning. Still the cataracts continued to impede their progress and to add terribly to their toil. The supply of food had shrunk so much, that the rations were restricted, and amounted to little more than enough to keep the men able to go forward slowly.

[13] Then fever attacked Roosevelt, and they had to wait a few days, because he was too weak to be moved. He besought them to leave him behind and hurry along to safety, because every day they delayed consumed their diminishing store of food, and they might all die of starvation.

[14] They refused to leave him, however, and a change for the better in his condition came soon. They moved forward. At last they left the rapids behind them, and could drift and paddle on the unobstructed river.

[15] Roosevelt lay in the bottom of a dugout, shaded by a bit of canvas put up over his head, and too weak from sickness even to splash water on his face; for he was

almost fainting from the muggy heat and the tropical sunshine.

[16] Forty-eight days after they began their voyage on the River of Doubt, they saw a peasant, a rubber-gatherer, the first human being they had met. Thenceforward they journeyed without incident.

[17] The River of Doubt flowed into the larger river, Madeira, where they found a steamer which took them to Manaos on the Amazon.

[18] During the homeward voyage, Roosevelt slowly recovered his strength, but he had never again the iron physique with which he had embarked the year before. The Brazilian Wilderness stole away ten years of his life.

[19] He found on his return home that some geographers and South American explorers laughed at his story of the River of Doubt. He laughed, too, at their incredulity; and presently the Brazilian Government, having established the truth of his exploration and named the river after him, *Rio Teodoro*, his laughter prevailed. He took real satisfaction in having placed on the map of Central Brazil, a river six hundred miles long.

*Arranged by Frances J. Olcott.*

**Reference reading.** *Encyclopedia and geography.* Look up Brazil and make a sketch showing the places mentioned.

**Hagedorn, Hermann.** *Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt.*

**Lane, M. A. L.** *Strange Lands near Home.*
"Reprints from the *Youth's Companion*, giving sketches of Mexico, the West Indies, and little known countries of South America."

**Roosevelt, Theodore.** *Letters to His Children.*
"Letters written during a period of more than twenty years. Most of them are addressed to the children, and a few have been included written to relatives and intimate friends, about the children."

**Fairgrieve, James, and Young, Ernest.** *Homes Far Away.*

## FINDING ONE'S WAY IN THE ARCTIC

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Read rapidly what the explorer says so that you can retell it accurately:

[1] WE were in a country which none of us had previously seen, and there were no river courses or landmarks that could be thoughtlessly followed away from camp with the assurance that you could, with equal thoughtlessness, follow them back again. In that sort of weather it is a matter of the closest observation and the most careful reckoning to find your way home to camp.

[2] As you advance you must notice the speed with which you are walking and the time you are proceeding in any given direction, and you must know exactly at what angle to the wind you are traveling. Furthermore, you must check the wind occasionally, either by your pocket compass or by a snowdrift on the ground, to see that it is not changing, for an unnoticed change in the wind would throw otherwise careful reckoning completely out of gear.

[3] The method of such a hunt, if you are leaving a camp in unknown topography, is first to walk around the hill — for our hunting camps are commonly on high hilltops — and examine each face of the hill carefully enough so that you feel sure that if you strike any point of it within half a mile of camp you will recognize it on the return. When the topography of the half-mile square or so surrounding camp has been memorized, you strike out, perhaps, right into the wind or, perhaps, at an angle of 45 or 90 degrees to it, and travel straight for an hour or

two hours, according to the degree of confidence you have in your ability to get back. If no game has been found, you turn at some known angle (commonly a right angle) to your original course and walk in that direction a carefully estimated distance, perhaps as far as you did in the first direction. If then nothing has been found you turn again, and if you this time also make a right-angle turn, it is easy to calculate at what time you are opposite camp and one hour or two hours' walk away from it. Turning a third right angle will face you directly for camp, and if you have been careful you will land within half a mile of your mark, or within the area which you memorized before starting. But should you miss it, you will know, at any rate, at what time you are close to it, and by carefully thinking the matter out you will see how to walk around in circles or squares of continually increasing size until you find a place you know. — *Harper's Magazine.*

**Discussion.** What precautions are suggested to prevent one from getting lost?

**A review project:** *Finding one's preferences* (8th month).

*I. Selection of favorite stories and poems.* (*a*) For each list of selections given on the following pages select your favorite story and your favorite poem, a story and a poem from each list.


| | |
|---|---|
| Home and Neighborhood.....page 1 | Our History in Literature.....page 263 |
| Outdoor Life.....page 57 | Travels in Other Lands.....page 349 |
| The World of Work.....page 169 | Humor.....page 392 |


(*b*) Next, rearrange your five stories in order of preference, putting the story that you like the best of all at the top; then, the one that you like next best, and so on. (*c*) Arrange the poems in the same way.

*II. Reports on selections:* one-minute talks. Make an outline in which to tell why you liked best the story and the poem that you have chosen to put at the head of each list.

*III. A recommendation to another class.* Write a letter to a boy or girl in another class, telling the titles of the two selections and giving the reasons for your preferences.

## ANTS

LAFCADIO HEARN

Read the following selection as rapidly as you can, but get the details of the story.

[1] IN the province of Taishū, in China, there was a pious man who, every day, during many years, fervently worshiped a certain goddess. One morning, while he was engaged in his devotions, a beautiful woman, wearing a yellow robe, came into his chamber and stood before him. He, greatly surprised, asked her what she wanted, and why she had entered unannounced. She answered: "I am not a woman: I am the goddess whom you have so long and so faithfully worshiped; and I have now come to prove to you that your devotion has not been in vain. . . . Are you acquainted with the language of Ants?" The worshiper replied: "I am only a low-born and ignorant person, — not a scholar; and of the language of superior men I know nothing."

[2] At these words the goddess smiled, and drew from her bosom a little box. She opened the box, dipped a finger into it, and took therefrom some kind of ointment with which she anointed the ears of the man. "Now," she said to him, "try to find some Ants, and when you find any, stoop down, and listen carefully to their talk. You will be able to understand it; and you will hear of something to your advantage. . . . Only remember that you must not frighten or vex the Ants." Then the goddess vanished away.

[3] The man immediately went out to look for some Ants. He had scarcely crossed the threshold of his door when he perceived two Ants upon a stone

supporting one of the house-pillars. He stooped over them, and listened; and he was astonished to find that he could hear them talking, and could understand what they said. "Let us try to find a warmer place," proposed one of the Ants. "Why a warmer place?" asked the other; — "what is the matter with this place?" "It is too damp and cold below," said the first Ant; "there is a big treasure buried here; and the sunshine cannot warm the ground about it." Then the two Ants went away together, and the listener ran for a spade.

[4] By digging in the neighborhood of the pillar, he soon found a number of large jars full of gold coin. The discovery of this treasure made him very rich.

[5] Afterwards he often tried to listen to the conversation of Ants. But he was never again able to hear them speak. The ointment of the goddess had opened his ears to their mysterious language for only a single day.

[6] Now I, like that Chinese devotee, must confess myself a very ignorant person, and naturally unable to hear the conversation of Ants. But the Fairy of Science sometimes touches my ears and eyes with her wand; and then, for a little time, I am able to hear things inaudible, and to perceive things imperceptible.

**Discussion.** Make a list of the books mentioned in this Reader that will help you to identify various things in nature. Arrange them alphabetically by author and title.

**Further reading.** (*a*) Lafcadio Hearn's "The Burning of the Rice Fields"; (*b*) Good fairy tales from other countries: —

**Colum, Padraic.** *The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said.* "How the boy came to know what the birds said and some of the good stories he heard them tell each other."

**Houghton, Mrs. L. S.** *Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales.* "Slavonic folk tales: animal stories resembling Uncle Remus tales."

**Jacobs, Joseph.** *More Celtic Fairy Tales.* (Irish folk tales.)

# THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD

## [1] Despite All the Advantages that have Resulted from Modern Invention, Artists, Architects, and Engineers of the Present Time are Dwarfed by those who Wrought the Marvels of Ancient and Medieval Days

[2] THERE are two groups of "wonders of the world," the first belonging to the period which we distinguish by the term antiquity, and the second to the Middle Ages. Considering the lack of facilities for building in the earlier period, it seems that the wonders of antiquity are much more remarkable than those of the medieval age; but these are stupendous marvels also, and deserve their fame, every one.

[3] The Pyramids of Egypt rank first, being the oldest as well as the most permanent things which man has ever built. They are situated in middle Egypt, and there are now in existence some seventy-five; of this number there are some which are crumbling into shapeless masses, but the group of Gizeh, which is the most important, stands in sturdy and unyielding strength.

[4] The Pyramids are the tombs of Egypt's dead kings, and date back to the Fourth Dynasty — about three thousand years before Christ. The largest covers an area of nearly thirteen acres, was originally four hundred and eighty-one feet high, and had a length on each side, at the base, of seven hundred and fifty-five feet.

[5] The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were built by Nebuchadnezzar for his queen, Amytis, and their site has been located at the northern end of the city. They consisted of a series of terraces rising to a considerable height, and laid out as a park. It is probable that such gardens would have been near to or adjoining the king's palace, but whether or not they were has not as yet been discovered. The reign of Nebuchadnezzar was about 600 B.C.

[6] The Tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria, at Halicarnassus, was built about 352 B.C. From this great monument, built by the king's widow, Artemisia, as a memorial to him, the word *mausoleum* of our common speech is derived. The tomb seems to have been preserved up to the twelfth century, but earthquakes probably started its ruin soon after this, and the stones from it have been used in many other buildings, so that now even its general appearance can only be guessed.

[7] The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was built at the public charge, though King Crœsus is believed to have contributed largely to it. It was one hundred and sixty-four by three hundred and forty-two and a half feet, and the height of its columns was

fifty-five feet. It was begun in the sixth century before Christ, and one hundred and twenty years are said to have elapsed before it was completed. It was the seat of the worship of the goddess Diana.

[8] The Colossus of Rhodes was a statue of Helios, the sun-god, which was made from the spoils left by Demetrius when the city was successfully defended against him, after a long siege. Its construction occupied the artist twelve years. It stood near the harbor, but not across the entrance, as was at one time supposed. It was erected about 280 B.C., and thrown down by an earthquake some sixty-six years later. Its height was something over one hundred feet.

[9] The Statue of Jupiter at Olympia was the work of the greatest sculptor of ancient Greece, Phidias by name, who was born about 490 B.C. This heroic figure was about forty-two feet high, and represented the god seated on a throne. It was made of ivory and gold.

[10] The Pharos of Egypt was begun under Ptolemy I, and was finished by his son about 282 B.C. It was a lofty tower, built on the eastern extremity of the rocky island from which it took its name, and was the great lighthouse at the entrance to the harbor of Alexandria. The light was furnished by a beacon-fire on its summit. Its height was four hundred and fifty feet, and the light could be seen at a distance of one hundred miles.

[11] The Palace of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire, is also mentioned as one of the wonders of the ancient world, though the preference is given to the Pharos of Egypt by the best authorities. This palace was cemented with gold.

[12] The wonders of the Middle Ages seem quite modern compared with the marvels of the ancient world, long since crumbled into dust.

[13] The Colosseum of Rome heads the later list. This was built by Vespasian, and dedicated by his son Titus, in 80 A.D. According to a document of the fourth century, this great amphitheater seated eighty-seven thousand persons, its dimensions being six hundred and seventeen by five hundred and twelve feet. It was the scene of the bloody sports in which the Romans delighted, and of the martyrdom of many of the early Christians.

[14] The Catacombs of Rome, the earliest burial places of the Christians, are outside the city walls, within a radius of three miles. They were excavated wherever the soil was suitable for such tunneling, but were not secretly made, as the old tradition would have us believe. Their length has been estimated variously at from three hundred and fifty to eight hundred miles, and the number of dead which they contain is from six to seven millions.

[15] The Great Wall of China was built by the founder of the Tsin dynasty, in 256 B.C. Its length was once more than one thousand

two hundred and fifty miles, and it is the largest defensive work in the world, being thirty-five feet high and twenty-one feet thick. It follows an irregular course, marking the northern boundary of the empire, and is not deflected by natural obstacles. There are towers at frequent intervals.

[16] Stonehenge is the most remarkable example of the ancient stone circles, and stands, a magnificent ruin, on Salisbury Plain, in Wiltshire, southern England. It is at least as early as the Bronze Age, according to the most modern research, and that was from 2000 to 1800 B.C. From the arrangement of the stones with reference to the sun, it is believed to have had some connection with sun worship.

[17] The Leaning Tower of Pisa is the most remarkable of all the slanting campaniles, though not by any means the only one. It was begun in 1174 and finished in 1350. Its height is one hundred and eighty-one feet, and it is fifty-one and a half feet in diameter at the base. It inclines thirteen feet eight inches toward the south. The opinion prevails now that the slant is intentional in all these leaning towers, though the reason for it is not clear.

[18] The Porcelain Tower of Nanking, which was erected early in the fifteenth century, was an octagonal structure, faced with variegated porcelain. Lamps and bells were hung from it. It was destroyed by the Taipings in 1853, but many miniatures of it are in existence in various parts of the world.

[19] The Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, is one of the most magnificent edifices in the world. It was begun by Justinian in A.D. 532 and was completed in five years. Originally it was named the Church of St. Sophia. Its walls were decorated with beautiful mosaics, which have been partly effaced or partly covered with inscriptions from the Koran. It was converted into a mosque by Mohammed II, in 1453, and four minarets were added, while the golden cross was replaced by the crescent. Its dome is one hundred and five feet in diameter and one hundred and eighty-four feet high inside.

—*The Scrap Book*

**Speed and reference drills.** 1. The teacher will announce the name of a "wonder" and say some detail for the class to find; as, *Who made it, when, where, how big is it,* etc.

**Discussion.** 1. Which were the most interesting wonders?
2. Which wonders could be seen to-day? Trace on the map.
3. Criticize the author's use of the terms *ancient* and *medieval.*

**Making an outline.** Outline main points and details.

**Reference reading.** Encyclopedia, Ancient History, etc.

**Kelly, R. T.** *Egypt,* pp. 61–63 (pyramids).

**Van Loon, H. W.** *Ancient Man,* pp. 79–87 (Babylon).

**Exhibit.** Mount pictures of some of the Wonders of the World.

THINGS TO DO AT THE LIBRARY

**I. Boys and Girls of Other Lands.** Form a Committee of Fifteen to meet boys and girls of other countries, and report on the books.

AMBROSI, MARIETTA: *When I was a Girl in Italy.*
AMICIS, EDMONDO DE: *A School Boy's Journal.* (Italy)
BOYESEN, H. H.: *Boyhood in Norway.*
COLUM, PADRAIC: *A Boy of Eirinn.* (Ireland)
DEMETRIUS, GEORGE: *When I was a Boy in Greece.*
DODGE, MARY MAPES: *Hans Brinker.* (Holland)
FOA, EUGÉNIE: *Boy Life of Napoleon.*
HUDSON, W. H.: *A Little Boy Lost.* (Argentine)
LAGERLÖF, SELMA: *Further Adventures of Nils.* (Sweden)
PERKINS, LUCY FITCH: *The Mexican Twins. The Scotch Twins. The Spartan Twins.*
SHAW, F. L.: *Castle Blair.* (Ireland)
SPYRI, JOHANNA: *Heimatlos.*
WADE, M. H.: *Pilgrims of To-day.* (Immigrants)

**II. Old World Heroes You Will Like to Meet.** Form a Committee of Fifteen to get these books at the library, or similar ones, to report to the class what they like best in the books.

BALDWIN, JAMES: *Story of the Golden Age.*
CHURCH, A. J.: *The Iliad for Boys and Girls.*
COLUM, PADRAIC: *Adventures of Odysseus.*
———: *Children of Odin.*
FRENCH, ALLEN: *Story of Rolf and the Viking's Bow.* (Iceland)
HAAREN, J. H., *and* POLAND, A. B.: *Famous Men of Greece.*
———: *Famous Men of Rome.*
———: *Famous Men of the Middle Ages.*
HODGES, GEORGE: *Castle of Zion.*
MABIE, HAMILTON W.: *Heroes Every Child Should Know.*
PYLE, HOWARD: *Merry Adventures of Robin Hood.*
TAPPAN, EVA MARCH: *An Old, Old Story Book.* (Old Testament)
———: *Old World Hero Stories.*
———: *Story of the Greek People.*
———: *Story of the Roman People.*

**III. Program Periods.** (*a*) National songs of six big countries; (*b*) Travels in this country; (*c*) Travels abroad. See the Manual.

**IV. One-Minute Reports in Relay.** Articles in the *National Geographic Magazine* or *Asia.*

## Stories, Poems, and Essays


| | Page |
|---|---|
| A Farm Boy in New England ..... *Charles Dudley Warner* | 392 |
| Song of the Turtle and the Flamingo ..... *James T. Fields* | 398 |
| Corporal of the Guard (a Civil War story) ..... *Harry M. Kieffer* | 400 |
| The New Duckling .... *Alfred Noyes* | 404 |
| Giving the Mind Its Three Square Meals ..... *Lewis Carroll* | 405 |
| The Peterkins and the Carnival of Authors ..... *Lucretia P. Hale* | 407 |
| Things to do at the Library ..... | 420 |


# A FARM BOY IN NEW ENGLAND

### Charles Dudley Warner

There are various ways in which things can be humorous. Sometimes the thing that happens is funny in itself. Sometimes it is the way a thing is said that makes it funny. Sometimes, again, there may be fun in the way things that do not belong together are brought together, — contrast adds to the humor.

Is the author serious in this article? Prove your points.

[1] The winter season is not all sliding down hill for the farmer-boy, by any means; yet he contrives to get as much fun out of it as from any part of the year. There is a difference in boys, some are always jolly and some go scowling always through life as if they had a stone-bruise on each heel. I like a jolly boy.

[2] I used to know one who came round every morning to sell molasses candy, offering two sticks for a cent a-piece; it was worth fifty cents a day to see his cheery face. That boy rose in the world. He is now the owner of a large town in the West. To be sure, there are no houses in it except his own; but there is a map of it and roads and streets are laid out on it, with dwellings and churches and academies and a college and an opera-house, and you could scarcely tell it from Springfield or Hartford, on paper. He and all his family have the fever and ague, and shake worse than the people at Lebanon; but they do not mind it, it makes them lively, in fact. Ed May is just as jolly as he used to be. He calls his town Mayopolis, and expects to be mayor of it; his wife, however, calls the town Maybe.

[3] The farmer-boy likes to have winter come because it freezes up the ground so that he can't dig in it; and it is covered with snow so that there is no picking up stones, nor driving the cows to pasture. He would have a very easy time if it were not for the getting up before daylight to build the fires and do the "chores." Nature intended the long winter nights for the farmer-boy to sleep; but in my day he was expected to open his sleepy eyes when the cock crew, get out of the warm bed and light a candle, struggle into his cold pantaloons, and pull on boots in which the thermometer would have gone down to zero, rake open the coals on the hearth and start the morning fire, and then go to the barn to "fodder." The frost was thick on the kitchen windows, the snow was drifted against the door, and the journey to the barn, in the pale light of dawn, over the creaking snow, was like an exile's trip to Siberia. The boy was not half awake when he stumbled into the cold barn and was greeted by the lowing and bleating and neighing of cattle waiting for their breakfast. How their breath

steamed up from the mangers, and hung in frosty spears from their noses. Through the great lofts above the hay, where the swallows nested, the wind whistled and the snow sifted. Those old barns were well ventilated. I used to spend much valuable time in planning a barn that should be tight and warm, with a fire in it to keep the temperature somewhere near the freezing-point. I couldn't see how the cattle could live in a place where a lively boy, full of young blood, would freeze to death in a short time if he did not swing his arms and slap his hands, and jump about like a goat. I thought I would have a sort of perpetual manger that should shake down the hay when it was wanted, and a self-acting machine that should cut up the turnips and pass them into the mangers, and water always flowing for the cattle and horses to drink. With these simple arrangements I could lie in bed, and know that the "chores" were doing themselves. It would also be necessary, in order that I should not be disturbed, that the crow should be taken out of the roosters, but I could think of no process to do it. It seems to me that the hen-breeders, if they know as much as they say they do, might raise a breed of crowless roosters, for the benefit of boys, quiet neighborhoods, and sleepy families.

[4] There was another notion that I had about kindling the kitchen fire, that I never carried out. It was to have a spring at the head of my bed, connecting with a wire, which should run to a torpedo which I would plant over night in the ashes of the fireplace. By touching the spring I could explode the torpedo, which would scatter the ashes and cover the live coals, and at the same time shake down the sticks of wood which were standing by the side of the ashes in the chimney, and the fire would kindle itself. This ingenious plan was frowned on by the whole family, who said they did not

want to be waked up every morning by an explosion. And yet they expected me to wake up without an explosion.

[5] I never knew a boy farmer who was not eager to go to the district school in the winter. There is such a chance for learning, that he must be a dull boy who does not come out in the spring a fair skater, an accurate snowballer, and an accomplished slider-down-hill, with or without a board, on his seat, on his stomach, or on his feet. Take a moderate hill, with a foot-slide down it worn to icy smoothness, and a "go-round" of boys on it, and there is nothing like it for whittling away boot-leather. The boy is the shoemaker's friend. An active lad can wear down a pair of cowhide soles in a week so that the ice will scrape his toes. Sledding or coasting is also slow fun compared to the "bareback" sliding down a steep hill over a hard, glistening crust. It is not only dangerous, but it is destructive to jacket and pantaloons to a degree to make a tailor laugh. If any other animal wore out his skin as fast as a school-boy wears out his clothes in winter, it would need a new one once a month. In a country district-school patches were not by any means a sign of poverty, but of the boy's courage and adventurous disposition. Our elders used to threaten to dress us in leather and put sheet-iron seats in our trousers. The boy *said* that he wore out his trousers on the hard seats in the school-house ciphering hard sums. For that extraordinary statement he received two castigations, one at home, that was mild, and one from the school-master, who was careful to lay the rod upon the boy's sliding-place, punishing him as he jocosely called it on a sliding scale, according to the thinness of his pantaloons.

[6] What I liked best at school, however, was the study of history, early history, the Indian wars. We studied it

mostly at noontime, and we had it illustrated as the children nowadays have "object-lessons," — though our object was not so much to have lessons.

[7] Back of the school-house rose a round hill, upon which tradition said had stood in colonial times a block-house, built by the settlers for defence against the Indians. For the Indians had the idea that the whites were not settled enough, and used to come nights to settle them with a tomahawk. It was called Fort Hill. It was very steep on each side, and the river ran close by. It was a charming place in summer, where one could find laurel, and checkerberries, and sassafras roots, and sit in the cool breeze, looking at the mountains across the river, and listening to the murmur of the Deerfield.

[8] The boys at our school divided themselves into two parties; one was the Early Settlers and the other the Pequots, the latter the more numerous. The Early Settlers built a snow fort on the hill, and a strong fortress it was, constructed of snowballs, rolled up to a vast size (larger than the Cyclopian blocks of stone which form the ancient Etruscan walls in Italy), piled one upon another, and the whole cemented by pouring on water which froze and made the walls solid. The Pequots helped the whites build it. It had a covered way under the snow, through which only could it be entered, and it had bastions and towers and openings to fire from. And it had a glacis and a ditch outside.

[9] When it was completed, the Early Settlers, leaving the women in the school-house, a prey to the Indians, used to retire into it, and await the attack of the Pequots. There was only a handful of the garrison, while the Indians were many, and also barbarous. It was agreed that they should be barbarous. And it was in this light that the great question was settled whether

a boy might snowball with balls that he had soaked over night in water and let freeze. They were as hard as cobble-stones, and if a boy should be hit in the head by one of them he could not tell whether he was a Pequot or an Early Settler. It was considered as unfair to use these ice-balls in an open fight, as it is to use poisoned ammunition in real war. But as the whites were protected by the fort, and the Indians were treacherous by nature, it was decided that the latter might use the hard missiles.

[10] The Pequots used to come swarming up the hill, with hideous war-whoops, attacking the fort on all sides with great noise and a shower of balls. The garrison replied with yells of defiance and well-directed shots, hurling back the invaders when they attempted to scale the walls. The Settlers had the advantage of position, but they were sometimes overpowered by numbers, and would often have had to surrender but for the ringing of the school-bell. The Pequots feared the school-bell.

[11] I do not remember that the whites ever hauled down their flag and surrendered voluntarily; but once or twice the fort was carried by storm and the garrison was massacred to a boy, and thrown out of the fortress, having been first scalped. To take a boy's cap was to scalp him, and after that he was dead, if he played fair. There were a great many hard hits given and taken, but always cheerfully, for it was in the cause of our early history. The history of Greece and Rome was stuff compared to this. And we had many boys in our school who could imitate the Indian war-whoop enough better than they could scan *arma, virumque cano.*

**Discussion.** 1. Compare this story with Aldrich's story on page 11. 2. Find out from a Senior High School pupil the meaning of *arma, virumque cano* and tell why it is appropriate.

**Further reading.** Finish reading Warner's *Being a Boy.*

# SONG OF THE TURTLE AND THE FLAMINGO

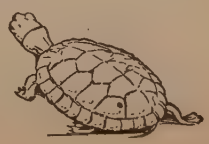
JAMES T. FIELDS

This poem has made thousands of persons smile when they read it. Some of them wanted to read it aloud at once. Why?

[1] A LIVELY young turtle lived down by the banks
Of a dark rolling stream called the Jingo,
And one summer day, as he went out to play,
Fell in love with a charming flamingo —
An enormously genteel flamingo!
An expansively crimson flamingo!
A beautiful, bouncing flamingo!

[2] Spake the turtle in tones like a delicate wheeze:
"To the water I've oft seen you in go,
And your form has impressed itself deep on my shell,
You perfectly modeled flamingo!
You tremendously 'AI' flamingo!
You inex-pres-*si*-ble flamingo!

[3] "To be sure I'm a turtle, and you are a belle,
And *my* language is not your fine lingo;
But smile on me, tall one, and be my bright flame,
You miraculous, wondrous flamingo!
You blazingly beauteous flamingo!
You turtle-absorbing flamingo!
You inflammably gorgeous flamingo!"



[4] Then the proud bird blushed redder than ever before,
And that was quite un-nec-ces-*sa-ry*,
And she stood on one leg and looked out of one eye,
The position of things for to vary, —
This aquatical, musing flamingo!
This dreamy, uncertain flamingo!
This embarrassing, harassing flamingo!

[5] Then she cried to the quadruped, greatly amazed:
"Why your passion toward *me* do you hurtle?
I'm an ornithological wonder of grace,
And you're an illogical turtle, —
A waddling, impossible turtle!
A low-minded, grass-eating turtle!
A highly improbable turtle!"

[6] Then the turtle sneaked off with his nose to the ground,
And never more looked at the lasses;
And falling asleep, while indulging in grief,
Was gobbled up whole by Agassiz, —
The peripatetic Agassiz!
The turtle-dissecting Agassiz!
The illustrious, industrious Agassiz!

[7] Go with me to Cambridge some cool, pleasant day,
And the skeleton lover I'll show you:
He's in a hard case, but he'll look in your face,
Pretending (the rogue!) not to know you!
Oh, the deeply deceptive young turtle!
The double-faced, glassy-cased turtle!
The *green*, but a very *mock*-turtle!

**Discussion.** Humor may be caused by funny situations or happenings, funny characters, funny contrasts, or amusing use of words. What makes this poem funny? Illustrate with lines.

**Reference reading.** Find as quickly as you can:

1. *Dictionary:* the five most difficult words in the poem — how each adds to the humor.

2. *Encyclopædia:* (a) the flamingo, its appearance, habits, and use; (b) Louis Agassiz, his profession and chief work.

3. *Library:* (a) "The Owl Critic," a poem by the same author — what makes it funny; (b) Dallas Lore Sharp's "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz," found in *The Face of the Fields*, *Ways of the Woods*, and *The Spring of the Year*.

## CORPORAL OF THE GUARD

HARRY M. KEIFFER

In this chapter from the book "Recollections of a Drummer Boy" the drummer boy himself (now a grown man) describes some of the experiences he had during the Civil War, when he had enlisted in the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment of the Pennsylvania Volunteers.

What do you like best in the story?

[1] AFTER two weeks in that miserable camp at the state capital, we were ordered to Washington; and into Washington, accordingly, one sultry September morning, we marched, after a day and night in the cars on the way thither. Quite proud we felt, you may be sure, as we tramped up Pennsylvania Avenue, with our new silk flags flying, the fifes playing "Dixie," and we ten little drummer-boys pounding away, awkwardly enough no doubt, under the lead of a white-haired old man, who had beaten *his* drum, nearly fifty years before, under Wellington, at the battle of Waterloo. We were green, raw troops, as anybody could tell at a glance; for we were fair-faced yet, and carried enormous knapsacks.

[2] It was dusty; it was hot; there was no water; my knapsack weighed a ton. So that when, after marching some seven miles, our orders were countermanded, and we faced about to return to the city again, I thought it impossible I ever should reach it. My feet moved mechanically, everything along the road was in a misty whirl; and when, at nightfall, Andy helped me into the barracks near the Capitol, from which we had started in the morning, I threw myself, or, rather, perhaps, fell on the hard floor, and was soon so soundly asleep that Andy could not rouse me for my cup of coffee and ration of bread.

[3] No sooner was I able to stand on my feet once more than, against their solemn protest, I asked for my knapsack and drum, and insisted on setting out forthwith in quest of my regiment, which I found had meanwhile been scattered by companies about the city, my own company and another having been assigned to duty at "Soldiers' Home," the President's summer residence. Although it was but a distance of three miles, or thereabouts, and although I started out in search of "Soldiers' Home" at noon, so conflicting were the directions given me by the various persons of whom I asked the road, that it was nightfall before I reached it.

[4] Coming then, at the hour of dusk, to a gateway leading apparently into some park or pleasure ground, and being informed by the porter at the gate that this was "Soldiers' Home," I walked about among the trees, in the growing darkness, in search of the camp of Company D, when a challenge rang out —

[5] "Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign!"

[6] "Hello, Elias!" said I, peering through the bushes, "is that you?"

"That isn't the countersign, friend. You'd better give the countersign, or you're a dead man!"

Saying which, Elias sprang back in true Zouave style, with bayonet fixed and ready for a lunge at me.

"Now, Elias," said I, "you know me just as well as I know myself, and you know I haven't the countersign; and if you're going to kill me, why, don't stand there crouching like a cat ready to spring on a mouse, but up and at it like a man. Don't keep me here in such dreadful suspense."

[7] "Well, friend without the countersign, I'll call up the corporal, and he may kill you — you're a dead man, any way!" Then he sang out —

"Corporal of the guard, post number three!"

From post to post it rang along the line, now shrill and high, now deep and low: "Corporal of the guard, post number three!" — "Corporal of the guard, post number three!"

[8] Upon which up comes the corporal of the guard, on a full trot with his gun at a right-shoulder shift, and saying, —

"Well, what's up?"

"Man trying to break guard."

"Where is he?"

"Why there, beside that bush."

"Come along, you there, you'll be shot for a spy, tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

"All right, Mr. Corporal, I'm ready."

[9] Now all this was fine sport; for Corporal Harter and Elias were both of my company, and knew me quite as well as I knew them; but they were bent on having a little fun at my expense, and the corporal had marched me off some distance toward headquarters, beyond the ravine, when again the call rang along the line —

[10] "Corporal of the guard, post number three!" "Corporal of the guard, post number three!"

Back the corporal trotted me to Elias.

"Well, what in the mischief's up now?"

"Another fellow trying to break my guard, corporal."

"Well, where is he? Trot him out! We'll have an execution in the morning!"

[11] "I'm sorry, corporal, but the fact is I killed this chap myself. I caught him trying to climb over the gate there, and he wouldn't stop nor give the countersign, and so I up and at him, and there he is!"

And sure enough, there he was — a big, fat 'possum!

"All right, Elias; you're a brave soldier. I'll speak to the colonel about this, and you shall have two stripes on your sleeve one of these days."

[12] So, with the 'possum by the tail and me by the shoulder, he marched us off to headquarters, where, the 'possum being thrown down on the ground, and I handed over to the tender mercies of the captain, it was ordered that —

"This young man should be taken down to Andy's tent, and a supper cooked, and a bed made for him there; and that henceforth and hereafter he should beat reveille at daybreak, retreat at sundown, tattoo at nine P.M., and lights out a half hour later."

[13] Nothing, however, was said about the execution of spies in the morning, although it was duly ordained that the 'possum, poor thing, should be roasted for dinner the next day.

**Discussion.** 1. What things would make this experience hard for a boy? 2. How would a boy or girl scout have behaved in similar circumstances?

**Further reading. Bemis, Holtz and Smith.** *Patriotic Reader.*

**Keiffer, H. M.** *Recollections of a Drummer Boy.*

**Trowbridge, J. T.** *Cudjo's Cave.*

## THE NEW DUCKLING

ALFRED NOYES

Have you ever met people who were like this little duck? To what things did he object? What happened to him, and why did it happen?

1 "I WANT to be new," said the duckling.
"O ho!" said the wise old owl,
While the guinea-hen cluttered off chuckling
To tell all the rest of the fowl.

2 "I should like a more elegant figure,"
That child of a duck went on.
"I should like to grow bigger and bigger,
Until I could swallow a swan.

3 "I won't be the bond slave of habit,
I won't have these webs on my toes.
I want to run round like a rabbit.
A rabbit as red as a rose.

4 "I don't want to waddle like mother,
Or quack like my silly old dad.
I want to be utterly other,
And frightfully modern and mad."

5 "Do you know," said the turkey, "you're quacking!
There's a fox creeping up through the rye;
And, if you're not utterly lacking,
You'll make for that duck-pond. Good-bye!"

6 But the duckling was perky as perky.
"Take care of your stuffing!" he called.
(This was horribly rude to a turkey!)
"But you aren't a real turkey," he bawled.

7 "You're an Early-Victorian Sparrow!
A fox is more fun than a sheep!
I shall show that my mind is not narrow
And give him my feathers — to keep."

8 Now the curious end of this fable,
So far as the rest ascertained,
Though they searched from the barn to the stable,
Was that only his feathers remained.

9 So he wasn't the bond slave of habit,
And he didn't have webs on his toes;
And perhaps he runs round like a rabbit,
A rabbit as red as a rose.

## GIVING THE MIND ITS THREE SQUARE MEALS

LEWIS CARROLL

Read this as rapidly as you can, but follow the line of thought:

1 BREAKFAST, dinner, tea; in extreme cases, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, supper, and a glass of something hot at bedtime. What care we take about feeding the lucky body! Which of us does as much for his mind? And what causes the difference? Is the body so much the more important of the two?

2 By no means; but life depends on the body be-

ing fed, whereas we can continue to exist as animals (scarcely as men), though the mind be utterly starved and neglected. Therefore Nature provides that, in case of serious neglect of the body, such terrible consequences of discomfort and pain shall ensue as will soon bring us back to a sense of our duty; and some of the functions necessary to life she does for us altogether, leaving us no choice in the matter.

[3] It would fare but ill with many of us if we were left to superintend our own digestion and circulation. "Bless me!" one would cry, "I forgot to wind up my heart this morning! To think that it has been standing still for the last three hours!" "I can't walk with you this afternoon," a friend would say, "as I have no less than eleven dinners to digest. I had to let them stand over from last week, being so busy — and my doctor says he will not answer for the consequences if I wait any longer!"

[4] Well it is, I say, for us, that the consequences of neglecting the body can be clearly seen and felt; and it might be well for some if the mind were equally visible and tangible — if we could take it, say, to the doctor, and have its pulse felt.

[5] "Why, what have you been doing with this mind lately? How have you fed it? It looks pale, and the pulse is very slow."

"Well, doctor, it has not had much regular food lately. I gave it a lot of sugar-plums yesterday."

"Sugar-plums! What kind?"

[6] "Well, they were ——"

"Ah! I thought so. Now just mind this: if you go on playing tricks like that, you'll spoil all its teeth, and get laid up with mental indigestion. You

must have nothing but the plainest reading for the next few days!"

**Discussion.** What might be called "sugar-plums" for the mind? Give instances of good and bad food for the mind.

## THE PETERKINS AND THE CARNIVAL OF AUTHORS

LUCRETIA P. HALE

Misunderstandings can cause funny things. Here is a story about a famous family who were always getting into difficulties. It tells about something that happened a long time ago, when Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, was visiting in Boston.

Which Peterkin do you think looked the funniest?

THE Peterkins were in quite a muddle (for them) about the Carnival of Authors, to be given in Boston. As soon as it was announced, they determined that all the family should go.

[2] But they conceived a wrong idea of the entertainment, as they supposed that every one must go in costume.

[3] As the Carnival was announced early, Solomon John thought there would be time to read up everything written by all the authors, in order to be acquainted with the characters they introduced. Mrs. Peterkin did not wish to begin too early upon the reading, for she was sure she should forget all that the different authors had written before the day came. Elizabeth Eliza declared that she should hardly have time enough, as it was, to be acquainted with all the authors.

Agamemnon thought that different members of the family might make themselves familiar with different authors; the little boys were already acquainted with "Mother Goose." Mr. Peterkin had read the "Pickwick Papers," and Solomon John had actually seen Mr. Longfellow getting into a horse-car.

[4] Mrs. Peterkin was certain that libraries were filled with books that never were read, yet authors had written them. For herself, she had not read half the books in their own library. And she was glad there was to be a Carnival of Authors, that she might know who they were.

Mr. Peterkin did not understand why they called them a "Carnival"; but he supposed they should find out when they went to it.

[5] Elizabeth Eliza suggested that they might ask the Turk to give lectures upon the "Arabian Nights." Everybody else was planning something of the sort, to "raise funds" for some purpose, and she was sure they ought not to be behindhand. Mrs. Peterkin approved of this. It would be excellent if they could raise funds enough to pay for their own tickets to the Carnival; then they could go every night.

Elizabeth Eliza was uncertain. She thought it was usual to use the funds for some object. Mr. Peterkin said that if they gained funds enough they might arrange a booth of their own, and sit in it, and take the carnival comfortably.

[6] Mrs. Peterkin still felt uncertain about costumes. She proposed looking over the old trunks in the garret. They would find some suitable dresses there, and these would suggest what characters they should take. Elizabeth Eliza was pleased with this thought. She remembered an old turban of white muslin, in an old bandbox, and why should not her mother wear it?

Mrs. Peterkin supposed that she should then go as her own grandmother.

Agamemnon did not approve of this. Turbans are now worn in the East, and Mrs. Peterkin could go in some Eastern character. Solomon John thought she might be Cleopatra.

Mrs. Peterkin, as Cleopatra, wore the turban, with a little row of false curls in front, and a white embroidered muslin shawl crossed over her black silk dress. The little boys thought she looked much like the picture of their great-grandmother. But doubtless Cleopatra resembled this picture.

[7] Among the treasures found were some old bonnets, of large size, with waving plumes. Elizabeth Eliza decided upon the largest of these. She was tempted to appear as Mrs. Columbus, as Solomon John was to take the character of Christopher Columbus.

[8] Solomon John had been led to take this character by discovering a coal-hod that would answer for a helmet; then, as Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa, he could use the phrases in Italian he had lately learned of his teacher.

He carried out in detail his idea of Christopher Columbus. He had a number of eggs boiled hard to take in his pocket, proposing to repeat, through the evening, the scene of setting the egg on its end.

[9] Mr. Peterkin decided to be Peter the Great. It seemed to him a happy thought, for a few words of

Russian he had learned would come in play, and he was quite sure that his own family name made him kin to that of the great Czar. He studied up the life in the Encyclopædia, and decided to take the costume of a ship-builder. He visited the navy-yard and some of the docks; but none of them gave him the true idea of dress for ship-building in Holland or St. Petersburg. But he found a picture of Peter the Great, representing him in a broad-brimmed hat. So he rented one at a costumer's, and with Elizabeth Eliza's black waterproof was satisfied with his own appearance.

[10] Elizabeth Eliza wondered if she could not go with her father in some Russian character. She would have to lay aside her large bonnet, but she had seen pictures of Russian ladies, with fur muffs on their heads, and she might wear her own muff.

[11] Agamemnon determined to go as Noah. The costume, as represented in one of the little boys' arks, was simple. His father's red-lined dressing gown, turned inside out, permitted it easily.

[12] Elizabeth Eliza was now anxious to be Mrs. Shem and make a long dress of yellow flannel, and appear with Agamemnon and the little boys. For the little boys were to represent two doves and a raven. There were feather-dusters enough in the family for their costumes, which would be then complete with their india-rubber boots.

[13] The evening came. But with all their preparations they got to the hall late. The entrance was filled with a crowd of people, and, as they stopped at the cloak-room, to leave their wraps, they found themselves entangled with a number of people in costume coming out from a dressing-room below. Mr. Peterkin was much encouraged. They were thus joining the performers. The band was playing the "Wedding

March" as they went upstairs to a door of the hall which opened upon one side of the stage. Here a procession was marching up the steps of the stage, all in costume, and entering behind the scenes.

"We are just in the right time," whispered Mr. Peterkin to his family; "they are going upon the stage; we must fall into line."

[14] At this moment they were ushered upon the stage. The stage manager glared at them, as he awaited their names for introduction, while they came up all unannounced — a part of the programme not expected. As the procession was devoted to characters from the books of Dickens to honor the great novelist he had to announce some title of a Dickens book for the strange group. He uttered the only book that seemed appropriate: "Great Expectations!"

And the Peterkin family swept across the stage with the rest: Mr. Peterkin costumed as Peter the Great, Mrs. Peterkin as Cleopatra, Agamemnon as Noah, Solomon John as Christopher Columbus, Elizabeth Eliza in yellow flannel as Mrs. Shem, with a large, old-fashioned bonnet on her head as Mrs. Columbus, and the little boys behind as two doves and a raven.

[15] Across the stage, they trailed in the face of all the assembled people, then following the rest down the stairs on the other side, in among the audience, they went; but into an audience not dressed in costume!

There were Ann Maria Bromwick and the Osbornes — all the neighbors — looking as natural as though they were walking the streets at home, though Ann Maria did wear white gloves.

[16] "I had no idea you were to appear in character," said Ann Maria to Elizabeth Eliza; "to what booth do you belong?"

"We are no particular author," said Mr. Peterkin.

[17] "What is your character?" asked Ann Maria of Elizabeth Eliza.

"I have not quite decided," said Elizabeth Eliza. "I thought I should find out after I came here. The marshal called us 'Great Expectations.'"

[18] Mrs. Peterkin was at the summit of bliss. "I have shaken hands with Dickens!" she exclaimed. She looked round to ask the little boys if they, too, had shaken hands with the great man, but not a little boy could she find.

[19] The little boys had been swept off in Mother Goose's train, which had lingered on the steps to see the Dickens reception, with which the procession of characters in costume had closed. At this moment they were dancing round the barberry bush, in a corner of the balcony in Mother Goose's quarters, their feather-dusters gayly waving in the air.

But Mrs. Peterkin, far below, could not see this, and consoled herself with the thought, they should all meet on the stage in the grand closing tableau. She was bewildered by the crowds which swept her hither and thither. At last she found herself in the Whittier Booth, and sat a long time calmly there. As Cleopatra she seemed out of place, but as her own grandmother she answered well with its New England scenery.

Solomon John wandered about, landing in America whenever he found a chance to enter a booth. Once he set up his egg before an admiring audience.

Agamemnon frequently stood in the background of scenes in the Arabian Nights.

It was with difficulty that the family could be repressed from going on the stage whenever the bugle sounded for the different groups represented there.

Mr. Peterkin found himself with the "Cricket on the Hearth," in the Dickens Booth. He explained that

he was Peter the Great, but always in the Russian language, which was never understood.

[20] Elizabeth Eliza found herself, in turn, in all the booths. Every manager was puzzled by her appearance, and would send her to some other, and she passed along, always trying to explain that she had not yet decided upon her character.

[21] Mr. Peterkin came and took Cleopatra from the Whittier Booth.

"I cannot understand," he said, "why none of our friends are dressed in costume, and why we are."

"I rather like it," said Elizabeth Eliza, "though I should be better pleased if I could form a group with some one."

[22] The strains of the minuet began. Mrs. Peterkin was anxious to join the performers, but she was delayed by one of the managers on the steps that led to the stage.

"I cannot understand this company," he said, distractedly.

"They cannot find their booth," said another.

"Perhaps you had better pass into the corridor," said a polite marshal.

[23] They did this, and, walking across, found themselves in the refreshment-room. "This is the booth for us," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Indeed it is," said Mrs. Peterkin, sinking into a chair, exhausted.

At this moment two doves and a raven appeared, — the little boys, who had been dancing eagerly in Mother Goose's establishment, and now came for ice cream.

"I hardly know how to sit down," said Elizabeth Eliza, "for I am sure Mrs. Shem never could. Still, as I do not know if I am Mrs. Shem, I will venture it."

Happily, seats were to be found for all, and they were soon arranged in a row, calmly eating ice cream.

[24] "I think the truth is," said Mr. Peterkin, "that we represent historical people, and we ought to have been fictitious characters in books. That is what the others are. We shall know better another time."

[25] "If we only ever get home," said Mrs. Peterkin, "I shall not wish to come again. It seems like being on the stage, sitting in a booth, and it is so bewildering, Elizabeth Eliza not knowing who she is, and going round and round in this way."

[26] "I am afraid we shall never reach home," said Agamemnon, who had been silent for some time; "we may have to spend the night here. I find I have lost our checks for our clothes in the cloak-room!"

[27] "Spend the night in a booth, in Cleopatra's turban!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin.

"We should like to come every night," cried the little boys.

"But to spend the night," repeated Mrs. Peterkin.

"I conclude the Carnival keeps up all night," said Mr. Peterkin.

"But never to recover our cloaks," said Mrs. Peterkin; "could not the little boys look round for the checks on the floors?"

[28] She began to enumerate the many valuable things that they might never see again. She had worn her large fur cape of stone-marten, — her grandmother's, — that Elizabeth Eliza had been urging her to have made into a foot-rug. Now how she wished she had! And there were Mr. Peterkin's new overshoes, and Agamemnon had brought an umbrella, and the little boys had their mittens. Their india-rubber boots, fortunately, they had on, in the character of birds. But Solomon John had worn a fur cap, and Elizabeth

Eliza a muff. Should they lose all these valuables entirely, and go home in the cold without them? No, it would be better to wait till everybody had gone, and then look carefully over the floors for the checks; if only the little boys could know where Agamemnon had been, they were willing to look. Mr. Peterkin was not sure as they would have time to reach the train.

[29] At this moment the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" were heard from the band, and people were preparing to go.

"All can go home, but we must stay," said Mrs. Peterkin, gloomily, as the well-known strains floated in.

A number of marshals came to the refreshment-room, looked at them, whispered to each other, as the Peterkins sat in a row.

"Can we do anything for you?" asked one at last. "Would you not like to go?" He seemed eager they should leave the room.

[30] Mr. Peterkin explained that they could not go, as they had lost the checks for their wraps, and hoped to find their checks on the floor when everybody was gone. The marshal asked if they could not describe what they had worn, in which case the loss of the checks was not so important, as the crowds had now almost left, and it would not be difficult to identify their wraps. Mrs. Peterkin eagerly declared she could describe every article.

[31] It was astonishing how the marshals hurried them through the quickly deserted corridors, how gladly they recovered their garments! Mrs. Peterkin, indeed, was disturbed by the eagerness of the marshals; she feared they had some pretext for getting the family out of the hall. Mrs. Peterkin was one of those who never consent to be forced to anything. She would

not be compelled to go home, even with strains of music. She whispered her suspicions to Mr. Peterkin; but Agamemnon came hastily up to announce the time, which he had learned from the clock in the large hall. They must leave directly if they wished to catch the latest train.

[32] Then, indeed, was Mrs. Peterkin ready to leave. If they should miss the train! If she should have to pass the night in the streets in her turban! She was the first to lead the way, and, panting, the family followed her, just in time to take the train as it was leaving the station.

The excitement was not yet over. They found in the train many of their friends and neighbors, returning also from the Carnival; so they had many questions put to them which they were unable to answer. Still Mrs. Peterkin's turban was much admired, and indeed the whole appearance of the family; so that they felt themselves much repaid for their exertions.

[33] But more adventures awaited them. They left the train with their friends; but as Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza were very tired, they walked very slowly, and Solomon John and the little boys were sent on with the pass-key to open the door. They soon returned with the startling intelligence that it was not the right key, and they could not get in. It was Mr. Peterkin's office-key; he had taken it by mistake, or he might have dropped the house-key in the cloak-room of the Carnival.

[34] "Must we go back?" sighed Mrs. Peterkin.

It was impossible to get into the house, for there was nobody in it; so there was no use in ringing, though the little boys had tried it.

"We can return to the station," said Mr. Peterkin. "We can, then at least, think what we shall do next."

[35] At the station was one of their neighbors, proposing to take the New York midnight train, for it was now after eleven, and the train went through at half-past.

"I saw lights at the locksmith's over the way, as I passed," he said; "why do not you send over to the young man there? He can get your door open for you. I never would spend the night here."

[36] Solomon John went over to "the young man," who agreed to go up to the house as soon as he had closed the shop, fit a key, and open the door, and come back to them on his way home. Solomon John came back to the station, for it was now cold and windy in the deserted streets. The family made themselves as comfortable as possible by the stove, sending Solomon John out occasionally to look for the young man.

[37] But somehow Solomon John missed him; the lights were out in the locksmith's shop, so he followed along to the house, hoping to find him there. But he was not there! He came back to report. Perhaps the young man had opened the door and gone on home. Solomon John and Agamemnon went back together, but they could not get in.

Where was the young man? He had lately come to town, and nobody knew where he lived, for on the return of Solomon John and Agamemnon it had been proposed to go to the house of the young man.

The night was wearing on. The midnight train had come and gone. The passengers who came and went looked with wonder at Mrs. Peterkin, nodding in her turban, as she sat by the stove, on a corner of a long bench.

[38] At last the station-master had to leave, for a short rest. He felt obliged to lock up the station,

but he promised to return at an early hour to release them.

"Of what use," said Elizabeth Eliza, "if we cannot even then get into our own house?"

[39] Mr. Peterkin thought the matter appeared bad, if the locksmith had left town. He feared the young man might have gone in, and helped himself to spoons, and left. Only they should have seen him if he had taken the midnight train. Solomon John thought he appeared honest. Mr. Peterkin only ventured to whisper his suspicions, as he did not wish to arouse Mrs. Peterkin, who still was nodding in the corner of the long bench.

[40] Morning did come at last. The family decided to go to their home; perhaps by some effort in the early daylight they might make an entrance.

[41] On the way they met with the night-policeman, returning from his beat. He stopped when he saw the family.

"Ah! that accounts," he said; "you were all out last night, and the burglars took occasion to make a raid on your house. I caught a lively young man in the very act; box of tools in his hand! If I had been a minute later he would have made his way in" —

The family then tried to interrupt — to explain —

"Where is he?" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin.

"Safe in the lock-up," answered the policeman.

[42] "But he is the locksmith!" interrupted Solomon John.

"We have no key!" said Elizabeth Eliza; "if you have locked up the locksmith we can never get in."

The policeman looked from one to the other, smiling slightly when he understood the case.

[43] "The locksmith!" he exclaimed; "he is a new fellow, and I did not recognize him, and arrested him! Very well, I will go and let him out, that he may let you in!" and he hurried away, surprising the Peterkin family with what seemed like insulting laughter.

"It seems to me a more serious case than it appears to him," said Mr. Peterkin.

Mrs. Peterkin did not understand it at all. Had burglars entered the house? Did the policeman say they had taken spoons? And why did he appear so pleased? She was sure the old silver teapot was locked up in the closet of their room.

[44] Slowly the family walked towards the house, and, almost as soon as they, the policeman appeared with the released locksmith, and a few boys from the street, who happened to be out early.

[45] The locksmith was not in a very good humor, and took ill the jokes of the policeman. Mr. Peterkin, fearing he might not consent to open the door, pressed into his hand a large sum of money. The door flew open; the family could go in.

[46] Mrs. Peterkin staggered towards the stairs. "I shall never go to another Carnival!" she exclaimed.

**Discussion.** 1. What makes this story funny? 2. What people do you meet and what do you know about them?

**Joke symposium.** During the next week watch for good jokes in newspapers or magazines. Bring two good jokes to class. When each pupil reads his two jokes, the class may decide which is the better, and keep it for the class joke book.

**Further reading.** **Hale, L. P.** *Peterkin Papers.*

**Olcott, Frances Jenkins.** *The Jolly Book for Boys and Girls.* "A huge collection of humorous stories from all lands and ages."

THINGS TO DO AT THE LIBRARY

**I. Making a Class Joke Book.** Appoint a committee of five to manage a Class Joke Book. The remainder of the class should be divided among the five as members of sub-committees.

To decide what to put in the Joke Book follow this procedure: Pupils should each collect five good jokes from newspapers, magazines, or books, and read them aloud at a group meeting with the chairman. They should then decide which are the two best jokes for each pupil. The combined number of jokes from all the committees will be twice the number of pupils in the class.

Make a loose-leaf book to hold the jokes. Decorate the cover.

**II. Humorous Stories you will Enjoy.** Read Irving's stories to see which you like the better. Then read another on this list to see how it compares with Irving's.

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE.: *Don Quixote.*

IRVING, WASHINGTON: *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*
"A story full of humor, dealing with old Dutch settlers."

IRVING, WASHINGTON: *Rip Van Winkle.*
"A famous legend of the Hudson valley."

LA BÉDOLLIÈRE: *Story of a Cat.*
"An entertaining story of a cat whom his enemy could not kill."

LOFTING, HUGH: *Story of Dr. Dolittle.*
"Much droll humor, especially in the illustrations."

OLCOTT, FRANCES JENKINS: *The Jolly Book for Girls and Boys.*

RASPE, R. E.: *Tales from Baron Munchausen.*
"Delightful ingenious adventures."

RICE, A. H.: *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.*
"An amusing story of Mrs. Wiggs, Jim, Billy, Asia, Australia, and Europena."

STOCKTON, F. R.: *Bee Man of Orn.*
"A collection of good stories."

STOCKTON, F. R.: *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.*
"An uproariously funny tale."

SWIFT, JONATHAN: *Gulliver's Travels.*
"In which Mr. Lemuel Gulliver tells of his shipwreck at sea, his strange adventures among the Lilliputians and his perilous encounters with the giants of Brobdingnag."

WIGGIN, K. D., and SMITH, N. A.: *Tales of Laughter.*
"A fund of humorous and joyous stories from the Celtic, Scandinavian, Russian, Spanish, German, Chinese, and other sources."

**III. Program Periods.** Celebrate Halloween and St. Valentine's Day with appropriate programs. See the Manual.

# JEAN VALJEAN

AUGUSTA STEVENSON

(Dramatized from Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*)

Here is a one-act play of two scenes. Before you read it carefully, write the program by glancing through and selecting:

1. The *cast of characters*, with a descriptive phrase for each.
2. The *scenes*, time and place.

Each part is numbered so that you can readily find a speech, or the byplay (action). Observe that the byplay, or the suggestions about how speeches should be said or about the setting, are italicized to show that they are not part of the dialogue.

Read rapidly through the italicized portions to see what clues they give you about the performance.

Then tackle the speeches.

## SCENE I

[1] TIME: *Evening.*
PLACE: *Village of D——; dining-room of the* BISHOP'S *house.*

[*The room is poorly furnished, but orderly. A door at the back opens on the street. At one side, a window overlooks the garden; at the other, curtains hang before an alcove.* MADEMOISELLE, *the* BISHOP'S SISTER, *a sweet-faced lady, sits by the fire, knitting.* MADAME, *his* HOUSEKEEPER, *is laying the table for supper.*]

MLLE.[1] Has the Bishop returned from the service?

MADAME. Yes, Mademoiselle. He is in his room, reading. Shall I call him?

MLLE. No, do not disturb him — he will come in good time — when supper is ready.

MADAME. Dear me — I forgot to get bread when I went out to-day.

MLLE. Go to the baker's, then; we will wait.

[*Exit* MADAME. *Pause.*]

[*Enter the* BISHOP. *He is an old man, gentle and kindly.*]

BISHOP. I hope I have not kept you waiting, sister.

MLLE. No, brother, Madame has just gone out for bread. She forgot it this morning.

BISHOP (*having seated himself by the fire*). The wind blows cold from the mountains to-night.

MLLE. (*nodding*). All day it has been growing colder.

BISHOP. 'Twill bring great suffering to the poor.

MLLE. Who suffer too much already.

BISHOP. I would I could help them more than I do!

MLLE. You give all you have, my brother. You keep nothing for yourself — you have only bare necessities.

BISHOP. Well, I have sent in a bill for carriage hire in making pastoral visits.

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[1] This is the abbreviation for *Mademoiselle*, which is the French word for "Miss."

[19] MLLE. Carriage hire! I did not know you ever rode. Now I am glad to hear that. A bishop should go in state sometimes. I venture to say your bill is small.

[20] BISHOP. Three thousand francs.

[21] MLLE. Three thousand francs! Why, I cannot believe it!

[22] BISHOP. Here is the bill.

[23] MLLE. (*reading bill*). What is this!

[24] EXPENSES OF CARRIAGE

| | |
|---|---|
| For furnishing soup to hospital | 1500 francs |
| For charitable society of D—— | 500 " |
| For foundlings | 500 " |
| For orphans | 500 " |
| Total | 3000 francs |

[25] So! that is your carriage hire! Ha, ha! I might have known it! [*They laugh together.*]

[26] [*Enter* MADAME, *excited, with bread.*]

[27] MADAME. Such news as I have heard! The whole town is talking about it! We should have locks put on our doors at once!

[28] MLLE. What is it, Madame? What have you heard?

[29] MADAME. They say there is a suspicious vagabond in the town. The inn-keeper refused to take him in. They say he is a released convict who once committed an awful crime.

[30] [*The* BISHOP *is looking into the fire, paying no attention to* MADAME.]

[31] MLLE. Do you hear what Madame is saying, brother?

[32] BISHOP. Only a little. Are we in much danger, Madame?

[33] MADAME. There is a convict in town, Sir.

[34] BISHOP. Do you fear we shall be robbed?

[35] MADAME. I do, indeed!

[36] BISHOP. Of what?

[37] MADAME. There are the six silver plates and the silver soup-ladle and the two silver candlesticks.

[38] BISHOP. All of which we could do without.

[39] MADAME. Do without!

[40] MLLE. 'Twould be a great loss, brother. We could not treat a guest as is our wont.

[41] BISHOP. Ah, there you have me, sister. I love to see the silver laid out for every guest who comes here. And I like the candles lighted, too; it makes a brighter welcome.

[42] MLLE. A bishop's house should show some state.

[43] BISHOP. Aye — to every stranger! Henceforth, I should like every one of our six plates on the table whenever we have a guest here.

[44] MLLE. All of them?

[45] MADAME. For one guest?

[46] BISHOP. Yes — we have no right to hide treasures. Each guest shall enjoy all that we have.

[47] MADAME. Then 'tis time we should look to the locks on the doors, if we would keep our silver. I'll go for the locksmith now —

[48] BISHOP. Stay! This house shall not be locked against any man! Would you have me lock out my brothers? [*A loud knock is heard at street door.*] Come in!

[49] [*Enter* JEAN VALJEAN, *with his knapsack and cudgel. The women are frightened.*]

[50] JEAN (*roughly*). See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict from the galleys. I was set free four days ago, and I am looking for work. I hoped to find a lodging here, but no one will have me. It was the same way yesterday and the day before. To-night a good woman told me to knock at your door. I have knocked. Is this an inn?

[51] BISHOP. Madame, put on another plate.

[52] JEAN. Stop! You do not understand, I think. Here is my passport — see what it says: "Jean Valjean, discharged convict, has been nineteen years in the galleys; five years for theft; fourteen years for having attempted to escape. He is a very dangerous man." There! you know it all. I ask only for straw in your stable.

[53] BISHOP. Madame, you will put white sheets on the bed in the alcove.

[54] [*Exit* MADAME. *The* BISHOP *turns to* JEAN.]

[55] BISHOP. We shall dine presently. Sit here by the fire, sir.

[56] JEAN. What! You will keep me? You call me "sir"! Oh! I am going to dine! I am to have a bed with sheets like the rest of the world — a bed! It is nineteen years since I have slept in a bed! I will pay anything you ask. You are a fine man. You are an innkeeper, are you not?

[57] BISHOP. I am a Bishop who lives here.

[58] JEAN. A Bishop! Ah, yes — I ask your pardon — I didn't notice your cap and gown.

[59] BISHOP. Be seated near the fire, sir.

[60] [JEAN *deposits his knapsack, speaking with delight.*]

[61] JEAN. He calls me *sir* — *sir*. (*Aloud.*) You will require me to pay, will you not?

[62] BISHOP. No, keep your money. How much have you?

[63] JEAN. One hundred and nine francs.

[64] BISHOP. How long did it take you to earn it?

[65] JEAN. Nineteen years.

[66] BISHOP (*sadly*). Nineteen years — the best part of your life!

[67] JEAN. Aye, the best part — I am now forty-six. A beast of burden would have earned more.

[68] BISHOP. This lamp gives a very bad light, sister.

[69] [MLLE. *gets the two silver candlesticks from the mantel, lights them, and places them on the table.*]

[70] JEAN. Ah, but you are good! You don't despise me. You light your candles for me, — you treat me as a guest, — and I've told you where I come from, who I am!

[71] BISHOP. This house does not demand of him who enters whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief. You suffer — you are hungry — you are welcome.

[72] JEAN. I cannot understand it —

[73] BISHOP. This house is home to the man who needs a refuge. So, sir, this is your house now more than it is mine. Whatever is here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me, I knew it.

[74] JEAN. What! You knew my name!

[75] BISHOP. Yes, your name is — Brother.

[76] JEAN. Stop! I cannot bear it — you are so good —

[77] [*He buries his face in his hands.*]

[78] [*Enter* MADAME *with dishes for the table; she continues passing in and out, preparing supper.*]

[79] BISHOP. You have suffered much, sir —

[80] JEAN (*nodding*). The red shirt, the ball on the ankle, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, toil, the whip, the double chain for nothing, the cell for one word — even when sick in bed, still the chain! Dogs, dogs are happier! Nineteen years! and now the yellow passport!

[81] BISHOP. Yes, you have suffered.

[82] JEAN (*with violence*). I hate this world of laws and courts! I hate the men who rule it! For nineteen years my soul has had only thoughts of hate. For nineteen years I've planned revenge. Do you hear? Revenge — revenge!

"NINETEEN YEARS! AND NOW THE YELLOW PASSPORT!"

[83] BISHOP. It is not strange that you should feel so. And if you continue to harbor those thoughts, you are only deserving of pity. But listen, my brother; if, in spite of all you have passed through, your thoughts could be of peace and love, you would be better than any one of us.

[84] [*Pause.* JEAN *reflects.*]

[85] JEAN (*speaking violently*). No, no! I do not belong to your world of men. I am apart — a different creature from you all. The galleys made me different. I'll have nothing to do with any of you!

[86] MADAME. The supper is ready.

[87] BISHOP (*glancing at the table*). It strikes me there is something missing from this table.

[88] [MADAME *hesitates.*]

[89] MLLE. Madame, do you not understand?

[90] [MADAME *steps to a cupboard, gets the remaining silver plates, and places them on the table.*]

[91] BISHOP (*gayly, turning to* JEAN). To table then, my friend! To table!

[92] [JEAN *remains for a moment, standing doggedly apart; then sinks into the chair without looking up.*]

## SCENE II

[1] TIME: *Daybreak the next morning.*
PLACE: *The* BISHOP'S *dining-room.*

[2] [*The room is dark, except for a faint light that comes in through window curtains.* JEAN VALJEAN *creeps in from the alcove. He carries his knapsack and cudgel in one hand; in the other, his shoes. He opens the window; the room becomes lighter. Jean steps to the mantel and lifts a silver candlestick.*]

[3] JEAN (*whispering*). Two hundred francs — double what I have earned in nineteen years!

[4] [*He puts it in his knapsack; takes up the other candlestick; shudders, and sets it down again.*]

[5] No, no, he is good — he called me "sir" —

[6] [*He stands still, staring before him, his hand still gripping the candlestick. Suddenly he speaks bitterly.*]

[7] Why not? 'Tis easy to give a bed and food! Why doesn't he keep men from the galleys? Nineteen years for a loaf of bread!

[8] [*Pauses a moment, then resolutely puts both candlesticks into his bag; steps to the cupboard and takes out the silver plates and the ladle, and slips them into the bag.*]

[9] All solid — I should gain at least one thousand francs. 'Tis due me — due me for all these years!

[10] [*Closes the bag. Pause.*]

[11] No, not the candles — I owe him that much —

[12] [*He puts the candlesticks on mantel; takes up cudgel, knapsack, and shoes; jumps out window and disappears. Pause.*]

[13] [*Enter* MADAME. *She shivers; discovers open window.*]

[14] MADAME. Why is that window open? I closed it last night myself. Oh! Could it be possible?

[15] [*Crosses and looks at open cupboard.*]

[16] It is gone!

[17] [*Enter the* BISHOP *from his room.*]

[18] BISHOP. Good morning, Madame!

[19] MADAME. The silver is gone! The silver is gone! Where is that man?

[20] BISHOP. In the alcove sleeping, I suppose.

[21] [MADAME *runs to curtains of alcove and looks in. Enter* MADEMOISELLE. MADAME *turns.*]

[22] MADAME. He is gone!

[23] MLLE. Gone?

[24] MADAME. Aye, gone — gone! He has stolen our silver, the beautiful plates and the ladle! I'll inform the police at once!

[25] [*Starts off. The* BISHOP *stops her.*]

[26] BISHOP. Wait! — was that silver ours?

[27] MADAME. Why — why not?

[28] BISHOP. Because it has always belonged to the poor. I have withheld it wrongfully.

[29] MLLE. Its loss makes no difference to Madame or me.

[30] MADAME. Oh, no! But what are you to eat from, now?

[31] BISHOP. Are there no pewter plates from which we can eat?

[32] MADAME. Pewter has an odor.

[33] BISHOP. Iron ones, then.

[34] MADAME. Iron has a taste.

[35] BISHOP. Well, then, wooden plates.

[36] [*A knock is heard at street door.*]

[37] Come in.

[38] [*Enter an* OFFICER *and two* SOLDIERS, *dragging in* JEAN VALJEAN]

[39] OFFICER. We have just found, sir, your silver plates and silver ladle on this man.

[40] BISHOP. Why not? I gave them to him. I am glad to see you again, Jean. Why did you not take the candlesticks, too?

[41] JEAN (*trembling*). Sir —

[42] BISHOP. I told you everything in this house was yours, my brother.

[43] OFFICER. Ah, then what he said was true. But, of course, we did not believe him. We saw him creeping from your garden —

[44] BISHOP. It is all right, I assure you. This man is a friend of mine.

[45] OFFICER. Then we can let him go?

[46] [SOLDIERS *step back.*]

[47] BISHOP. Certainly.

[48] JEAN (*trembling*). I am free?

[49] OFFICER (*stepping back*). Yes! You can go. Do you not understand?

[50] BISHOP (*to* JEAN). My friend, before you go away — here are your candlesticks (*going to the mantel and bringing the candlesticks*); take them.

[51] [JEAN *takes the candlesticks, seeming not to know what he is doing.*]

[52] By the way, my friend, when you come again you need not come through the garden. The front door is closed only with a latch, day or night. (*To the Officer and Soldiers.*) Gentlemen, you may withdraw.

[53] [*Exit* OFFICER *and* SOLDIERS.]

[54] JEAN (*recoiling and holding out the candlesticks*). No — no — I — I —

[55] BISHOP. Say no more; I understand. You felt that they were all owing to you from a world that has used you ill. Keep them, my friend, keep them. I would I had more to give you. It is small recompense for nineteen years.

[56] [JEAN *stands bewildered, looking down at the candlesticks in his hands.*]

[57] BISHOP. They will add something to your hundred francs. But do not forget, never forget, that you have promised to use the money in becoming an honest man.

[58] JEAN. I — promised —?

[59] BISHOP (*not heeding*). Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am trying to save. Withdraw it from thoughts of hatred and revenge — give it to peace and hope and God.

[60] [*Jean stands as if stunned, staring at the Bishop, then turns and walks unsteadily from the room.*]

**Program.** Present the play before the school.

### Dramatic Projects

**I. Stories in the Reader to dramatize.**

"How They Got the Library," page 25.
"Mr. Aladdin," page 169.
"Samoset," page 264.
"At a Colonial Party," page 287.
"Fairhaven," page 344.

**II. Famous Stories to Act.** The following stories are splendid for the class to read carefully and act for the school.

**Project 1.** Hale, Edward Everett: *The Man without a Country.*
Select the characters.
Plan the scenes.

**Project 2.** Irving, Washington: *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*
Select the characters.
Plan the scenes.

**Project 3.** Irving, Washington: *Rip Van Winkle.*
Select the characters.
Plan the scenes.

**Project 4.** Longfellow, H. W.: *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*
Select the characters.
Plan the scenes.

**III. Stories by Tableaux.** Select one of the stories given in II, read it rapidly to find the parts that make the best pictures. Vote in class as to which scenes to give. Appoint a committee to plan scenery, and another to assemble home-made costumes.

**IV. Program Periods.** You will find the short plays in the following books good for celebrating holidays.

Lutkenhaus, A. M.: *Plays for School Children.*
"Twenty plays, good to use in connection with history and English."

Mackay, C. D.: *House of the Heart and other Plays.*
"Ten one-act plays, with directions for stage setting, costumes, etc."

Merington, Marguerite: *Holiday Plays.*
"Five one-act plays, suitable for holidays."

*St. Nicholas' Book of Plays and Operettas.*
"Short and simple plays based upon folk themes."

Skinner, E. L.: *Tales and Plays of Robin Hood.*
"Stories, ballads, and plays made from the ballads."

Stevenson, Augusta. *Classics in Dramatic Form.* (Book V.)
"*The Maid of Orleans*, Maupassant's *Necklace*, Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, Sardou's *Black Pearl*, Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Simms's *Son of the Yemassee*, Longfellow's *Evangeline*, *The Treason of Benedict Arnold*, and Hale's *Man without a Country*, — short plays."

| | Page |
|---|---|
| Breathes there the man — *Sir Walter Scott* | 433 |
| The Courtship of Miles Standish — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* | 434 |
| The Legend of Sleepy Hollow — *Washington Irving* | 470 |
| A group of poems | |
| Lochinvar.....*Sir Walter Scott* | 508 |
| Lady Clare...*Alfred Tennyson* | 510 |
| The Snow-Storm — *Ralph Waldo Emerson* | 514 |
| The Great Stone Face — *Nathaniel Hawthorne* | 515 |
| The Man without a Country — *Edward Everett Hale* | 542 |
| Rip Van Winkle..*Washington Irving* | 575 |
| The Tempest — *Charles and Mary Lamb* | 595 |
| A group of poems | |
| The Daffodils — *William Wordsworth* | 609 |
| The Waterfowl — *William Cullen Bryant* | 610 |
| Flower in the crannied wall — *Alfred Tennyson* | 611 |
| Yussouf..*James Russell Lowell* | 612 |


## BREATHES THERE THE MAN

### Sir Walter Scott

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,—
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

# THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

## Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

One of the most popular stories of early American history is this tale of Miles Standish, John Alden, and Priscilla. It is a fine story to dramatize; therefore, as you read it, visualize the people and the scenes as if they were in a play.

Why is this first part called "Miles Standish"?

### I. MILES STANDISH

A [1] In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan[1] leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
[2] Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber, —
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece,[2] musket, and matchlock.[2]

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[1] Cordova in Spain, celebrated for goat-skin leather.

[2] A *fowling-piece* is a light gun for shooting birds; a *matchlock* was a musket, the lock of which held a match or piece of twisted rope prepared to retain fire.

[3] Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
[4] Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles, but Angels." [1]
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

B [5] Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.
[6] "Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,
Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.[2]
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."
[7] Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!"
[8] Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
[9] Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,

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[1] When the missionary, St. Gregory, first saw the tribes of Angles and Saxons that settled England he made this remark about their fair skins.

[2] *Arcabucero* is Spanish for archer.

Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his match-lock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
10 This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:
"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
11 Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians:
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better, —
Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-pow,[1]
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"[2]

C 12 Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
13 Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
14 "Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"
15 Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

D 16 Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;

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[1] The *sagamore* was an Indian chief of the subordinate class; the *sachem*, a principal chief; the *pow-wow*, a medicine man or conjurer.

[2] Names of Indians who are mentioned in the early chronicles.

Barriffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.

17 Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.

18 Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.

19 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the Mayflower,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

**To the Reader.** *Have you visualized these two friends?*

## II. LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Why is this part called "Love and Friendship"?

A 20 NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.

21 After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,
Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!"

22 Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:
"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.
Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."

23 "Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,
"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!
Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.
24 Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;
Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;
He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;
Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!
25 Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
26 That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

B 27 All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the Mayflower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!
28 Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth:
"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"
29 Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:

"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen.
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
30 Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:
"'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
31 Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.
32 Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

C 33 When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:
34 "Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it;
If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating your maxim, —
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"
35 But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:

"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
36 Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."
37 Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"
38 Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred;
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"
39 So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

**To the reader.** *Are Parts I and II well named? Why? If you were describing the two chief characters to prospective players of the parts, what would you say about each?*

*Did Miles Standish imitate his hero Cæsar? How do you know?*

### III. THE LOVER'S ERRAND

Things happen in the next two parts. Watch for them.

A 40 So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
41 All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!

42 "Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation, —
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
43 Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
44 All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

B 45 So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers[1] blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
46 "Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the Mayflower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
47 So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.

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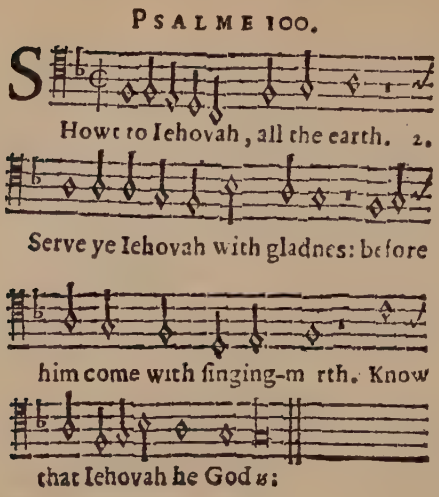
[1] The *Mayflower* is the well-known Trailing Arbutus.


PSALME 100.
Howt to Iehovah, all the earth. 2.
Serve ye Iehovah with gladnes: before
him come with finging-m rth. Know
that Iehovah he God is:

48 Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.

49 Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard.
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!

50 Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.

51 Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,

"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

C 52 So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
53 Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snowstorm.
54 Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

D 55 Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful spring-time;
Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow.
56 "I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England, —
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,

Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
57 Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

E 58 Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage,
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

F 59 Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
60 Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
61 Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —
Had no time for such things; — such things! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
62 "Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
63 That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
64 Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

G 65 Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;
66 He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent[1]
Combed and wattled gules,[1] and all the rest of the blazon.
67 He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
Not to be laughed at, and scorned, because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

H 68 But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,

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[1] Terms of heraldry. *Argent* is silver; and *gules*, red.

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

**To the reader.** *What gave Priscilla courage to say that? What would be its effect on John? Where did he make his biggest mistake in pleading the Captain's cause?*

### IV. JOHN ALDEN

Imagine John Alden's feelings! What do you suppose he will do now?

A 69 Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-side;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
70 Slowly, as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.
71 "Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation,
"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

B 72 Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!
73 "Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us?

Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am the victor?"
74 Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:
"It hath displeased the Lord!" — and he thought of David's transgression,
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!

C 75 Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:
"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!"
76 Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there,
Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Ay, ay, Sir!"
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.
77 "Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me,
78 Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor!
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness, —
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

D 79 Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,

Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
80 Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.
81 "Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.
"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

E 82 Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
83 But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
Words so tender and cruel, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.
84 Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?
Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship!
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping
I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret, —
You too, Brutus! ah, woe to the name of friendship hereafter!
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!"

F 85 So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.
86 But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
87 Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.
88 Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

G 89 Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!
90 Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.
91 This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,

Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!
92 Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger,
93 "What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"
94 Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:
95 "Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"
96 But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:
"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

H 97 Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"
98 Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

**To the Reader.** *Did John deserve to be called "Brutus"? Note the complications that have arisen in the story.*

### V. THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

Would John do right to return to England now? Why?

A 99 Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;

Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
100 Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible, —
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

B 101 Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the Mayflower;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
102 Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
103 Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!
104 Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!

Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the seashore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower.
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

C 105 Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.
106 Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;
Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;
Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!"
107 Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet.
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning, —
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders, —
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
108 But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
109 Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon;
All the old friendship came back with its tender and grateful emotions;
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him, —
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!
110 Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,

Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,[1]
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation!

D 111 There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
112 Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
113 But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
114 Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!
115 "Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.

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[1] The names are not taken at random. Stephen Hopkins, Richard Warren, and Gilbert Winslow were all among the Mayflower passengers, and were alive at this time.

"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master, alert, but with dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower sailed from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet,[1] and leaving her to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,[2]

[1] The Gurnet is a headland at Plymouth Harbor.

[2] The place where the Pilgrims had their first encounter with the Indians, December 8, 1620. A party under Miles Standish was exploring the country while the Mayflower was at anchor in Provincetown Harbor.

Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

G 121 Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.

122 Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.

123 Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.

124 Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.

125 So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

**To the Reader.** *Just pause a moment and think what the sailing of the Mayflower meant to those that remained!*
*Would you have thought as much of John Alden if he had sailed?*

### VI. PRISCILLA

Why is this part called "Priscilla"?

A 126 THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him,

B 127 "Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?" said she.
"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
128 Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
129 Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:
"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."
130 "No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;
"No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.
131 It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."
132 Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:
"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!
133 "Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,
"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.
134 This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

C 135 Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.
136 So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.
137 "Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.
For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship

Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."

138 Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:

139 "Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

D 140 Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the Mayflower
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.

141 But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."

142 Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story, —
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"

143 But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered,—
How he had even determined to sail that day in the Mayflower,
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened, —
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,
"Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

E 144 Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;

Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

**To the Reader.** *Priscilla is well worth waiting for! She thinks, when she speaks, so that what she says is worth hearing. — And did you notice her delightful sense of humor?*

### VII. THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

Do you blame Miles Standish for what happened on this march?

A 145 MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish
was marching steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and
along the trend of the sea-shore.
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire
of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the
sulphurous odor of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than
all the scents of the forest.

146 Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!
Ah! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

B 147 "I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?
'Twas but a dream — let it pass, — let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless;
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers."
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees and the constellations beyond them.

C 148 After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.

149 Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.

150 "Welcome, English!" they said, — these words they had learned from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!

151 But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:

152 "Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,

Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'"
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"
153 Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish;
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

D 154 Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
155 But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.
156 Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.

157 Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

E 158 There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:
"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength and his stature, —
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

F 159 Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.
160 Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

**To the Reader.** *Can you show why our early settlers were so dependent upon men like Captain Miles Standish and Captain John Smith?*

### VIII. THE SPINNING WHEEL

Why do you suppose Longfellow called this part of the story "The Spinning Wheel"?

A 161 Month after month passed away, and in autumn the ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.

All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,[1]
Busy with breaking the glebe,[1] and mowing the grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.
162 Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition,
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

B 163 Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard:
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment
In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

C 164 Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,

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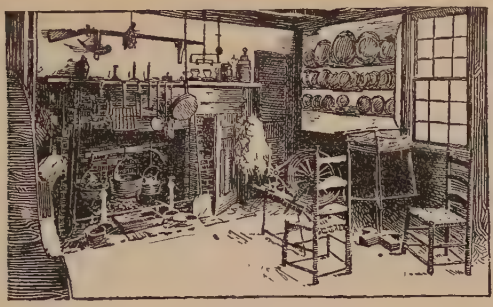
[1] *Mere* or *meare* in Old English is boundary, and *merestead* becomes the bounded lot. *Glebe* means "soil" or "ground."

Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.
165 Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs, —
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

D 166 So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.
167 "Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."
168 Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:
169 "You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;
She whose story I read at a stall[1] in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"

[1] Book stall, where books were sold.



170 Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"
171 Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares — for how could she help it? —
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

E172 Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead! — an Indian had brought them the tidings, —
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.

173 Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered
Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming:
"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

F 174 Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

**To the Reader.** *What does Longfellow mean by "the bonds that had held him bound as a captive" and "parted by barriers strong?" What were the bonds and the barriers?*

## IX. THE WEDDING-DAY

Are you surprised at what happens in this part?

A 175 FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

B 176 This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.

177 Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

178 Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?

179 Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.

180 But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!

181 Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."

182 Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us, —
All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"

183 Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage, —
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

D 184 Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

E 185 Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

F 186 Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
187 Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,

Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
188 Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

G 189 Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
190 Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
191 Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
192 Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

**Discussion.** 1. Plan a moving picture of this tale. 2. Find places where each person showed a fine character.

**Something to do.** Present the story as a play.

# THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

## Washington Irving

Do you enjoy a good story? Then, read this. Choose a time when you will be uninterrupted.

There is a mystery in the story. See whether you can solve it.

A 1 In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little village or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

2 I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered

into it at noontime, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

[3] From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole ninefold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

[4] The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-

chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback, without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

[5] Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

[6] It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

[7] I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here

and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water, which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

B 8 In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for

the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

[9] His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters: so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out, — an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot.[1] The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

[10] I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were sat-

[1] A trap for catching eels.

isfied by inflicting a double portion on some little tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents"; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

[11] When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

[12] That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in

his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold,[1] he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

[13] In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

[14] The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to

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[1] In the *New England Primer*, almost the only juvenile book in the early schools of this country, occurs the following:

"The Lion bold
The Lamb doth hold."

A picture, representing a lion with his paw resting lovingly (!) on a lamb, accompanies the rhymes.

the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! — gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

[15] From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

[16] He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful

tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination, — the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hillside, the boding cry of the tree toad, that harbinger of storm, the dreary hooting of the screech owl, to the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linkëd sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

[17] Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten

them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

[18] But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path, amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

[19] All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in spite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was — a woman.

C [20] Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in

psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

[21] Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a

church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and Guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart, — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

[22] The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a

turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

[23] As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, — or the Lord knows where!

[24] When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged but lowly sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wonder-

ing Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool, ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various-colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

[25] From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all of which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices,

which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

D 26 Among these, the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights; and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that admitted of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a

squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and, when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

[27] This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

[28] Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack — yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away — jerk! — he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

[29] To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

[30] I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for

his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined: his horse was no longer seen tied to the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

[31] Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore, — by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse"; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains, smoked out his singing-school by stopping up the chimney, broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy, so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in the presence of his mistress,

and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ridiculous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's, to instruct her in psalmody.

E 32 In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting-frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

[33] All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation.

[34] The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse, that had outlived almost everything but its viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck, and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and

had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

[35] Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

[36] It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory-nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field.

[37] The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cockrobin, the favorite

game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail and its little monteiro [1] cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

[38] As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples: some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slap-jacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

[39] Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the

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[1] Same as *montero* (mon-tā'-rō), a horseman's or huntsman's cap, having a round crown with flaps which could be drawn down over the sides of the face.

goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down in the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

F 40 It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk, withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted short-gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pin-cushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats, with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eelskin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

[41] Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

[42] Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tender oly-koek,[1] and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst — Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so

[1] Pronounced *ō'-li-cook*, from a Dutch word that means *oil-cake*. A cake of dough sweetened and fried in lard — something like the cruller, but richer and tenderer.

great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

[43] He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating, as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

[44] Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

[45] And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

[46] Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room,

you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window; gazing with delight at the scene; rolling their white eye-balls, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

[47] When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with Old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

[48] This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

[49] There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer [1] to be lightly

[1] Pronounced mīn-hār'. Corresponding to *sir* or *Mr.* in English use.

mentioned, who, in the battle of White Plains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small-sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

[50] But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

[51] The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen

about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the Headless Horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

[52] The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shone modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the Headless Horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the Horseman returning from his foray into

Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the Horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

53 This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

54 All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

G 55 The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away, — and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and

deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen. Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

H 56 It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the

long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills — but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably and turning suddenly in his bed.

[57] All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights, and doleful lamentations, told concerning it.

[58] As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree: he paused, and ceased whistling; but, on looking

more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan — his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

[59] About two hundred yards from the tree, a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

[60] As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed

forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

[61] The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

[62] Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind.

The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind, — the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him: he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip; but the spectre started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

[63] They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

[64] As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as

he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind, — for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

[65] An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," [1] thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but

[1] It was a superstitious belief that witches could not cross the middle of a stream.

too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash, — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

I 66 The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast; dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

67 The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes full of dog's-ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruit-

less attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school; observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

[68] The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

[69] It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; and kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar; turned politician; electioneered; written for

the newspapers; and finally had been made a justice of the ten pound court.[1] Brom Bones, too, who, shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

[70] The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe; and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The schoolhouse being deserted soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the ploughboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

**Discussion.** 1. To which character was there no mystery? How did he lay his plans? 2. What scenes and characters would you have in a moving picture of this story?

3. Select the humorous scenes and have two groups present them. 4. Find three humorous descriptions.

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[1] A court of justice authorized to deal with cases in which the amount of money involved does not exceed ten pounds.

## LOCHINVAR

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Why were the bridemaidens right?

1 O YOUNG LOCHINVAR is come out of the West, —
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none, —
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

2 He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river, where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

3 So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor, craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

4 "I long wooed your daughter, — my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

5 The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

6 So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

7 One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near,
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

8 There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode, and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

## LADY CLARE

ALFRED TENNYSON

1 It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

2 I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betroth'd were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn:
God's blessing on the day!

3 "He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

4 In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

5 "O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

6 "Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God is above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

7 "The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!

I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

8 "Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

9 "Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

10 "If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

11 "Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

12 "Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Tho' I should die to-night."

13 "Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

14 "Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,

And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

15 She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

16 The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

17 Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

18 "If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

19 "Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

20 O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

21 He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood —

22 "If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

**Discussion.** Who were tested in this story? How?

**Further reading.** Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break," "Bugle Song," "Charge of the Light Brigade," "Crossing the Bar," "Ring out, Wild Bells," "Sweet and Low," "The Throstle," "The Bee and the Flower," "The Brook," or "The Eagle." See the Manual.

## THE SNOW–STORM

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Tell what pictures you see.

1 Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven.
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

2 Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door,
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; nought cares he,
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,

3 Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

# THE GREAT STONE FACE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

This is one of the great stories of the world. It was written by a man who not only knew people, but knew how to write a story so fine that it would be read wherever the English language is spoken.

The story is printed here exactly as Hawthorne gave it to the world. The author had such a wonderful range of vocabulary that we want you to see the story in all its richness.

All your life you will be meeting new words in your reading. The economical reader is he who learns how to make the other words of a sentence, or the context, help to explain some of these new words. As you read this story, see for yourself how the other words explain these expressions:

[3] embosomed amongst
[3] populous villages
[3] grand natural phenomenon
[4] or a Titan
[4] gigantic visage
[5] benign aspect

Hawthorne begins his story by picturing the scene.

[A1] ONE afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen,

though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

[2] And what was the Great Stone Face?

[3] Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hill-sides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

[4] The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could

discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. If he retraced his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

[5] It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

[6] As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

[7] "Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

[8] "If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

[9] "What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

[10] So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than

little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the treetops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

[11] "O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

[12] His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

**To the Reader.** *You have now read the introduction to the story. Have you visualized the* **who** *and the* **where?** *Look back a moment and find the paragraph in which Hawthorne cleverly pictures typical New England.*

*Here are some new words in the next part that will not be difficult because the context — that is, the other words with which they are used — helps to explain them:*

[14] foretold
[14] accumulation
[14] effulgence
[14] original commodity
[15] prophetic personage
[15] transmutation
[16] harbingers
[16] beneficence
[18] physiognomy

B [13] And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

[14] About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscru-

table faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the east came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas, in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

[15] As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact,

when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

[16] In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after

so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

[17] "Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

[18] A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of the old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

[19] "The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man, come at last!"

[20] And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A

yellow claw — the very same that had clawed together so much wealth — poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropt some copper coins upon the ground: so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed, —

[21] "He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

[22] But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

[23] "He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

**To the Reader.** *Why did the crowds feel sure that Gathergold was the man of prophecy? Why was Ernest so greatly disappointed? The vivid word pictures of Gathergold and his mansion are worth re-reading.*

*In the next part it is a pleasure to add to one's vocabulary words as useful as these, which you can gather from the context, that is, from the other words with which they are used:*

[25] ignoble [26] infirm [27] vista [32] reverberating
[25] consigned [26] aforesaid [27] surmounted [36] vesture

C [24] The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and

neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields, and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul, — simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy, — he beheld the marvellous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

[25] By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain-side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone

Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

[26] It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aid-de-camp[1] of Old Blood-and-Thunder, travelling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the school-mates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

[1] *aid-de-camp* (aid'de-kong'), an officer attached to a general to assist him in his duties, transmit orders, etc.

[27] On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountainside.

[28] "'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

[29] "Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

[30] "Like! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third.

[31] "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

[32] And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

[33] "The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

[34] Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk, amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to

shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

[35] "This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

[36] The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But — as it always did — the aspect of his marvellous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

[37] "Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him, — "fear not, Ernest; he will come."

**To the Reader.** *Was old Blood-and-Thunder closer in resemblance to the Great Stone Face than Mr. Gathergold? How did he fall short? What fooled the crowd?*

*What do you think is the best description in this part?*
*The following words in the next part are easily explained by the other words with which they are used:*

[38] imbibed [39] potentates [42] contagious [51] vociferous
[39] obscure [40] cavalcades [44] barouche

D [38] More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

[39] When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mis-

take in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war, — the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success, — when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates, — after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore, — it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time, — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated, — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favorable aspect to

his political prospects; for, as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever becomes President without taking a name other than his own.

[40] While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

[41] The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face,

smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvellous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

[42] All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

[43] "Here he is, now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountains, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!"

[44] In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

[45] "Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

[46] Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depth

and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvellously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

[47] Still, Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

[48] "Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

[49] "No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

[50] "Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

[51] But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

[52] "Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

**To the Reader.** *Which was the more impressive — the welcome to Blood-and-Thunder or that to Old Stony Phiz? Why? Why was Ernest so greatly disappointed?*

*What kind of man has Ernest become? Why?*

*When you read the next part, you will find the following words explained in the context:*

[53] obscure
[54] endowments
[62] methinks
[63] imbibed
[73] realities

E [53] The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone, — a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fulness of such discourse, his guests took leave and

went their way; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

[54] While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

[55] The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if they beheld him in his mood of

poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

[56] The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

[57] "O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

[58] The face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

[59] Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand,

but the poet, with his carpetbag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

[60] Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

[61] "Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveller a night's lodging?"

[62] "Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

[63] The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural feeling, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage-door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto

so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

[64] As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

[65] "Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

[66] The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

[67] "You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then, — for I wrote them."

[68] Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

[69] "Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

[70] "Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy; and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

[71] "You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For — in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest — I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

[72] "And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

[73] "They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not cor-

responded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities. Sometimes, even — shall I dare to say it? — I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me, in yonder image of the divine?"

[74] The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

**To the Reader.** *Why was this the worst disappointment of all? What was Ernest's idea of a poet's great work? How do you think this story will turn out? Why? The following words in the next part are easily understood from scanning their use with other words of the sentence:*

[75] tapestry
[75] niche
[76] diffused
[76] hoary
[77] irresistible

F [75] At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each,

with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

[76] Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

[77] At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft and shouted, —

[78] "Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

G 79 Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

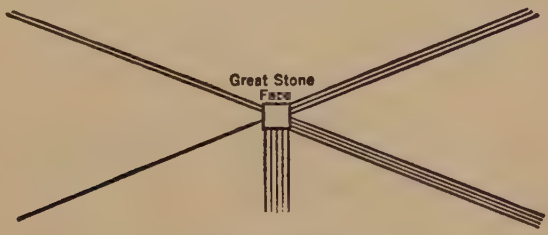
**Discussion.** 1. What qualities in Ernest would make people love him and like to talk to him? 2. How did he get those qualities?

3. Was there a resemblance between Ernest and the Great Stone Face in those earlier days when Gathergold came? — when Blood-and-Thunder came? — when Old Stony Phiz came? If so, why was it not discovered? 4. For what ambitions in life did Mr. Gathergold, Old Blood-and-Thunder, Old Stony Phiz, and the poet stand? What was Ernest's ideal or ambition?

5. What things entice one from the path of highest ambitions? 6. What steps can one take to get nearer to an ideal?

7. What was Hawthorne's purpose in writing this story?

**Something to do.** The following diagrams fit the characters and the story. Make charts to show how by inserting the proper names.




CHARACTERS

PLOT, OR STORY

# THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

This is a story that you will want to read clear through to the end without interruption.

How could a man be without a country?

[A1] I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the "New York Herald" of August 13, 1863, observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement:

> [2] NOLAN. Died, on board U.S. Corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN.

[3] I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinaw, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the "Herald." My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who

would have paused at the announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY." For it was as "The Man without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

[4] There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's Administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the Navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* [1] of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown — and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields — who was in the Navy Department when he came home — he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a "*Non mi ricordo*," [2] determined

[1] Pronounced ĕs′ prē′ dē kôr′, meaning "honor of the group."
[2] Italian, for "I do not remember."

on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

[5] But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

[B 6] PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he lost the fun which they found in shooting or rowing while he was working away on these grand letters to his grand friend. They could not understand why Nolan kept by himself while they were playing high-low-jack. Poker was not yet invented. But before long the young fellow had his revenge. For this time His Excellency, the Honorable Aaron Burr, appeared again under a very different aspect. There were rumors that he had an army behind him and everybody supposed that he had an empire before him. At that time the youngsters all

envied him. Burr had not been talking twenty minutes with the commander before he asked him to send for Lieutenant Nolan. Then after a little talk he asked Nolan if he could show him something of the great river and the plans for the new post. He asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said — really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

[7] What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel [1] all the possible Clarences of the then House of York,[2] by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough — that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped — rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close

[1] A form of torture in medieval Europe.
[2] At one time the royal family in England.

whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

[8] "Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

[9] I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with his older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the Army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

[10] He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died,

May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

[11] Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

[12] "Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

[13] Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:

[14] "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

[15] The marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

[16] "Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day." [1]

[17] I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the Court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them — certain, that is,

[1] *Sine die*, no time set for the next meeting.

if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

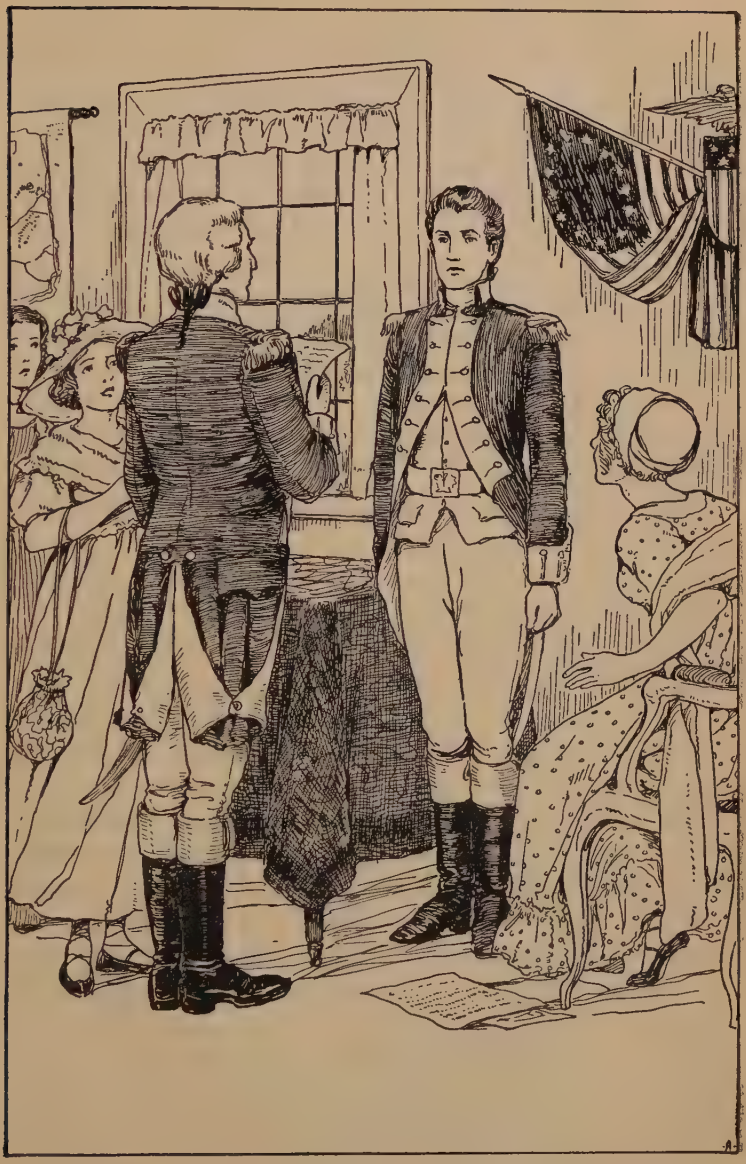
C [18] The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy — it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember — was requested to put Nolan on board a Government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the Navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was entrusted — perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men — we are all old enough now — regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

[19] When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

[20] WASHINGTON (with a date, which must have been late in 1807).

SIR, — You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States Army.

This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might "never hear of the United States again."



"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled."

The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present, the execution of the order is entrusted by the President to this Department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care, that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Respectfully yours,
W. SOUTHARD, for the
Secretary of the Navy.

[21] If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it were he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

[22] The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or

letters, of peace or of war — cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom — he always had a stateroom — which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation Army Uniform, he was not permitted to wear the Army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

D 23 I remember, soon after I joined the Navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the

system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod.[1] Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches,[2] poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's Message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which they had all of them heard of, but which

[1] Hesiod, an early Greek poet.
[2] Canning was an English statesman.

most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out *The Tempest* from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming:

> Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said, —

[24] It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically:

> This is my own, my native land!

[25] Then they all saw that something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on:

> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on a foreign strand? —
> If such there breathe, go, mark him well, —

[26] By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two

pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on:

> For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
> Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentred all in self, —

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom. "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

[27] That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him — very seldom spoke unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally — I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons [1] — but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

[28] When Captain Shaw was coming home — if, as I say, it was Shaw — rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were

[1] Sermons by a French priest.

sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle-soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps — that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

E 29 It may have been on that second cruise — it was once when he was up the Mediterranean — that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren*, I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard

of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.[1]

[30] Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*.[2] Only when some English lady — Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps — called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to — the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

[31] But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said — so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

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[1] A beautiful English woman, greatly admired by Admiral Nelson.

[2] Pronounced kôN' tr'-täN', meaning "something unexpected."

[32] He did it so quickly, that Fellows, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same"; just nodded to Fellows, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

[33] Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a Godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly — a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after:

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

[34] And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!" — and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. — He did not dance again. I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to.

[35] These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," [1] who was being punished for his celebrated

[1] Junius, the pen name of an English writer of seventy letters of political satire. The author pretends that he had written one against Jefferson.

libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line.

F 36 A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war.[1] That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways — and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the Navy was really baptized, it happened that a round-shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority — who should go to the cock-pit with the wounded men, who should stay with him — perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck [2] — sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time — showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot — making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders — and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

[1] War of 1812.

[2] "Enemy struck" means "lowered colors, or surrendered."

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

[37] And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree; the commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

[38] And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

[39] And when Nolan came, he said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the despatches."

[40] And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the commodore's.

[41] The captain did mention him in the despatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

[42] I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter — that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West,

Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

G 43 All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask,[1] and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; and that he used to read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of ex-

[1] Iron Mask, a mysterious French political prisoner who always wore a mask when transferred from one prison to another.

tracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrapbooks.

44 Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house-fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptoptera;*[1] but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them — why, Linnæus knew as little of that as John Foy the idiot did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

H 45 My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the English war, on my first

[1] *Steptoptera* is only a made-up name; but *Lepidoptera* is the scientific name for a group of insects.

voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade Treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain — a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason.[1] I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

[1] This is making light of too much "red tape" in naval regulations, or of the routine.

[46] When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois*[1] of a dialect, from the Zula click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.[2]

[47] As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together: and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

[48] Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.[3]

[49] "Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

[50] Nolan "put that into Spanish" — that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could

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[1] Pronounced pà twä, meaning "ignorant speech."

[2] Region in North Africa, between the Great Desert and Algeria.

[3] Fernando Po, — island off the coast of West Africa.

understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, and leaping, dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* [1] of the occasion.

[51] "Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

[52] This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said "*Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:

[53] "He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon." [2]

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[1] Meaning "God out of the machine"; the power that controls the destinies of man.

[2] Enclosure to confine slaves.

[54] Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

[55] And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

[56] But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the sternsheets and the men gave way, he said to me:

[57] "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of

serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

[58] I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say: "Oh, if anybody had said to me so when I was of your age!"

[59] I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night, to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will

say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

[60] There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr — asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

[1 61] Philip Nolan, poor fellow, repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but never from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it — from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded.[1] So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us

[1] In his attempt to set up an Empire in Texas.

with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit — so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked, perfectly unconsciously:

[62] "Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

[63] There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfullly cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California — this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

J 64 After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment — rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

65 Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams [1] and Tatnalls [2] of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

66 The reader will understand Danforth's letter, or the beginning of it, if he will remember that after ten years of Nolan's exile every one who had him in charge was in a very delicate position. The Government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or

[1] An ex-Congressman who made a violent speech against the Federal Government.

[2] Josiah Tatnall who originated the saying, "Blood is thicker than water," gave his help unasked to British naval forces attacking Chinese near Peking. Later, joined Confederate Navy.

kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

[67] Here is the letter:

LEVANT, 2° 2′ S. @ 131° W.

DEAR FRED: — I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom — a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there — the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom — and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, "Here, you see, I have a country!" And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he

had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: "Indiana Territory," "Mississippi Territory," and "Louisiana Territory," as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

[68] "O Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? — Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America — God bless her! — a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth," he sighed out, "how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me — tell me something — tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!"

[69] Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? "Mr. Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?"

[70] Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, "God bless you! Tell me their names," he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. "The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi — that was where Fort Adams is — they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?"

[71] Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his

beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his cousin died there;[1] he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; — that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. "And the men," said he, laughing, "brought off a good deal besides furs." Then he went back — heavens, how far! — to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again — and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, "God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him." Then he asked about the old war — told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java* — asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

[72] How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in command of the "Legion of the West." I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, "Where was Vicksburg?" I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. "It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills," said he: "well, that is a change!"

[73] I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him — of emigration, and the means of it — of steamboats, and railroads, and

[1] Philip Nolan of history was killed at an unknown place in Texas by Spanish soldiers.

telegraphs — of inventions, and books, and literature — of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School — but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

74 I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. "Good for him!" cried Nolan; "I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families."[1] Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington: Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal rebellion!

75 And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian "Book of Public Prayer" which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place — and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, "For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness" — and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: "Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy

[1] Some persons in our early history were afraid this might lead to an hereditary aristocracy.

servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority" — and the rest of the Episcopal collect. "Danforth," said he, "I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years." And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, "Look in my Bible, Captain, when I am gone." And I went away.

[76] But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

[77] But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.[1]

[78] We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.

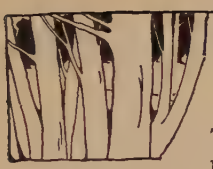
[79] On this slip of paper he had written:

Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

*In Memory of*
PHILIP NOLAN,
*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*
He loved his country as no other man
has loved her; but no man deserved
less at her hands.

**Discussion.** 1. Who really suggested Nolan's punishment?
2. What were Nolan's hardest experiences after he was sentenced?
3. In what ways did he redeem himself?
4. Did Danforth do right to tell Nolan the happenings of the last fifty years?
5. Should the monument be erected? Give reasons.

[1] The Order of the Cincinnati is an hereditary order founded in 1783 by officers of the War of the American Revolution. The membership includes (usually) only the oldest living male lineal descendants of the original members. There are chapters in various states. — *Webster.*



# RIP VAN WINKLE

## Washington Irving

This story has been enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of people, and seen on the stage by many thousands more.

What part do you think a great actor would play? What would be his greatest scenes?

A [1] WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

[2] At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing

within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

B 3 In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

4 Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to

fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

[5] The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

[6] In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre

by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

[7] His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

[8] Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

[9] Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all

points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods — but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

C 10 Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the school-master, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

11 The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village,

and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

[12] From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

[13] Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his

tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

D 14 In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

15 On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

16 As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle!

Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

[17] On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches,

so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

[18] On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

[19] What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the

balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

[20] As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

[21] By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

E [22] On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at nine-pins — the flagon —

"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip — "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

[23] He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

[24] He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

[25] At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding

forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

[26] As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

[27] He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows, — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to

doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — "That flagon last night," thought he "has addled my poor head sadly!"

[28] It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed — "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

[29] He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

[30] He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on

which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

[31] There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the school-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — elections — members of congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

[32] The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip started in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on

tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" — "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

[33] Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

[34] "Well — who are they? — name them."

[35] Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

[36] There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

[37] "Where's Brom Dutcher?"

[38] "Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point — others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose.[1] I don't know — he never came back again."

[39] "Where's Van Bummel, the school-master?"

[40] "He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

[41] Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

[42] "Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

[43] Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

[44] "God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

[1] A few miles above Stony Point is the promontory of Antony's Nose.

[45] The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

[46] "Judith Gardenier."

[47] "And your father's name?"

[48] "Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

[49] Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice: —

[50] "Where's your mother?"

[51] "Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

[52] There was a drop of comfort at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

F [53] All stood amazed, until an old woman tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor — Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

[54] Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

[55] It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer

afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

[56] To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

[57] Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

[58] Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and

could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

[59] He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

**Discussion.** 1. What are some of the reasons for the unhappiness in the home of the Van Winkles? 2. Why would the character of Rip Van Winkle be difficult to impersonate? 3. In Rip's character which predominated, the good or the bad? 4. Which scenes and characters would you select for a moving picture? Of these, which would you omit for a school play?

# THE TEMPEST

*From*
TALES FROM
SHAKESPEARE
CHARLES AND MARY
LAMB

Every person who speaks English should become acquainted with William Shakespeare, because Shakespeare's plays are probably the greatest heritage we English-speaking people have from the past. Charles Lamb and his sister Mary wrote the stories of certain interesting plays of Shakespeare for young people to read.

As you read this one, think how Shakespeare the Great Dramatist would present the story on the stage.

A 1 THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

2 They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock. It was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men. The knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

[3] The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

[4] When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared that the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

[5] Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed

to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

6 "Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

7 "Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

B 8 "Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my

power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects, awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

9 "Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

10 "O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when, my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

C 11 "Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

12 Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he

had disposed of the ship's company; and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

[13] "Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea, and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

[14] "That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

[15] "Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. You have forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and

envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free."

D [16] He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

[17] "Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark, now I hear them — Ding-dong-bell." [1]

[1] Ariel had sung before:

"Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd

18 This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

19 "Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. See! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

20 Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

E 21 She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account

---

The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
[Burthen, dispersedly, within.] Bow-wow
The watch-dogs bark: —
[Burthen, etc.] Bow-wow.
Hark, hark: I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow."

of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he; "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment,[1] till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

[22] Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an imposter! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

[23] "Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince, "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking

[1] Treatment.

back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said. as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

[24] Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. King's sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours: pray rest yourself."

[25] "O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

[26] Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

[27] Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he

was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

[28] In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

[29] And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me."

[F 30] Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business

which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

[31] When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

[32] The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero: and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

G [33] Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gon-

zalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

[34] Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

[35] Antonio, with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness; and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

[36] Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

[37] The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and the excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had made when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I

have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

38 "Then I must be her father," said the king: "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

39 These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

40 Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the mean time," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order: and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

H 41 Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant

to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

[42] "Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs
on the bough."

[43] Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

**Discussion.** What characters and scenes would you select to turn this tale into a play? Get a copy of Shakespeare's *Tempest* and see how Shakespeare presented the story in dramatic form.

**Something to do.** Act the story as a play, impromptu.

# THE DAFFODILS

## William Wordsworth

Did you ever come across a cluster of spring flowers when you least expected to see them? One day this poet did, while he was taking a lonely walk. Do you know where he put those flowers? Read to find his message to you.

1 I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hills
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

2 Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

3 The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

4 For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with rapture fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

What is "that inward eye"? How can it be "the bliss of solitude"? What are the chief treasures in your Room of Imagination?

Who can learn the poem first?

## THE WATERFOWL

### William Cullen Bryant

One of the great sights in nature is a flock of wild geese flying south in winter or north in early spring. They go in a V-shaped order, like a flying wedge, following their leader.

Here are the thoughts inspired in a poet by the sight of such a waterfowl flying alone.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

5 All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

6 And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

7 Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

8 He who, from zone to zone,
Guides, through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

What are the thoughts the poet got from this solitary bird?

## FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

ALFRED TENNYSON

It does not take many lines to hold a great thought, but only the great can express a great thought in few words. Here is an example —

FLOWER in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the crannies; —
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Who can learn the poem first?

## YUSSOUF

### James Russell Lowell

How is this poem like the story on page 352?
What is the author's purpose?

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold, one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay.'"

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

# INDEX OF SELECTIONS


About Poetry, 37
Abraham Lincoln, 341
Accident—that gave us wood-pulp paper, The, 257
Address on the Flag, An, 346
After the Rain, 89
Aftermath, 298
Afternoon on a Hill, 105
Alexander taming Bucephalus, 355
Anecdote of a Cowboy, 215
Ants, 386
April Morning, An, 103
April Weather, 102
Articles, 107, 113, 156, 211, 217, 221, 234, 257, 319, 334, 371, 376, 380, 388
At a Colonial Party, 287

Barter, 182
Besieged by Bears, 79
Best ways to pull, 261
Better than Gold, 19
Birches, 76
Birth of the Flowers, The, 87
Breathes there a man, 433
Brotherhood of Long Ago, A, 332
Busy Blue Jay, The, 107

Capturing an Alligator, 364
Cat-Bird, The, 100
Climbing Road, The, 60
Colonial Life and Conditions in 1750, 302
Columbus, 263
Combat on the Sands, A, 276
Compressed Air, 221
Corporal of the Guard, 400
Courtship of Miles Standish, The, 434

Daffodils, The, 609
Declamations, 44, 145, 230, 337, 340, 340, 341, 343, 344, 346
Declaration of Independence, The, 340
Dreamers, The, 24
Duty, 185

Elephants that Struck, The, 358
End of Summer, The, 58
Essays, 37, 120, 128, 392

Fairhaven, 344
Farm Boy in New England, A, 392
Feast of Dolls, The, 371

Finding One's Way in the Arctic, 384
First Club Meeting, The, 1
Flower in the crannied wall, 611
Foreign Plants in the United States, 147
Fragments, 351

Giving the Mind Its Three Square Meals, 405
Great Stone Face, The, 515

Hafed Ben Hafed, 352
Harro, 194
Her Words, 34
Hoar Frost, 350
How They Got the Library, 25
How to Get the Most from the Dictionary, 48
How to Read a Graph, 46
How to Save, 253
How to Use the Library, 50

Illusion, 350

Jack Frost, 74
Japanese Poetry, 349
Jean Valjean, 421
June, 106

Keen Sight of the Indian, The, 134

Lady Clare, 510
Late Snowflakes, 349
Legend of Sleepy Hollow, The, 470
Legend of the Sagebrush, The, 59
Lesson of Success, The, 230
Like Crusoe walking on a lonely strand, 88
Lion Path, The, 363
Little Prisoners in the Tower, 91
Lochinvar, 508
Log of a Cowboy, 211
Lone Bull's Mistake, 61
Luther Burbank — Plant Breeder, 113

Magnets, 246
Man without a Country, The, 542
Man-Making, 181
Map Study and Statistics, 164
March, 90
Marsh Hawk, The, 120
Mary's Mystery Room, 41
May is building her house, 104
Memorial Day, 301
Memory, 89
Mocking Bird, The, 100
Mr. Aladdin, 169
Murillo's Boys — Spain, 376

My Mother, 36

New Duckling, The, 404
Noon-tide, 350
North American Indian, The, 337
November Night, 101

Old Jim, 183
On an Elk-Hunt, 232
On Guard, 334
On the Father of Our Country, 340
Our Imports in Everyday Life, 217

Peterkins and the Carnival of Authors, The, 407
Play, A, 421
Pleasure reading, 1–26, 57–106, 169–210, 263–301, 249–370, 392–420, 421–432, 433–612
Poetry, 8, 9, 10, 19, 21, 23, 24, 34, 36, 57, 58, 58, 59, 60, 74, 76, 78, 87, 87, 88, 89, 89, 90, 100, 100, 101, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 181, 182, 183, 185, 186, 187, 192, 193, 194, 208, 210, 266, 296, 298, 301, 349, 353, 363, 398, 404, 433, 434, 508, 510, 514, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612

Rain Song, 101
Ranchman's Ride, The, 187
Red Ants, The, 156
Red Cross Spirit Speaks, The, 23
Rip van Winkle, 575
River of Doubt, The, 380
Rodney's Ride, 296

Samoset, 264
Santa Filomena, 21
Sea Fever, 193
Shadows, 350
Silver, 58
Snow Fort on Slatter's Hill, The, 11
Snow-Storm, The, 514
Song of the Turtle and the Flamingo, 398
Song of the Wire Fence, A, 186
Songs for My Mother (Her Words), 34
Stampede, A, 188
Stickeen, 136
Stories, 1, 11, 25, 61, 79, 91, 136, 169, 188, 196, 264, 276, 287, 352, 358, 364, 400, 407, 470, 515, 542, 575, 595
Study reading, 37–56, 107–168, 211–262, 302–348, 371–391
Sunset Moment, A, 57

Tempest, The, 595
Tests, 41, 134, 215, 232, 261, 332, 380, 384, 386, 405
Textbook articles, 46, 48, 50, 147, 164, 246, 252, 302
Things to do at the Library, 55, 167, 262, 339, 348, 391, 420, 432
Thrift Problems, 252
To the Army, 342
Tooth-Hunters, The, 232
Town Planning, 44
Trades, 192
Trailing Arbutus, The, 87
Transportation, 234
Traveling Bear, The, 8
Travels of the Declaration of Independence, The, 319
Trees, 78
Tribute to the Dog, A, 145
Turkey Drive, The, 196
Two Church-Builders, The, 208

Waiting, 350
Waterfowl, The, 610
Wave Crests, 350
What the Chimney Sang, 9
Why Oaks follow Pines, 128
Windows, 10
Wonders of the World, The, 388
Work, 210

Yussouf, 612

# FIRST LINES OF POEMS


A famous king would build a church, 208
A lively young turtle lived down by the banks, 398
Announced by all the trumpets of the sky, 514
A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent, 612

Better than grandeur, better than gold, 19
Black thunder rolled along the mountain-height, 183
Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, 433
"Bring forth the steed!" — It was a level plain, 355
Bring your roses white and red, 301

Down through the wintry air, 349

Flower in the crannied wall, 611

God spoke! and from the arid scene, 87
Grass blades push up between the cobble-stones, 8

He sits on a branch of yon blossoming bush, 100
Hurrah for a ride on the prairies free, 187

I dare not! 363
I have two pictures very dear to me, 263
I knew that you were coming, June, I knew that you were coming, 106
I looked through others' windows, 10
I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, 193
I saw a cloud bloom in the West, 57
I think that I shall never see, 78
I wandered lonely as a cloud, 609
I wandered lonely where the pine trees made, 87
I want to be a carpenter, 192
"I want to be new," said the duckling, 404
I will be the gladdest thing, 105
If I should come no more, 351
In that soft mid-land where the breezes bear, 296
In the old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims, 434
It isn't raining rain to me, 101
It was the time when lilies blow, 510

"Kill me? I tell you, dad, I'd rather die, 298

Let me but do my work from day to day, 210
Life has loveliness to sell, 182
Like Crusoe, walking by the lonely strand, 88
List to that bird! His song — what poet pens it? 100
Listen . . . , 101
March! March! March! They are coming, 90

May is building her house. With apple blooms, 104
Millions of miles of shining metal threads, 186
My mind lets go a thousand things, 89
My mother has the prettiest tricks, 34

O, young Lochinvar has come out of the West, 508
Oh, hush my heart, and take thine ease, 102
Once more in misted April, 103
Our dish of water for the tea, 351
Over the chimney the night wind sang, 9

Pluck the moon from out the sky, 351

Retreat? I tell you no! 351
Rustily creak the crickets: Jack Frost came down last night, 74

She was as good as goodness is, 36
Slowly, silently, now the moon, 58
So nigh is grandeur to our dust, 185

The autumn dews are silvery white, 350
The gypsies passed her little gate, 24
The moon is risen and without a sound, 350
The noon-tide was too perfect; there the sheaves, 350
The rain has ceased, and in my room, 89
The trees are heavy with thick-falling snow, 350
The trees stand hushed, on tip-toe for the sight, 350
There is a trinity of loveliest things, 351
This is brave Harro's story, 194
Three things in this world never stay, 351

We all are blind until we see, 181
Whatever be our lot, 351
When Autumn comes, each flower and shrub and tree, 350
When I see birches bend to left and right, 76
When poppies in the garden bleed, 58
When the Master Workman had done his task, 59
Whene'er a noble deed is wrought, 21
Where do you go, oh, climbing road, 60
Wherever war, with its red woes, 23
Whither, midst falling dew, 610

# INDEX OF AUTHORS


Adams, Andy, 211
Adams, Frederic Hentz, 36
Albert, King, 342
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, 11, 88, 89, 89
Austin, Jane G., 264

Bacon, Alice M., 371
Bailey, Florence A. Merriam, 91
Baker, Samuel White, 358
Barbe, Waitman, 352
Benjamin, Park, 355
Bolenius, E. M., 48, 50
Branch, Anna Hempstead, 34
Brooks, Elbridge Streeter, 296
Brown, Abbie Farwell, 1, 41, 301
Brown, Helen Dawes, 25
Bryant, William Cullen, 610
Burroughs, John, 120

Carman, Bliss, 103
Carroll, Lewis, 405
Chapman, Arthur, 59
Childs, George W., 230
Chittenden, William Lawrence, 187
Coe, Fanny E., 332
Conkling, Grace Hazard, 57
Coolidge, Calvin, 344
Cowles, Henry C., 147
Crapsey, Adelaide, 101

de la Mare, Walter, 58
Drinkwater, John, 37

Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 185, 514

Fabre, J. Henri, 156
Fenollosa, Mary McNeil, 87
Fields, James T., 398
Finley, John H., 23
Fitzpatrick, John C., 319
Frost, Robert, 76

Garrison, Theodosia, 24
Gilman, Charlotte Perkins, 363

Hale, Edward Everett, 542
Hale, Lucretia P., 407
Hanley, Parke F., 257
Harte, Bret, 9
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 515
Hayes, Ednah Procter Clarke, 100
Hearn, Lafcadio, 386
Hotchkiss, Caroline W., 164
Hoyt, Franklin S., 46, 252
Hughes, Charles E., 346
Hurll, Estelle M., 376

*Independent, The*, 44
Irving, Washington, 470, 575

Johnston, Mary, 276

Kendall, C. N., 302
Kendall, Oswald, 364
Kieffer, Harry M., 334, 400
Kilmer, Joyce, 78
Knibbs, Henry Herbert, 183

Lamb, Charles, 595
Lamb, Mary, 595
Larcom, Lucy, 90
Le Gallienne, Richard, 104
Lincoln, Abraham, 340
Lincoln, Elliot C., 186, 298
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 21, 434
Loveman, Robert, 101
Lowell, Amy, 8, 192
Lowell, James Russell, 612

Malloch, Douglas, 106
Markham, Edwin, 181
Masefield, John, 193
Millay, Edna St. Vincent, 58, 105
Miller, Olive Thorne, 107
Mills, Enos A., 79
Muir, John, 136
*Munsey's Magazine*, 257

*National Foreign Trade Council*, 217
Noyes, Alfred, 404

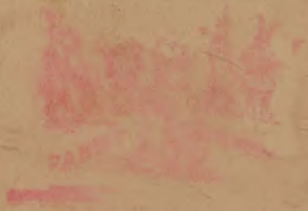
Page, Curtis Hidden, 349
Parker, Bertha M., 147
Peet, Harriet E., 46, 252
Perry, Nora, 287

Reese, Lizette Woodworth, 102
Rittenhouse, Jessie B., 10
Roosevelt, Theodore, 215, 341
Ryan, Abram J., 19

Saxe, John G., 208
Schultz, James Willard, 61
Scollard, Clinton, 60
Scott, Sir Walter, 433, 508
*Scrap Book, The*, 388
Shakespeare, William, 595
Sharp, Dallas Lore, 196
Sherman, Frank Dempster, 194
Smith, Edith Lillian, 246
Sprague, Charles, 337
Stefansson, Vilhjalmur, 384
Stevenson, Augusta, 421
Stewart, Elinore P., 188, 232

Tappan, Eva March, 113, 221, 234
Teasdale, Sara, 182
Tennyson, Alfred, 510, 611
Thaxter, Celia, 74
Thayer, William Roscoe, 380
Thomas, Edith M., 100
Thoreau, Henry David, 128
Thwaites, Reuben G., 302
Trent, William Peterfield, 263

Van Dyke, Henry, 210
Vest, George Graham, 145

Warner, Charles Dudley, 392
Whittier, John Greenleaf, 87
Wiggin, Kate Douglas, 169
Witherspoon, John, 340
Wordsworth, William, 609

May 9